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Felicia Hemans

OXFORD EDITION

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS



HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY

1914

OXFORD: HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

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FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

[*Born Liverpool, September 25, 1793 ; died Dublin, May 16, 1835.*]

OUR haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forthlooking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before ; but why,
O'er ripe fruit seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(From the *Extempore Effusion*
upon the Death of James Hogg.)

POEMS

OF

MRS. HEMANS

THE ABENCERRAGE

[The events with which the following tale is interwoven, are related in the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*. They occurred in the reign of Abo Abdeli, or Abdali, the last Moorish king of that city, called by the Spaniards El Rey Chico. The conquest of Granada, by Ferdinand and Isabella, is said by some historians to have been greatly facilitated by the Abencerrages, whose defection was the result of the repeated injuries they had received from the king, at the instigation of the Zegrís. One of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra is pointed out as the scene where so many of the former celebrated tribe were massacred; and it still retains their name, being called the 'Sala de los Abencerrages'. Many of the most interesting old Spanish ballads relate to the events of this chivalrous and romantic period.]

CANTO I

LONELY and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra ! there the feast is o'er ;
And with the murmur of thy fountain-falls
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no more.

Hush'd are the voices, that in years gone by
Have mourn'd, exulted, menaced, through thy towers,
Within thy pillar'd courts the grass waves high
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows,
Through tall arcades unmark'd the sunbeam smiles,
And many a tint of soften'd brilliance throws
O'er fretted walls and shining peristyles.

10

And well might Fancy deem thy fabrics lone,
So vast, so silent, and so widely fair,
Some charm'd abode of beings all unknown,
Powerful and viewless, children of the air.

For there no footstep treads the enchanted ground,
There not a sound the deep repose pervades,
Save winds and founts, diffusing freshness round,
Through the light domes and graceful colonnades.

20

Far other tones have swell'd those courts along,
 In days romance yet fondly loves to trace ;
 The clash of arms, the voice of choral song,
 The revels, combats, of a vanish'd race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent call,
 Shall rise that race, the chivalrous, the bold ;
 Peopling once more each fair, forsaken hall,
 With stately forms, the knights and chiefs of old.

—The sun declines—upon Nevada's height
 There dwells a mellow flush of rosy light ; 30
 Each soaring pinnacle of mountain snow
 Smiles in the richness of that parting glow,
 And Darro's wave reflects each passing dye
 That melts and mingles in the empurpled sky.
 Fragrance, exhaled from rose and citron bower,
 Blends with the dewy freshness of the hour :
 Hush'd are the winds, and Nature seems to sleep
 In light and stillness ; wood, and tower, and steep,
 Are dyed with tints of glory, only given
 To the rich evening of a southern heaven ; 40
 Tints of the sun, whose bright farewell is fraught
 With all that art hath dreamt, but never caught.
 —Yes, Nature sleeps ; but not with her at rest
 The fiery passions of the human breast.
 Hark ! from the Alhambra's towers what stormy sound,
 Each moment deepening, wildly swells around ?
 Those are no tumults of a festal throng.
 Not the light zambra, not the choral song :
 The combat rages—'tis the shout of war,
 'Tis the loud clash of shield and scymitar. 50
 Within the hall of Lions, where the rays
 Of eve, yet lingering, on the fountain blaze ;
 There, girt and guarded by his Zegri bands,
 And stern in wrath, the Moorish monarch stands :
 There the strife centres—swords around him wave
 There bleed the fallen, there contend the brave,
 While echoing domes return the battle-cry,
 ' Revenge and freedom ! let the tyrant die ! '
 And onward rushing, and prevailing still,
 Court, hall, and tower, the fierce avengers fill. 60

But first and bravest of that gallant train,
 Where foes are mightiest, charging ne'er in vain ;
 In his red hand the sabre glancing bright,
 His dark eye flashing with a fiercer light,
 Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that he bleeds,
 His Aben-Zurrahs there young Hamet leads ;
 While swells his voice that wild acclaim on high,
 ' Revenge and freedom ! let the tyrant die ! '

Yes, trace the footsteps of the warrior's wrath,
By helm and corslet shatter'd in his path ; 70
And by the thickest harvest of the slain,
And by the marble's deepest crimson stain :
Search through the serried fight, where loudest cries
From triumph, anguish, or despair, arise ;
And brightest where the shivering falchions glare,
And where the ground is reddest—he is there.
Yes, that young arm, amidst the Zegri host,
Hath well avenged a sire, a brother, lost.

They perish'd—not as heroes should have died,
On the red field, in victory's hour of pride, 80
In all the glow and sunshine of their fame,
And proudly smiling as the death-pang came :
Oh ! had they *thus* expired, a warrior's tear
Had flowed, almost in triumph, o'er their bier.
For thus alone the brave should weep for those
Who brightly pass in glory to repose.
—Not such their fate—a tyrant's stern command
Doom'd them to fall by some ignoble hand,
As, with the flower of all their high-born race,
Summon'd Abdallah's royal feast to grace, 90
Fearless in heart, no dream of danger nigh,
They sought the banquet's gilded hall—to die.
Betray'd, unarm'd, they fell—the fountain wave
Flow'd crimson with the life-blood of the brave,
Till far the fearful tidings of their fate
Through the wide city rung from gate to gate,
And of that lineage each surviving son
Rush'd to the scene where vengeance might be won.

For this young Hamet mingles in the strife,
Leader of battle, prodigal of life, 100
Urging his followers, till their foes, beset,
Stand faint and breathless, but undaunted yet.
Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on ! one effort more,
Yours is the triumph, and the conflict o'er.

But, lo ! descending o'er the darken'd hall,
The twilight-shadows fast and deeply fall,
Nor yet the strife hath ceased—though scarce they know,
Through that thick gloom, the brother from the foe ;
Till the moon rises with her cloudless ray,
The peaceful moon, and gives them light to slay. 110

Where lurks Abdallah ?—'midst his yielding train,
They seek the guilty monarch, but in vain.
He lies not number'd with the valiant dead,
His champions round him have not vainly bled ;
But when the twilight spread her shadowy veil,
And his last warriors found each effort fail,

In wild despair he fled—a trusted few,
 Kindred in crime, are still in danger true ;
 And o'er the scene of many a martial deed,
 The Vega's green expanse, his flying footsteps lead. 120
 He pass'd the Alhambra's calm and lovely bowers,
 Where slept the glistening leaves and folded flowers
 In dew and starlight—there, from grot and cave,
 Gush'd, in wild music, many a sparkling wave ;
 There, on each breeze, the breath of fragrance rose,
 And all was freshness, beauty, and repose.

But thou, dark monarch ! in thy bosom reign
 Storms that, once roused, shall never sleep again.
 Oh ! vainly bright is Nature in the course
 Of him who flies from terror or remorse ! 130
 A spell is round him which obscures her bloom,
 And dims her skies with shadows of the tomb ;
 There smiles no Paradise on earth so fair,
 But guilt will raise avenging phantoms there.
 Abdallah heeds not, though the light gale roves
 Fraught with rich odour, stolen from orange-groves ;
 Hears, not the sounds from wood and brook that rise,
 Wild notes of Nature's vespers-melodies ;
 Marks not how lovely, on the mountain's head,
 Moonlight and snow their mingling lustre spread ; 140
 But urges onward, till his weary band,
 Worn with their toil, a moment's pause demand.
 He stops, and turning, on Granada's fane
 In silence gazing, fix'd awhile remains
 In stern, deep silence—o'er his feverish brow,
 And burning cheek, pure breezes freshly blow,
 But waft, in fitful murmurs, from afar,
 Sounds, indistinctly fearful,—as of war.
 What meteor bursts, with sudden blaze, on high,
 O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky ? 150
 Awful it rises, like some Genie-form,
 Seen 'midst the redness of the desert storm,
 Magnificently dread—above, below,
 Spreads the wild splendour of its deepening glow.
 Lo ! from the Alhambra's towers the vivid glare
 Streams through the still transparency of the air,
 Avenging crowds have lit the mighty pyre,
 Which feeds that waving pyramid of fire ;
 And dome and minaret, river, wood, and height,
 From dim perspective start to ruddy light. 160

Oh Heaven ! the anguish of Abdallah's soul,
 The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond control !
 Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving, fly
 For life—such life as makes it bliss to die !
 On yon green height, the mosque, but half reveal'd
 Through cypress-groves, a safe retreat may yield.

Thither his steps are bent—yet oft he turns
 Watching that fearful beacon as it burns.
 But paler grow the sinking flames at last,
 Flickering they fade, their crimson light is past ; 170
 And spiry vapours, rising o'er the scene,
 Mark where the terrors of their wrath have been.
 And now his feet have reach'd that lonely pile,
 Where grief and terror may repose awhile ;
 Embower'd it stands, 'midst wood and cliff on high,
 Through the grey rocks, a torrent sparkling nigh ;
 He hails the scene where every care should cease,
 And all—except the heart he brings—is peace.

There is deep stillness in those halls of state
 Where the loud cries of conflict rang so late ; 180
 Stillness like that, when fierce the Kamsin's blast
 Hath o'er the dwellings of the desert pass'd.
 Fearful the calm—nor voice, nor step, nor breath,
 Disturbs that scene of beauty and of death :
 Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a sound,
 Save the wild gush of waters—murmuring round,
 In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,
 Through chambers peopled by the dead alone.
 O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage red,
 Breastplate, and shield, and cloven helm are spread 190
 In mingled fragments—glittering to the light
 Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet softly bright,
 Their streaming lustre tremulously shed,
 And smile, in placid beauty, o'er the dead :
 O'er features, where the fiery spirit's trace
 E'en death itself is powerless to efface ;
 O'er those who, flush'd with ardent youth, awoke,
 When glowing morn in bloom and radiance broke,
 Nor dreamt how near the dark and frozen sleep,
 Which hears not Glory call, nor Anguish weep ; 200
 In the low silent house, the narrow spot,
 Home of forgetfulness—and soon forgot.

But slowly fade the stars—the night is o'er—
 Morn beams on those who hail her light no more ;
 Slumberers who ne'er shall wake on earth again,
 Mourners, who call the loved, the lost, in vain.
 Yet smiles the day—oh ! not for mortal tear
 Doth nature deviate from her calm career ;
 Nor is the earth less laughing or less fair,
 Though breaking hearts her gladness may not share. 210
 O'er the cold urn the beam of summer glows,
 O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly blows ;
 Bright shines the sun, though all be dark below,
 And skies arch cloudless o'er a world of woe,
 And flowers renew'd in spring's green pathway bloom,
 Alike to grace the banquet and the tomb.

Within Granada's walls the funeral-rite
 Attends that day of loveliness and light ;
 And many a chief, with dirges and with tears,
 Is gathered to the brave of other years : 220
 And Harnet, as beneath the cypress-shade
 His martyr'd brother and his sire are laid,
 Feels every deep resolve, and burning thought
 Of ampler vengeance, e'en to passion wrought ;
 Yet is the hour afar—and he must brood
 O'er those dark dreams awhile in solitude.
 Tumult and rage are hush'd—another day
 In still solemnity hath pass'd away,
 In that deep slumber of exhausted wrath,
 The calm that follows in the tempest's path. 230

And now Abdallah leaves yon peaceful fane,
 His ravaged city traversing again.
 No sound of gladness his approach precedes,
 No splendid pageant the procession leads ;
 Where'er he moves the silent streets along,
 Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen throng.
 No voice is heard—but in each alter'd eye,
 Once brightly beaming when his steps were nigh ;
 And in each look of those, whose love hath fled 240
 From all on earth to slumber with the dead,
 Those, by his guilt made desolate, and thrown
 On the bleak wilderness of life alone :
 In youth's quick glance of scarce-dissembled rage,
 And the pale mien of calmly-mournful age,
 May well be read a dark and fearful tale
 Of thought that ill the indignant heart can veil,
 And passion, like the hush'd volcano's power,
 That waits in stillness its appointed hour.

No more the clarion, from Granada's walls,
 Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney calls ; 250
 No more her graceful daughters, throned on high,
 Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant eye ;
 Silence and gloom her palaces o'erspread,
 And song is hush'd, and pageantry is fled.
 —Weep, fated city ! o'er thy heroes weep—
 Low in the dust the sons of glory sleep !
 Furl'd are their banners in the lonely hall,
 Their trophied shields hang mouldering on the wall,
 Wildly their chargers range the pastures o'er,
 Their voice in battle shall be heard no more ; 260
 And they, who still thy tyrant's wrath survive,
 Whom he hath wrong'd too deeply to forgive,
 That race, of lineage high, of worth approved,
 The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved—
 Thine Aben-Zurrahs—they no more shall wield
 In thy proud cause the conquering lance and shield :

Condemn'd to bid the cherish'd scenes farewell
Where the loved ashes of their fathers dwell,
And far o'er foreign plains, as exiles, roam,
Their land the desert, and the grave their home. 270
Yet there is one shall see that race depart,
In deep, though silent, agony of heart :
One whose dark fate must be to mourn alone,
Unseen her sorrows, and their cause unknown,
And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to wear
That smile, in which the spirit hath no share ;
Like the bright beams that shed their fruitless glow
O'er the cold solitude of Alpine snow.

Soft, fresh, and silent, is the midnight hour,
And the young Zayda seeks her lonely bower ; 280
That Zegri maid, within whose gentle mind
One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.
That name in vain stern Reason would efface :
Hamet ! 'tis thine, thou foe to all her race !

And yet not hers in bitterness to prove
The sleepless pangs of unrequited love ;
Pangs, which the rose of wasted youth consume,
And make the heart of all delight the tomb,
Check the free spirit in its eagle-flight, 290
And the spring-morn of early genius blight ;
Nor such her grief—though now she wakes to weep,
While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews of sleep.

A step treads lightly through the citron-shade,
Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betray'd—
Doth her young hero seek that well-known spot,
Scene of past hours that ne'er may be forgot ?
'Tis he—but changed that eye, whose glance of fire
Could, like a sunbeam, hope and joy inspire,
As, luminous with youth, with ardour fraught,
It spoke of glory to the inmost thought ; 300
Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled,
And in its wild expression may be read
Stern thoughts and fierce resolves—now veil'd in shade,
And now in characters of fire portray'd.
Changed e'en his voice—as thus its mournful tone
Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

'Zayda, my doom is fix'd—another day
And the wrong'd exile shall be far away ;
Far from the scenes where still his heart must be,
His home of youth, and, more than all—from thee. 310
Oh ! what a cloud hath gather'd o'er my lot,
Since last we met on this fair tranquil spot !
Lovely as then, the soft and silent hour,
And not a rose hath faded from thy bower ;

But I—my hopes the tempest hath o'erthrown,
And changed my heart, to all but thee alone.
Farewell, high thoughts ! inspiring hopes of praise,
Heroic visions of my early days !

In me, the glories of my race must end,
The exile hath no country to defend ! 320
E'en in life's morn, my dreams of pride are o'er,
Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me no more,
And one wild feeling in my alter'd breast
Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the rest.
Yet fear not thou—to thee, in good or ill,
The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful still !
But when my steps are distant, and my name
Thou hear'st no longer in the song of fame ;
When Time steals on, in silence to efface
Of early love each pure and sacred trace, 330
Causing our sorrows and our hopes to seem
But as the moonlight pictures of a dream,—
Still shall thy soul be with me, in the truth
And all the fervour of affection's youth ?
—If such thy love, one beam of heaven shall play
In lonely beauty, o'er thy wanderer's way.'

' Ask not, if such my love ! Oh ! trust the mind
To grief so long, so silently resign'd !
Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught
The pure and lofty constancy of thought, 340
Its fleeting trials eager to forget,
Rise with elastic power o'er each regret !
Foster'd in tears, *our* young affection grew,
And I have learn'd to suffer and be true.
Deem not my love a frail, ephemeral flower,
Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy shower ;
No ! 'tis the child of tempests and defies,
And meets unchanged, the anger of the skies !
Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic heart,
That ne'er to meet in happier days, we part. 350
We part ! and e'en this agonizing hour,
When love first feels his own o'erwhelming power
Shall soon to Memory's fixed and tearful eye
Seem almost happiness—for thou wert nigh !
Yes ! when this heart in solitude shall bleed,
As days to days all wearily succeed,
When doom'd to weep in loneliness, 'twill be
Almost like rapture to have wept with thee.

' But thou, my Hamet, thou canst yet bestow
All that of joy my blighted lot can know. 360
Oh ! be thou still the high-soul'd and the brave,
To whom my first and fondest vows I gave,
In thy proud fame's untarnish'd beauty still
The lofty visions of my youth fulfil,

So shall it soothe me, 'midst my heart's despair,
To hold undimm'd one glorious image there !'

'Zayda, my best-beloved ! my words too well,
Too soon, thy bright illusions must dispel ;
Yet must my soul to thee unveil'd be shown,
And all its dreams and all its passions known. 370
Thou shalt not be deceived—for pure as heaven
Is thy young love, in faith and fervour given.
I said my heart was changed—and would thy thought
Explore the ruin by thy kindred wrought,
In fancy trace the land whose towers and fanes,
Crush'd by the earthquake, strew its ravaged plains,
And such that heart, where desolation's hand
Hath blighted all that once was fair or grand !
But Vengeance, fix'd upon her burning throne,
Sits, 'midst the wreck, in silence and alone, 380
And I, in stern devotion at her shrine,
Each softer feeling, but my love, resign.
—Yes ! they whose spirits all my thoughts control,
Who hold dread converse with my thrilling soul ;
They, the betray'd, the sacrificed, the brave,
Who fill a blood-stain'd and untimely grave,
Must be avenged ! and pity and remorse,
In that stern cause, are banish'd from my course.
Zayda, thou tremblest—and thy gentle breast
Shrinks from the passions that destroy my rest ; 390
Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy hour,
Pass brightly o'er my soul with softening power,
And, oft recall'd, thy voice beguile my lot,
Like some sweet lay, once heard, and ne'er forgot.

'But the night wanes—the hours too swiftly fly,
The bitter moment of farewell draws nigh ;
Yet, loved one ! weep not thus—in joy or pain,
Oh ! trust thy Hamet, we shall meet again !
Yes, we shall meet ! and haply smile at last
On all the clouds and conflicts of the past. 400
On that fair vision teach thy thoughts to dwell,
Nor deem these mingling tears our last farewell !'

Is the voice hush'd, whose loved, expressive tone
Thrill'd to her heart—and doth she weep alone ?
Alone she weeps ; that hour of parting o'er,
When shall the pang it leaves be felt no more ?
The gale breathes light, and fans her bosom fair,
Showering the dewy rose-leaves o'er her hair ;
But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving power,
In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fragrant flower, 410
To wake once more that calm, serene delight,
The soul's young bloom, which passion's breath could blight ;

The smiling stillness of life's morning hour,
 Ere yet the day-star burns in all his power.
 Meanwhile, through groves of deep luxurious shade,
 In the rich foliage of the South array'd,
 Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush of day,
 Bends to the vale of tombs his pensive way.
 Fair is that scene where palm and cypress wave
 On high o'er many an Aben-Zurrah's grave. 420
 Lonely and fair, its fresh and glittering leaves
 With the young myrtle there the laurel weaves,
 To canopy the dead—nor wanting there
 Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to the air,
 Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of plaintive stream,
 Wild music, soothing to the mourner's dream.
 There sleep the chiefs of old—their combats o'er,
 The voice of glory thrills their hearts no more.
 Unheard by them the awakening clarion blows ;
 The sons of war at length in peace repose. 430
 No martial note is in the gale that sighs,
 Where proud their trophied sepulchres arise,
 'Mid founts, and shades, and flowers of brightest bloom,
 As, in his native vale, some shepherd's tomb.

There, where the trees their thickest foliage spread
 Dark o'er that silent valley of the dead ;
 Where two fair pillars rise, embower'd and lone,
 Not yet with ivy clad, with moss o'ergrown,
 Young Hamet kneels—while thus his vows are pour'd,
 The fearful vows that consecrate his sword. 440
 —' Spirit of him, who first within my mind
 Each loftier aim, each nobler thought enshrined,
 And taught my steps the line of light to trace,
 Left by the glorious fathers of my race,
 Hear thou my voice—for thine is with me still,
 In every dream its tones my bosom thrill,
 In the deep calm of midnight they are near,
 'Midst busy throngs they vibrate on my ear,
 Still murmuring " Vengeance ! "—nor in vain the call,
 Few, few shall triumph in a hero's fall ! 450
 Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,
 Within my heart there lives one only aim ;
 There, till the oppressor for thy fate atone,
 Concentring every thought, it reigns alone.
 I will not weep—revenge, not grief, must be,
 And blood, not tears, an offering meet for thee ;
 But the dark hour of stern delight will come,
 And thou shalt triumph, warrior ! in thy tomb.

' Thou, too, my brother ! thou art pass'd away,
 Without thy fame, in life's fair-dawning day,
 Son of the brave ! of thee no trace will shine
 In the proud annals of thy lofty line ; 460

Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in the lays
 That hold communion with the after-days.
 Yet, by the wreaths thou might'st have nobly won,
 Hadst thou but lived till rose thy noontide sun ;
 By glory lost, I swear ! by hope betray'd,
 Thy fate shall amply, dearly, be repaid ;
 War with thy foes I deem a holy strife,
 And, to avenge thy death, devote my life.

470

‘ Hear ye my vows, O spirits of the slain !
 Hear, and be with me on the battle-plain !
 At noon, at midnight, still around me bide,
 Rise on my dreams, and tell me how ye died ! ’

CANTO II

—Oh ! ben provvide il Cielo
 Ch' Uom per delitti mai lieto non sia.

ALFIERI.

FAIR land ! of chivalry the old domain,
 Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain !
 Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
 In charms that fix the enthusiast's pensive eye ;
 Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught
 With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought ;
 Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name
 High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame.
 Those scenes are peaceful now : the citron blows,
 Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave repose. 10
 No sound of battle swells on Douro's shore,
 And banners wave on Ebro's banks no more.
 But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly tread
 Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead ?
 Blest be that soil ! where England's heroes share
 The grave of chiefs, for ages slumbering there ;
 Whose names are glorious in romantic lays,
 The wild, sweet chronicles of elder days—
 By goatherd lone, and rude serrano sung,
 Thy cypress dells, and vine-clad rocks among. 20
 How oft those rocks have echo'd to the tale
 Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles' vale ;
 Of him, renown'd in old heroic lore,
 First of the brave, the gallant Campeador ;
 Of those, the famed in song, who proudly died
 When ‘ Rio Verde ’ roll'd a crimson tide ;
 Or that high name, by Garcilaso's might,
 On the green Vega won in single fight.

Round fair Granada, deepening from afar,
 O'er that Green Vega rose the din of war.

30

At morn or eve no more the sunbeams shone
 O'er a calm scene, in pastoral beauty lone ;
 On helm and corslet tremulous they glanced,
 On shield and spear in quivering lustre danced.
 Far as the sight by clear Xenil could rove,
 Tents rose around, and banners glanced above.
 And steeds in gorgeous trappings, armour bright
 With gold, reflecting every tint of light,
 And many a floating plume, and blazon'd shield,
 Diffused romantic splendour o'er the field.

40

There swell those sounds that bid the life-blood start
 Swift to the mantling cheek, and beating heart.
 The clang of echoing steel, the charger's neigh,
 The measured tread of hosts in war's array ;
 And, oh ! that music, whose exulting breath
 Speaks but of glory on the road to death ;
 In whose wild voice there dwells inspiring power
 To wake the stormy joy of danger's hour ;
 To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain,
 Rouse from despondence, and support in pain ;
 And, 'midst the deepening tumults of the strife,
 Teach every pulse to thrill with more than life.

50

High o'er the camp, in many a broider'd fold,
 Floats to the wind a standard rich with gold :
 There, imaged on the cross, *His* form appears
 Who drank for man the bitter cup of tears.
His form, whose word recall'd the spirit fled,
 Now borne by hosts to guide them o'er the dead !
 O'er yon fair walls to plant the cross on high,
 Spain hath sent forth her flower of chivalry.
 Fired with that ardour which, in days of yore,
 To Syrian plains the bold crusaders bore ;
 Elate with lofty hope, with martial zeal,
 They come, the gallant children of Castile ;
 The proud, the calmly dignified :—and there
 Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien repair,
 And those who guide the fiery steed of war
 From yon rich province of the western star.

60

But thou, conspicuous 'midst the glitt'ring scene,
 Stern grandeur stamp'd upon thy princely mien ;
 Known by the foreign garb, the silvery vest,
 The snow-white charger, and the azure crest,
 Young *Aben-Zurrah* ! 'midst that host of foes,
 Why shines *thy* helm, thy Moorish lance ? Disclose !
 Why rise the tents, where dwell thy kindred train,
 O son of *Afric*, 'midst the sons of Spain ?
 Hast thou with thy nation's fall conspired,
 Apostate chief ! by hope of vengeance fired ?

70

How art thou changed ! Still first in every fight,
 Hamet, the Moor ! Castile's devoted knight !
 There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,
 But not the light that shone in days gone by ;
 There is wild ardour in thy look and tone,
 But not the soul's expression once thine own,
 Nor aught like peace within. Yet who shall say
 What secret thoughts thine inmost heart may sway ?
 No eye but Heaven's may pierce that curtain'd breast,
 Whose joys and griefs alike are unexpress'd.

80

There hath been combat on the tented plain ;
 The Vega's turf is red with many a stain ;
 And, rent and trampled, banner, crest, and shield,
 Tell of a fierce and well-contested field :
 But all is peaceful now—the west is bright
 With the rich splendour of departing light ;
 Mulhacen's peak, half lost amidst the sky,
 Glows like a purple evening-cloud on high,
 And tints, that mock the pencil's art, o'erspread
 The eternal snow that crowns Veleta's head ;
 While the warm sunset o'er the landscape throws
 A solemn beauty, and a deep repose.
 Closed are the toils and tumults of the day,
 And Hamet wanders from the camp away.
 In silent musings rapt :—the slaughter'd brave
 Lie thickly strewn by Darro's rippling wave.
 Soft fall the dews—but other drops have dyed
 The scented shrubs that fringe the river side,
 Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life retired,
 The wounded sought a shelter—and expired.
 Lonely, and lost in thought of other days,
 By the bright windings of the stream he strays,
 Till, more remote from battle's ravaged scene,
 All is repose, and solitude serene.
 There, 'neath an olive's ancient shade reclined,
 Whose rustling foliage waves in evening's wind,
 The harass'd warrior, yielding to the power,
 The mild sweet influence of the tranquil hour,
 Feels, by degrees, a long-forgotten calm
 Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted balm ;
 His wrongs, his woes, his dark and dubious lot,
 The past, the future, are awhile forgot ;
 And Hope, scarce own'd, yet stealing o'er his breast,
 Half dares to whisper, 'Thou shalt yet be blest !'

90

100

110

120

Such his vague musings—but a plaintive sound
 Breaks on the deep and solemn stillness round ;
 A low, half-stifled moan, that seems to rise
 From life and death's contending agonies.
 He turns : Who shares with him that lonely shade ?
 —A youthful warrior on his death-bed laid.

All rent and stain'd his broider'd Moorish vest,
 The corslet shatter'd on his bleeding breast ; 130
 In his cold hand the broken falchion strain'd,
 With life's last force convulsively retain'd ;
 His plumage soil'd with dust, with crimson dyed,
 And the red lance, in fragments, by his side :
 He lies forsaken—pillow'd on his shield,
 His helmet raised, his lineaments reveal'd.
 Pale is that quivering lip, and vanish'd now
 The light once throned on that commanding brow ;
 And o'er that fading eye, still upward cast,
 The shades of death are gathering dark and fast. 140
 Yet, as yon rising moon her light serene
 Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs between,
 Too well can Hamet's conscious heart retrace,
 Though changed thus fearfully, that pallid face,
 Whose every feature to his soul conveys
 Some bitter thought of long-departed days.

' Oh ! is it thus ', he cries, ' we meet at last ?
 Friend of my soul in years for ever past !
 Hath fate but led me hither to behold
 The last dread struggle, ere that heart is cold,— 150
 Receive thy latest agonizing breath,
 And, with vain pity, soothe the pangs of death ?
 Yet let me bear thee hence—while life remains,
 E'en though thus feebly circling through thy veins,
 Some healing balm thy sense may still revive,
 Hope is not lost—and Osmyn yet may live !
 And blest were he, whose timely care should save
 A heart so noble, e'en from glory's grave.'

Roused by those accents, from his lowly bed
 The dying warrior faintly lifts his head ; 160
 O'er Hamet's mien, with vague, uncertain gaze,
 His doubtful glance awhile bewilder'd strays ;
 Till, by degrees, a smile of proud disdain
 Lights up those features late convulsed with pain ;
 A quivering radiance flashes from his eye,
 That seems too pure, too full of soul, to die ;
 And the mind's grandeur, in its parting hour,
 Looks from that brow with more than wonted power.

' Away ! ' he cries, in accents of command,
 And proudly waves his cold and trembling hand. 170
 ' Apostate, hence ! my soul shall soon be free,
 E'en now it soars, disdaining aid from thee :
 'Tis not for thee to close the fading eyes
 Of him who faithful to his country dies ;
 Not for *thy* hand to raise the drooping head
 Of him who sinks to rest on glory's bed.

Soon shall these pangs be closed, this conflict o'er,
 And worlds be mine where thou canst never soar :
 Be thine existence with a blighted name,
 Mine the bright death which seals a warrior's fame ! ' 180

The glow hath vanished from his cheek—his eye
 Hath lost that beam of parting energy ;
 Frozen and fix'd it seems—his brow is chill ;
 One struggle more—that noble heart is still.
 Departed warrior ! were thy mortal throes,
 Were thy last pangs, ere Nature found repose,
 More keen, more bitter, than the envenomed dart
 Thy dying words have left in Hamet's heart ?
Thy pangs were transient ; *his* shall sleep no more,
 Till life's delirious dream itself is o'er ; 190
 But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy grave
 Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.
 Oh, what a change that little hour hath wrought
 In the high spirit, and unbending thought !
 Yet, from himself each keen regret to hide,
 Still Hamet struggles with indignant pride ;
 While his soul rises, gathering all its force,
 To meet the fearful conflict with remorse.

To thee, at length, whose artless love hath been
 His own, unchanged, through many a stormy scene ; 200
 Zayda ! to thee his heart for refuge flies ;
 Thou still art faithful to affection's ties.
 Yes ! let the world upbraid, let foes contemn,
 Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly stem ;
 And soon thy smile, and soft consoling voice
 Shall bid his troubled soul again rejoice.

Within Granada's walls are hearts and hands
 Whose aid in secret Hamet yet commands ;
 Nor hard the task, at some propitious hour,
 To win his silent way to Zayda's bower, 210
 When night and peace are brooding o'er the world,
 When mute the clarions, and the banners furl'd.
 That hour is come—and, o'er the arms he bears,
 A wandering fakir's garb the chieftain wears :
 Disguise that ill from piercing eye could hide
 The lofty port, and glance of martial pride ;
 But night befriends—through paths obscure he pass'd,
 And hail'd the lone and lovely scene at last ;
 Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the fair alcove,
 The sparkling fountain, and the orange grove ; 220
 Calm in the moonlight smiles the still retreat,
 As form'd alone for happy hearts to meet.
 For happy hearts ?—not such as hers, who there
 Bends o'er her lute, with dark, unbraided hair ;

That maid of Zegri race, whose eye, whose mien,
 Tell that despair her bosom's guest hath been.
 So lost in thought she seems, the warrior's feet
 Unheard approach her solitary seat,
 Till his known accents every sense restore—
 'My own loved Zayda! do we meet once more?' 230
 She starts, she turns—the lightning of surprise,
 Of sudden rapture, flashes from her eyes;
 But that is fleeting—it is past—and now
 Far other meaning darkens o'er her brow:
 Changed is her aspect, and her tone severe—
 'Hence, Aben-Zurrah! death surrounds thee here!'
 'Zayda! what means that glance, unlike thine own?
 What mean those words, and that unwonted tone?
 I will not deem thee changed—but in thy face,
 It is not joy, it is not love, I trace! 240
 It was not thus in other days we met:
 Hath time, hath absence, taught thee to forget?
 Oh! speak once more—these rising doubts dispel;
 One smile of tenderness, and all is well!'

'Not thus we met in other days!—oh, no!
 Thou wert not, warrior, then thy country's foe!
 Those days are past—we ne'er shall meet again
 With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as then.
 But *thy* dark soul no gentler feelings sway,
 Leader of hostile bands! away, away! 250
 On in thy path of triumph and of power,
 Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted flower.'

'And *thou* too changed! thine early vow forgot!
 This, this alone, was wanting to my lot!
 Exiled and scorn'd, of every tie bereft,
 Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was left;
 And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering beam,
 Thou, the good angel of each brighter dream,
 Wert all the barrenness of life possest,
 To wake one soft affection in my breast! 260
 That vision ended—fate hath nought in store
 O. joy or sorrow e'er to touch me more.
 Go, Zegri maid! to scenes of sunshine fly,
 From the stern pupil of adversity!
 And now to hope, to confidence, adieu!
 If thou art faithless, who shall e'er be true?'

'Hamet! oh, wrong me not!—I too could speak
 Of sorrows—trace them on my faded cheek,
 In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form.
 That tell the heart hath nursed a canker worm! 270
 But words were idle—read my sufferings there,
 Where grief is stamp'd on all that once was fair.

' Oh, wert thou still what once I fondly deem'd,
 All that thy mien express'd, thy spirit seem'd,
 My love had been devotion—till in death
 Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.
 But not the chief who leads a lawless band,
 To crush the altars of his native land ;
 The apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace
 Hath stain'd the trophies of a glorious race ;
 Not *him* I loved—but one whose youthful name
 Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.
 Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonour's cloud
 O'er that young name had gather'd as a shroud,
 I then had mourn'd thee proudly, and my grief
 In its own loftiness had found relief ;
 A noble sorrow, cherish'd to the last,
 When every meaner woe had long been past.
 Yes ! let Affection weep—no common tear
 She sheds, when bending o'er a hero's bier.
 Let Nature mourn the dead—a grief like this,
 To pangs that rend *my* bosom, had been bliss ! '

280

290

' High-minded maid ! the time admits not now
 To plead my cause, to vindicate my vow.
 That vow, too dread, too solemn to recall,
 Hath urged me onward, haply to my fall.
 Yet this believe—no meaner aim inspires
 My soul, no dream of poor ambition fires.
 No ! every hope of power, of triumph, fled,
 Behold me but the avenger of the dead !
 One whose changed heart no tie, no kindred knows,
 And in thy love alone hath sought repose.
 Zayda ! wilt *thou* his stern accuser be ?
 False to his country, he is true to thee !
 Oh, hear me yet !—if Hamet e'er was dear,
 By our first vows, our young affection, hear !
 Soon must this fair and royal city fall,
 Soon shall the cross be planted on her wall ;
 Then who can tell what tides of blood may flow,
 While her fanes echo to the shrieks of woe ?
 Fly, fly with me, and let me bear thee far
 From horrors thronging in the path of war :
 Fly ! and repose in safety—till the blast
 Hath made a desert in its course—and pass'd ! '

300

310

' Thou that wilt triumph when the hour is come,
 Hasten'd by thee, to seal thy country's doom,
 With *thee* from scenes of death shall Zayda fly
 To peace and safety ?—Woman, too, can die !
 And die exulting, though unknown to fame,
 In all the stainless beauty of her name !
 Be mine, unmurmuring, undismay'd, to share
 The fate my kindred and my sire must bear.

320

And deem thou not my feeble heart shall fail,
 When the clouds gather and the blasts assail.
 Thou hast but known me ere the trying hour
 Call'd into life my spirit's latent power ;
 But I have energies that idly slept,
 While withering o'er my silent woes I wept ;
 And now, when hope and happiness are fled,
 My soul is firm—for what remains to dread ?
 Who shall have power to suffer and to bear,
 If strength and courage dwell not with Despair ?

330

' Hamet, farewell—retrace thy path again,
 To join thy brethren on the tented plain.
 There wave and wood, in mingling murmurs, tell
 How, in far other cause, thy fathers fell !
 Yes ! on that soil hath Glory's footstep been,
 Names unforgotten consecrate the scene !
 Dwell not the souls of heroes round thee there,
 Whose voices call thee in the whispering air ?
 Unheard, in vain, they call—their fallen son
 Hath stain'd the name those mighty spirits won,
 And to the hatred of the brave and free
 Bequeath'd his own, through ages yet to be ! '

340

Still as she spoke, the enthusiast's kindling eye
 Was lighted up with inborn majesty,
 While her fair form and youthful features caught
 All the proud grandeur of heroic thought,
 Severely beauteous : awe-struck and amazed,
 In silent trance a while the warrior gazed,
 As on some lofty vision—for she seem'd
 One all-inspired—each look with glory beam'd,
 While, brightly bursting through its cloud of woes,
 Her soul at once in all its light arose.
 Oh ! ne'er had Hamet deem'd there dwelt enshrined
 In form so fragile, that unconquer'd mind ;
 And fix'd, as by some high enchantment, there
 He stood—till wonder yielded to despair.

350

' The dream is vanish'd—daughter of my foes !
 Reft of each hope the lonely wanderer goes.
 Thy words have pierced his soul—yet deem thou not
 Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er forgot !
 O form'd for happier love ; heroic maid !
 In grief sublime, in danger undismay'd,
 Farewell, and be thou blest !—all words were vain
 From him who ne'er may view that form again ;
 Him, whose sole thought, resembling bliss, must be,
 He *hath* been loved, once fondly loved, by thee ! '
 And is the warrior gone ?—doth Zayda hear
 His parting footstep, and without a tear ?

360

370

Thou weep'st not, lofty maid !—yet who can tell
 What secret pangs within thy heart may dwell ?
They feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,
 Who best each feeling's agony control.
 Yes, we may judge the measure of the grief
 Which finds in Misery's eloquence relief ;
 But who shall pierce those depths of silent woe
 Whence breathes no language, whence no tears may flow ?
 The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,
 Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved ?
 He, He alone, the inmost heart who knows,
 Views all its weakness, pities all its throes,
 He who hath mercy when mankind contemn,
 Beholding anguish—all unknown to them. 380

Fair city ! thou that midst thy stately fanes
 And gilded minarets, towering o'er the plains,
 In eastern grandeur proudly dost arise
 Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies ;
 While streams that bear thee treasures in their wave,
 Thy citron-groves and myrtle-gardens lave :
 Mourn, for thy doom is fixed—the days of fear,
 Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness, are near !
 Within, around thee, are the trophied graves
 Of kings and chiefs—their children shall be slaves.
 Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,
 But there a race that rear'd them not shall dwell ;
 For 'midst thy councils Discord still presides,
 Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch guides,
 Last of a line whose regal spirit flown
 Hath to their offspring but bequeath'd a throne,
 Without one generous thought, or feeling high,
 To teach his soul how kings should live and die. 390 400

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,
 The hearts of warriors echo to its call.
 Whose are those tones, with power electric fraught,
 To reach the source of pure exalted thought ?

See, on a fortress tower, with beckoning hand,
 A form, majestic as a prophet, stand !
 His mien is all impassion'd—and his eye
 Fill'd with a light whose fountain is on high ;
 Wild on the gale his silvery tresses flow,
 And inspiration beams upon his brow ;
 While, thronging round him, breathless thousands gaze,
 As on some mighty seer of elder days. 410

' Saw ye the banners of Castile display'd,
 The helmets glittering, and the line array'd ?
 Heard ye the march of steel-clad hosts ? ' he cries ;
 ' Children of conquerors ! in your strength arise !

O high-born tribes ! O names unstain'd by fear !
 Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis, hear ! 420
 Be every feud forgotten, and your hands
 Dyed with no blood but that of hostile bands.
 Wake, princes of the land ! the hour is come,
 And the red sabre must decide your doom.
 Where is that spirit which prevail'd of yore,
 When Tarik's bands o'erspread the western shore ?
 When the long combat raged on Xeres' plain,
 And Afric's teebir swell'd through yielding Spain ?
 Is the lance broken, is the shield decay'd,
 The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart dismay'd ? 430
 Shall no high spirit of ascendant worth
 Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth ?
 To guard the regions where our fathers' blood
 Hath bathed each plain, and mingled with each flood ;
 Where long their dust hath blended with the soil
 Won by their swords, made fertile by their toil ?

' O ye sierras of eternal snow !
 Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes flow,
 Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain ! ye saw their might
 In many a fierce and unforgotten fight— 440
 Shall ye behold their lost, degenerate race,
 Dwell 'midst your scenes in fetters and disgrace ?
 With each memorial of the past around,
 Each mighty monument of days renown'd ?
 May this indignant heart ere then be cold,
 This frame be gather'd to its kindred mould !
 And the last life-drop circling through my veins
 Have tinged a soil untainted yet by chains !

' And yet one struggle ere our doom is seal'd,
 One mighty effort, one deciding field ! 450
 If vain each hope, we still have choice to be,
 In life the fetter'd, or in death the free ! '

Still while he speaks, each gallant heart beats high,
 And ardour flashes from each kindling eye ;
 Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired, have caught
 The glow of lofty hope and daring thought,
 And all is hush'd around—as every sense
 Dwelt on the tones of that wild eloquence.

But when his voice hath ceased, the impetuous cry
 Of eager thousands bursts at once on high ; 460
 Rampart, and rock, and fortress, ring around,
 And fair Alhambra's inmost halls resound.
 ' Lead us, O chieftain ! lead us to the strife,
 To fame in death, or liberty in life ! '
 O zeal of noble hearts ! in vain display'd !
 Now, while the burning spirit of the brave

Is roused to energies that yet might save,
 E'en now, enthusiasts ! while ye rush to claim
 Your glorious trial on the field of fame,
 Your king hath yielded ! Valour's dream is o'er ; 470
 Power, wealth, and freedom, are your own no more ;
 And for your children's portion, *but* remains
 That bitter heritage—the stranger's chains.

CANTO III

Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.—HIPPOLITO PINDEMONTE.

HEROES of elder days ! untaught to yield,
 Who bled for Spain on many an ancient field ;
 Ye, that around the oaken cross of yore
 Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's shore,
 And with your spirit, ne'er to be subdued,
 Hallow'd the wild Cantabrian solitude ;
 Rejoice amidst your dwellings of repose,
 In the last chastening of your Moslem foes !
 Rejoice !—for Spain, arising in her strength,
 Hath burst the remnant of their yoke at length, 10
 And they, in turn, the cup of woe must drain,
 And bathe their fetters with their tears in vain.
 And thou, the warrior *born in happy hour*,
 Valencia's lord, whose name alone was power,
 Theme of a thousand songs in days gone by,
 Conqueror of kings ! exult, O Cid ! on high.
 For still 'twas thine to guard thy country's weal,
 In life, in death, the watcher for Castile !

Thou, in that hour when Mauritania's bands
 Rush'd from their palmy groves and burning lands, 20
 E'en in the realm of spirits didst retain
 A patriot's vigilance, remembering Spain !
 Then, at deep midnight, rose the mighty sound,
 By Leon heard, in shuddering awe profound,
 As through her echoing streets, in dread array,
 Beings, once mortal, held their viewless way :
 Voices, from worlds we know not—and the tread
 Of marching hosts, the armies of the dead,
 Thou and thy buried chieftains—from the grave
 Then did thy summons rouse a king to save, 30
 And join thy warriors with unearthly might
 To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.
 Those days are past—the crescent on thy shore,
 O realm of evening ! sets, to rise no more.
 What banner streams afar from Vela's tower ?
 The cross, bright ensign of Iberia's power !
 What the glad shout of each exulting voice ?
 Castile and Aragon ! rejoice, rejoice !

Yielding free entrance to victorious foes,
 The Moorish city sees her gates unclose, 40
 And Spain's proud host, with pennon, shield, and lance,
 Through her long streets in knightly garb advance.

Oh ! ne'er in lofty dreams hath Fancy's eye
 Dwelt on a scene of statelier pageantry.
 At joust or tourney, theme of poet's lore,
 High masque, or solemn festival of yore.
 The gilded cupolas, that proudly rise
 O'erarch'd by cloudless and cerulean skies ;
 Tall minarets, shining mosques, barbaric towers,
 Fountains, and palaces, and cypress bowers : 50
 And they, the splendid and triumphant throng,
 With helmets glittering as they move along
 With broider'd scarf, and gem-bestudded mail,
 And graceful plumage streaming on the gale ;
 Shields, gold-emboss'd, and pennons floating far,
 And all the gorgeous blazonry of war,
 All brighten'd by the rich transparent hues
 That southern suns o'er heaven and earth diffuse ;
 Blend in one scene of glory, form'd to throw
 O'er memory's page a never-fading glow. 60
 And there, too, foremost 'midst the conquering brave,
 Your azure plumes, O Aben-Zurrahs ! wave.
 There Hamet moves ; the chief whose lofty port
 Seems nor reproach to shun, nor praise to court ;
 Calm, stern, collected—yet within his breast
 Is there no pang, no struggle, unconfess'd ?
 If such there be, it still must dwell unseen,
 Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn, yet exulting sound,
 Of the deep anthem floating far around ? 70
 The choral voices, to the skies that raise
 The full majestic harmony of praise ?
 Lo ! where, surrounded by their princely train,
 They come, the sovereigns of rejoicing Spain,
 Borne on their trophied car—lo ! bursting thence
 A blaze of chivalrous magnificence !

Onward their slow and stately course they bend
 To where the Alhambra's ancient towers ascend,
 Rear'd and adorn'd by Moorish kings of yore,
 Whose lost descendants there shall dwell no more. 80

They reach those towers—irregularly vast
 And rude they seem, in mould barbaric cast :
 They enter—to their wondering sight is given
 A genii palace—an Arabian heaven !
 A scene by magic raised, so strange, so fair,
 Its forms and colour seem alike of air.

Here, by sweet orange-boughs, half shaded o'er,
 The deep clear bath reveals its marble floor,
 Its margin fringed with flowers, whose glowing hues
 The calm transparence of its wave suffuse. 90
 There, round the court, where Moorish arches bend,
 Aerial columns, richly deck'd, ascend ;
 Unlike the models of each classic race,
 Of Doric grandeur, or Corinthian grace,
 But answering well each vision that portrays
 Arabian splendour to the poet's gaze :
 Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all—a mingling glow
 Of rainbow-tints, above, around, below ;
 Bright streaming from the many-tinctured veins
 Of precious marble, and the vivid stains 100
 Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,
 In gay festoons and fairy knots display'd.
 On through the enchanted realm, that only seems
 Meet for the radiant creatures of our dreams,
 The royal conquerors pass—while still their sight
 On some new wonder dwells with fresh delight.
 Here the eye roves through slender colonnades,
 O'er bowery terraces and myrtle shades ;
 Dark olive-woods beyond, and far on high
 The vast sierra mingling with the sky. 110
 There, scattering far around their diamond spray,
 Clear streams from founts of alabaster play,
 Through pillar'd halls, where, exquisitely wrought,
 Rich arabesques, with glittering foliage fraught,
 Surmount each fretted arch, and lend the scene
 A wild, romantic, oriental mien :
 While many a verse, from eastern bards of old,
 Borders the walls in characters of gold.
 Here Moslem luxury, in her own domain,
 Hath held for ages her voluptuous reign 120
 'Midst gorgeous domes, where soon shall silence brood,
 And all be lone—a splendid solitude.
 Now wake their echoes to a thousand songs,
 From mingling voices of exulting throngs ;
 Tambour, and flute, and atabal, are there,
 And joyous clarions pealing on the air ;
 While every hall resounds, ' Granada won !
 Granada ! for Castile and Aragon ! '

'Tis night—from dome and tower, in dazzling maze,
 The festal lamps innumerable blaze ; 130
 Through long arcades their quivering lustre gleams,
 From every lattice tremulously streams,
 'Midst orange-gardens plays on fount and rill,
 And gilds the waves of Darro and Xenil ;
 Red flame the torches on each minaret's height
 And shines each street an avenue of light ;

And midnight feasts are held, and music's voice
Through the long night still summons to rejoice.

Yet there, while all would seem to heedless eye
One blaze of pomp, one burst of revelry, 140
Are hearts unsoothed by those delusive hours,
Gall'd by the chain, though deck'd awhile with flowers ;
Stern passions working in the indignant breast,
Deep pangs untold, high feelings unexpress'd,
Heroic spirits, unsubmitting yet—
Vengeance, and keen remorse, and vain regret.

From yon proud height, whose olive-shaded brow
Commands the wide, luxuriant plains below,
Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely scene,
Anguish and shame contending in his mien ? 150
He, who, of heroes and of kings the son,
Hath lived to lose whate'er his fathers won ;
Whose doubts and fears his people's fate have seal'd,
Wavering alike in council and in field ;
Weak, timid ruler of the wise and brave,
Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.

Far from these vine-clad hills and azure skies,
To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies ;
Yet pauses on his way, to weep in vain
O'er all he never must behold again. 160
Fair spreads the scene around—for him too fair,
Each glowing charm but deepens his despair.
The Vega's meads, the city's glittering spires,
The old majestic palace of his sires,
The gay pavilions, and retired alcoves,
Bosom'd in citron and pomegranate groves ;
Tower-crested rocks, and streams that wind in light,
All in one moment bursting on his sight,
Speak to his soul of glory's vanished years,
And wake the source of unavailing tears. 170
—Weep'st thou, Abdallah ?—Thou dost well to weep,
O feeble heart ! o'er all thou couldst not keep !
Well do a woman's tears befit the eye
Of him who knew not, as a man, to die.

The gale sighs mournfully through Zayda's bower,
The hand is gone that nursed each infant flower.
No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,
Mute are the echoes of their marble walls ;
No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,
But all is hush'd, and void, and desolate. 180

There, through each tower and solitary shade,
In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid :

Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,
 Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown ;
 And through the scene she loved, unheeded flows
 The stream whose music lull'd her to repose.

But oh ! to him, whose self-accusing thought
 Whispers, 'twas *he* that desolation wrought ;
 He, who his country and his faith betray'd,
 And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid ; 190
 A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,
 Each wave, low rippling, tells a mournful tale ;
 And as the shrubs, untended, unconfined,
 In wild exuberance rustle to the wind ;
 Each leaf hath language to his startled sense,
 And seems to murmur—' Thou hast driven her hence ! '
 And well he feels to trace her flight were vain,
 —Where hath lost love been once recall'd again ?
 In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,
 His name can rouse no feeling now—but scorn. 200
 O bitter hour ! when first the shuddering heart
 Wakes to behold the void within—and start !
 To feel its own abandonment, and brood
 O'er the chill bosom's depth of solitude.
 The stormy passions that in Hamet's breast
 Have sway'd so long, so fiercely, are at rest ;
 The avenger's task is closed :—he finds too late,
 It hath not changed his feelings, but his fate.
 He was a lofty spirit, turn'd aside
 From its bright path by woes, and wrongs, and pride, 210
 And onward, in its new tumultuous course,
 Borne with too rapid and intense a force
 To pause one moment in the dread career,
 And ask—if such could be its native sphere ?
 Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,
 Their fears and hopes excite his soul no more ;
 The feverish energies of passion close,
 And his heart sinks in desolate repose,
 Turns sickening from the world, yet shrinks not less
 From its own deep and utter loneliness. 220

There is a sound of voices on the air,
 A flash of armour to the sunbeam's glare,
 'Midst the wild Alpuxarras ;—there, on high,
 Where mountain-snows are mingling with the sky,
 A few brave tribes, with spirit yet unbroke,
 Have fled indignant from the Spaniard's yoke.

O ye dread scenes ! where Nature dwells alone,
 Severely glorious on her craggy throne ;
 Ye citadels of rock, gigantic forms,
 Veil'd by the mists, and girdled by the storms,— 230

Ravines, and glens, and deep resounding caves,
 That hold communion with the torrent-waves ;
 And ye, the unstain'd and everlasting snows,
 That dwell above in bright and still repose ;
 To you, in every clime, in every age,
 Far from the tyrant's or the conqueror's rage,
 Hath Freedom led her sons :—untired to keep
 Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.
 She, like the mountain eagle, still delights
 To gaze exulting from unconquer'd heights,
 And build her eyrie in defiance proud,
 To dare the wind, and mingle with the cloud.

240

Now her deep voice, the soul's awakener, swells,
 Wild Alpuxarras, through your inmost dells.
 There, the dark glens and lonely rocks among,
 As at the clarion's call, her children throng.
 She with enduring strength had nerved each frame,
 And made each heart the temple of her flame,
 Her own resisting spirit, which shall glow
 Unquenchably, surviving all below.

250

There high-born maids, that moved upon the earth,
 More like bright creatures of aerial birth,
 Nurslings of palaces, have fled to share
 The fate of brothers and of sires ; to bear,
 All undismay'd, privation and distress,
 And smile the roses of the wilderness :
 And mothers with their infants, there to dwell
 In the deep forest or the cavern cell,
 And rear their offspring midst the rocks, to be,
 If now no more the mighty, still the free.

260

And 'midst that band are veterans, o'er whose head
 Sorrows and years their mingled snow have shed :
 They saw thy glory, they have wept thy fall,
 O royal city ! and the wreck of all
 They loved and hallow'd most :—doth aught remain
 For these to prove of happiness or pain ?
 Life's cup is drain'd—earth fades before their eye,
 Their task is closing—they have but to die.
 Ask ye, why fled they hither ?—that their doom
 Might be, to sink unfetter'd to the tomb.
 And youth, in all its pride of strength, is there,
 And buoyancy of spirit, form'd to dare
 And suffer all things—fall'n on evil days,
 Yet darting o'er the world an ardent gaze,
 As on the arena, where its powers may find
 Full scope to strive for glory with mankind.
 Such are the tenants of the mountain-hold,
 The high in heart, unconquer'd, uncontroll'd :

270

By day, the huntsmen of the wild—by night,
 Unwearied guardians of the watch-fire's light, 280
 They from their bleak majestic home have caught
 A sterner tone of unsubmitting thought,
 While all around them bids the soul arise
 To blend with Nature's dread sublimities.
 —But these are lofty dreams, and must not be
 Where tyranny is near :—the bended knee,
 The eye, whose glance no inborn grandeur fires,
 And the tamed heart, are tributes she requires ;
 Nor must the dwellers of the rock look down
 On regal conquerors, and defy their frown. 290
 What warrior-band is toiling to explore
 The mountain-pass, with pine-wood shadow'd o'er ?
 Startling with martial sounds each rude recess,
 Where the deep echo slept in loneliness.
 These are the sons of Spain !—Your foes are near,
 O exiles of the wild sierra ! hear !
 Hear ! wake ! arise ! and from your inmost caves
 Pour like the torrent in its might of waves !

Who leads the invaders on ?—his features bear
 The deep-worn traces of a calm despair ; 300
 Yet his dark brow is haughty—and his eye
 Speaks of a soul that asks not sympathy.
 'Tis he ! 'tis he again ! the apostate chief ;
 He comes in all the sternness of his grief.
 He comes, but changed in heart, no more to wield
 Falchion for proud Castile in battle-field,
 Against his country's children—though he leads
 Castilian bands again to hostile deeds :
 His hope is but from ceaseless pangs to fly,
 To rush upon the Moslem spears, and die. 310
 So shall remorse and love the heart release,
 Which dares not dream of joy, but sighs for peace.
 The mountain-echoes are awake—a sound
 Of strife is ringing through the rocks around.
 Within the steep defile that winds between
 Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark, terrific scene,
 Where Moorish exile and Castilian knight
 Are wildly mingling in the serried fight.
 Red flows the foaming streamlet of the glen,
 Whose bright transparency ne'er was stained till then ; 320
 While swell the war-note, and the clash of spears,
 To the bleak dwellings of the mountaineers,
 Where thy sad daughters, lost Granada ! wait,
 In dread suspense, the tidings of their fate.
 But he—whose spirit, panting for its rest,
 Would fain each sword concentrate in his breast—
 Who, where a spear is pointed, or a lance
 Aim'd at another's breast, would still advance—

Courts death in vain ; each weapon glances by,
 As if for him 'twere bliss too great to die. 330
 Yes, Aben-Zurrah ! there are deeper woes
 Reserved for thee ere Nature's last repose ;
 Thou know'st not yet what vengeance fate can wreak,
 Nor all the heart can suffer ere it break.
 Doubtful and long the strife, and bravely fell
 The sons of battle in that narrow dell ;
 Youth in its light of beauty there hath past,
 And age, the weary, found repose at last ;
 Till, few and faint, the Moslem tribes recoil,
 Borne down by numbers, and o'erpower'd by toil. 340
 Dispersed, dishearten'd, through the pass they fly,
 Pierce the deep wood, or mount the cliff on high ;
 While Hamet's band in wonder gaze, nor dare
 Track o'er their dizzy path the footsteps of despair.

Yet he, to whom each danger hath become
 A dark delight, and every wild a home,
 Still urges onward—undismay'd to tread
 Where life's fond lovers would recoil with dread.
 But fear is for the happy—they may shrink
 From the steep precipice, or torrent's brink ; 350
 They to whom earth is paradise—their doom
 Lends no stern courage to approach the tomb :
 Not such his lot, who, school'd by fate severe,
 Were but too blest if aught remain'd to fear.
 Up the rude crags, whose giant masses throw
 Eternal shadows o'er the glen below ;
 And by the fall, whose many-tinctured spray
 Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,
 He holds his venturous track :—supported now
 By some o'erhanging pine or ilex bough ; 360
 Now by some jutting stone, that seems to dwell
 Half in mid-air, as balanced by a spell :
 Now hath his footstep gain'd the summit's head,
 A level span, with emerald verdure spread,
 A fairy circle—there the heath-flowers rise,
 And the rock-rose unnoticed blooms and dies ;
 And brightly plays the stream, ere yet its tide
 In foam and thunder cleave the mountain side ;
 But all is wild beyond—and Hamet's eye
 Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity. 370
 That dell beneath, where e'en at noon of day
 Earth's charter'd guest, the sunbeam, scarce can stray ;
 Around, untrodden woods ; and far above
 Where mortal footstep ne'er may hope to rove,
 Bare granite cliffs, whose fix'd, inherent dyes
 Rival the tints that float o'er summer skies ;
 And the pure glittering snow-realm, yet more high,
 That seems a part of Heaven's eternity.

There is no track of man where Hamet stands,
 Pathless the scene as Lybia's desert sands ; 380
 Yet on the calm, still air, a sound is heard
 Of distant voices, and the gathering-word
 Of Islam's tribes, now faint and fainter grown
 Now but the lingering echo of a tone.

That sound, whose cadence dies upon his ear,
 He follows, reckless if his bands are near.
 On by the rushing stream his way he bends,
 And through the mountain's forest zone ascends ;
 Piercing the still and solitary shades
 Of ancient pine, and dark, luxuriant glades, 390
 Eternal twilight's reign :—those mazes past,
 The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes at last,
 And the lone wanderer now hath reach'd the source
 Whence the wave gushes, foaming on its course.
 But there he pauses—for the lonely scene
 Towers in such dread magnificence of mien,
 And, mingled oft with some wild eagle's cry,
 From rock-built eyrie rushing to the sky,
 So deep the solemn and majestic sound
 Of forests, and of waters murmuring round— 400
 That, rapt in wondering awe, his heart forgets
 Its fleeting struggles, and its vain regrets.
 —What earthly feeling, unabash'd, can dwell
 In Nature's mighty presence ?—'midst the swell
 Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,
 And frown of rocks, and pomp of waving woods ?
 These their own grandeur on the soul impress,
 And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a lofty cave
 Rears its broad arch beside the rushing wave ; 410
 Shadow'd by giant oaks, and rude, and lone,
 It seems the temple of some power unknown,
 Where earthly being may not dare intrude
 To pierce the secrets of the solitude.
 Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail
 Is rising, wild and solemn, on the gale.
 Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet ! at the tone ?
 Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's moan ?
 As some loved sound, that long from earth had fled,
 The unforgotten accents of the dead ? 420
 E'en thus it rose—and springing from his trance
 His eager footsteps to the sound advance.
 He mounts the cliffs, he gains the cavern floor ;
 Its dark green moss with blood is sprinkled o'er :
 He rushes on—and lo ! where Zayda rends
 Her locks, as o'er her slaughter'd sire she bends,
 Lost in despair ;—yet, as a step draws nigh,
 Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,

She lifts her head, and, all-subdued by grief,
Views, with a wild, sad smile, the once-loved chief ; 430
While rove her thoughts, unconscious of the past,
And every woe forgetting—but the last.

‘ Com’st thou to weep with me ?—for I am left
Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.
Low lies the warrior on his blood-stain’d bier ;
His child may call, but he no more shall hear.
He sleeps—but never shall those eyes uncloze ;
’Twas not my voice that lull’d him to repose ;
Nor can it break his slumbers.—Dost thou mourn ?
And is thy heart, like mine, with anguish torn ? 440
Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall know,
That o’er his grave my tears with Hamet’s flow ! ’

But scarce her voice had breathed that well-known name,
When, swiftly rushing o’er her spirit, came
Each dark remembrance ; by affliction’s power
Awhile effaced in that o’erwhelming hour,
To wake with tenfold strength ;—’twas then her eye
Resumed its light, her mien its majesty,
And o’er her wasted cheek a burning glow
Spreads, while her lips’ indignant accents flow. 450

‘ Away ! I dream—oh, how hath sorrow’s might
Bow’d down my soul, and quench’d its native light—
That I should thus forget ! and bid *thy* tear
With mine be mingled o’er a father’s bier !
Did he not perish, haply by thy hand,
In the last combat with thy ruthless band ?
The morn beheld that conflict of despair :—
’Twas then he fell—he fell !—and thou wert there !
Thou ! who thy country’s children hast pursued
To their last refuge ’midst these mountains rude. 460
Was it for this I loved thee ?—Thou hast taught
My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought !
’Twill soon be past—I bow to Heaven’s decree,
Which bade each pang be minister’d by thee.’

‘ I had not deem’d that aught remain’d below
For me to prove of yet untasted woe ;
But thus to meet thee, Zayda ! can impart
One more, one keener agony of heart.
Oh, hear me yet !—I would have died to save
My foe, but still thy father, from the grave ; 470
But, in the fierce confusion of the strife,
In my own stern despair, and scorn of life,
Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught,
Save that to perish there in vain I sought.

And let me share thy sorrows—hadst thou known
 All I have felt in silence and alone,
 E'en *thou* might'st then relent, and deem, at last,
 A grief like mine might expiate all the past.

' But oh ! for thee, the loved and precious flower,
 So fondly rear'd in luxury's guarded bower,
 From every danger, every storm secured,
 How hast *thou* suffer'd ! what hast thou endured !
 Daughter of palaces ! and can it be
 That this bleak desert is a home for thee !
 These rocks *thy* dwelling ! thou, who shouldst have known
 Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone !
 Oh, yet forgive !—be all my guilt forgot,
 Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot ! '

480

' That lot is fix'd ; 'twere fruitless to repine
 Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.
 I may forgive—but not at will the heart
 Can bid its dark remembrances depart.
 No, Hamet, no !—too deeply are these traced,
 Yet the hour comes when all shall be effaced !
 Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda keep
 Her lonely vigils o'er the grave to weep :
 E'en now, prophetic of my early doom,
 Speaks to my soul a presage of the tomb ;
 And ne'er in vain did hopeless mourner feel
 That deep foreboding o'er the bosom steal !
 Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side
 Of him for whom I lived, and would have died ;
 Till then, one thought shall soothe my orphan lot,
 In pain and peril—I forsook him not.

490

500

' And now, farewell !—behold the summer-day
 Is passing, like the dreams of life, away.
 Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw nigh,
 With the last rites his bier to sanctify.
 Oh, yet in time, away !—'twere not *my* prayer
 Could move their hearts a foe like thee to spare !
 This hour they come—and dost thou scorn to fly ?
 Save me that one last pang—to see thee die ! '
 E'en while she speaks is heard their echoing tread ;
 Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.
 They reach the cave—they enter—slow their pace,
 And calm, deep sadness marks each mourner's face ;
 And all is hush'd till he who seems to wait
 In silent, stern devotedness, his fate,
 Hath met their glance—then grief to fury turns ;
 Each mien is changed, each eye indignant burns ;
 And voices rise, and swords have left their sheath
 Blood must atone for blood, and death for death !

510

520

They close around him : lofty still his mien,
 His cheek unalter'd, and his brow serene.
 Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda's cry ;
 Fruitless her prayer, unmark'd her agony.
 But as his foremost foes their weapons bend
 Against the life he seeks not to defend,
 Wildly she darts between—each feeling past,
 Save strong affection, which prevails at last. 530
 Oh ! not in vain its daring—for the blow
 Aim'd at his heart hath bade her life-blood flow ;
 And she hath sunk a martyr on the breast
 Where, in that hour, her head may calmly rest,
 For he is saved :—behold the Zegri band,
 Pale with dismay and grief, around her stand :
 While, every thought of hate and vengeance o'er,
 They weep for her who soon shall weep no more.
 She, she alone is calm :—a fading smile,
 Like sunset, passes o'er her cheek the while ; 540
 And in her eye, ere yet it closes, dwell
 Those last faint rays, the parting soul's farewell.

' Now is the conflict past, and I have proved
 How well, how deeply, thou hast been beloved !
 Yes ! in an hour like this 'twere vain to hide
 The heart so long and so severely tried :
 Still to thy name that heart hath fondly thrill'd,
 But sterner duties call'd—and were fulfill'd :
 And I am blest !—To every holier tie
 My life was faithful,—and for thee I die ! 550
 Nor shall the love so purified be vain ;
 Seve 'd on earth, we yet shall meet again.
 Farewell !—And ye, at Zayda's dying prayer,
 Spare him, my kindred tribe ! forgive and spare !
 Oh ! be his guilt forgotten in his woes,
 While I, beside my sire, in peace repose.'

Now fades her cheek, her voice hath sunk, and death
 Sits in her eye, and struggles in her breath.
 One pang—'tis past—her task on earth is done,
 And the pure spirit to its rest hath flown. 560
 But he for whom she died—Oh ! who may paint
 The grief, to which all other woes were faint ?
 There is no power in language to impart
 The deeper pangs, the ordeals of the heart,
 By the dread Searcher of the soul survey'd ;
 These have no words—nor are by words portray'd.

A dirge is rising on the mountain-air,
 Whose fitful swells its plaintive murmurs bear
 Far o'er the Alpuxarras ;—wild its tone,
 And rocks and caverns echo, ' Thou art gone !' 570

Daughter of heroes ! thou art gone
 To share his tomb who gave thee birth ;
 Peace to the lovely spirit flown !
 It was not form'd for earth.
 Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,
 Which brightly pass'd, and left no trace.

But calmly sleep !—for thou art free,
 And hands unchain'd thy tomb shall raise.
 Sleep ! they are closed at length for thee,
 Life's few and evil days !
 Nor shalt thou watch, with tearful eye,
 The lingering death of liberty.

580

Flower of the desert ! thou thy bloom
 Didst early to the storm resign :
 We bear it still—and dark *their* doom
 Who cannot weep for thine !
 For us, whose every hope is fled,
 The time is past to mourn the dead.

The days have been, when o'er thy bier
 Far other strains than these had flow'd ;
 Now, as a home from grief and fear,
 We hail thy dark abode !
 We, who but linger to bequeath
 Our sons the choice of chains or death.

590

Thou art with those, the free, the brave,
 The mighty of departed years ;
 And for the slumberers of the grave
 Our fate hath left no tears.
 Though loved and lost, to weep were vain
 For thee, who ne'er shalt weep again.

600

Have we not seen, despoil'd by foes,
 The land our fathers won of yore ?
 And is there yet a pang for those
 Who gaze on *this* no more ?
 Oh, that like them 'twere ours to rest !
 Daughter of heroes ! thou art blest !

A few short years, and in the lonely cave
 Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is Hamet's grave.
 Sever'd in life, united in the tomb—
 Such, of the hearts that loved so well, the doom !
 Their dirge, of woods and waves the eternal moan ;
 Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks alone.
 And oft beside the midnight watch-fire's blaze,
 Amidst those rocks, in long departed days

610

(When freedom fled, to hold, sequester'd there,
The stern and lofty councils of despair,)
Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the wild,
Who the lone hours with mournful strains beguiled,
Hath taught his mountain-home the tale of those
Who thus have suffer'd, and who thus repose.

620

THE WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS

[' In the reign of Otho III, Emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul, Crescentius, who ardently desired to restore the ancient glory of the Republic, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the Popes, whose vices rendered them objects of universal contempt. The Consul was besieged by Otho in the Mole of Hadrian, which long afterwards continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations; and, pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius, and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans. Stephanian, his widow, concealing her affliction and her resentment for the insults to which she had been exposed, secretly resolved to revenge her husband and herself. On the return of Otho from a pilgrimage to Mount Gargano, which, perhaps, a feeling of remorse had induced him to undertake, she found means to be introduced to him, and to gain his confidence; and a poison administered by her was soon afterwards the cause of his painful death.—See SISMONDI, *History of the Italian Republics*, vol. i.]

PART I

L'orage peut briser en un moment les
fleurs qui tiennent encore la tête levée.
MADAME DE STAËL.

'MIDST Tivoli's luxuriant glades,
Bright-foaming falls, and olive
shades,

Where dwelt, in days departed long,
The sons of battle and of song,
No tree, no shrub its foliage rears,
But o'er the wrecks of other years,

Temples and domes, which long have
been
The soil of that enchanted scene.

There the wild fig-tree and the vine
O'er Hadrian's mouldering villa
twine ; 10
The cypress, in funereal grace,
Usurps the vanish'd column's place ;
O'er fallen shrine, and ruin'd frieze,
The wall-flower rustles in the breeze ;
Acanthus-leaves the marble hide
They once adorn'd, in sculptured
pride,
And Nature hath resumed her throne
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,
Pride of Ilissus and of Nile, 20
To Anio's banks the image lent
Of each imperial monument ?
Now Athens weeps her shatter'd
fanés,
Thy temples, Egypt, strew thy
plains ;
And the proud fabrics Hadrian
rear'd
From Tibur's vale have disappear'd.
We need no prescient sibyl there
The doom of grandeur to declare ;
Each stone, where weeds and ivy
climb,
Reveals some oracle of Time ; 30
Each relic utters Fate's decree,
The future as the past shall be.

Halls of the dead ! in Tibur's vale,
Who now shall tell your lofty tale ?
Who trace the high patrician's dome,
The bard's retreat, the hero's home ?

When moss-clad wrecks alone record
There dwelt the world's departed
lord.

In scenes where verdure's rich array
Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,
And sunshine on each glowing hill,
Midst ruins finds a dwelling still.

Sunk is thy palace—but thy tomb,
Hadrian! hath shared a prouder
doom,

Though vanish'd with the days of old
Its pillars of Corinthian mould;
And the fair forms by sculpture
wrought,

Each bodying some immortal
thought,

Which o'er that temple of the dead,
Serene, but solemn beauty shed, 50
Have found, like glory's self, a grave
In time's abyss, or Tiber's wave:

Yet dreams more lofty, and more
fair,

Than art's bold hand hath imaged
e'er,

High thoughts of many a mighty
mind,

Expanding when all else declined,
In twilight years, when only they
Recall'd the radiance pass'd away,
Have made that ancient pile their
home,

Fortress of freedom and of Rome. 60

There he, who strove in evil days
Again to kindle glory's rays,
Whose spirit sought a path of light,
For those dim ages far too bright,—
Crescentius long maintain'd the strife
Which closed but with its martyr's
life,

And left the imperial tomb a name,
A heritage of holier fame.

There closed De Brescia's mission
high,

From thence the patriot came to
die; 70

And thou, whose Roman soul the
last,

Spoke with the voice of ages past,

Whose thoughts so long from earth
had fled,

To mingle with the glorious dead,
That midst the world's degenerate
race

They vainly sought a dwelling-place,
Within that house of death didst
brood

O'er visions to thy ruin woo'd.
Yet, worthy of a brighter lot,
Rienzi, be thy faults forgot! 80

For thou, when all around thee lay
Chain'd in the slumbers of decay;
So sunk each heart, that mortal
eye

Had scarce a *tear* for liberty;
Alone, amidst the darkness there,
Could'st gaze on Rome—yet not
despair!

'Tis morn, and Nature's richest
dyes

Are floating o'er Italian skies;
Tints of transparent lustre shine
Along the snow-clad Apennine; 90
The clouds have left Soracte's
height,

And yellow Tiber winds in light,
Where tombs and fallen fanes have
strew'd

The wide Campagna's solitude.
'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace
Those relics of a vanish'd race;
Yet, o'er the ravaged path of time,—
Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,
Where Nature still, though empires
fall,

Holds her triumphant festival;—100
E'en Desolation wears a smile,
Where skies and sunbeams laugh the
while;

And Heaven's own light, Earth's
richest bloom,
Array the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent
tower

Breathes the pure freshness of the
hour;

She, whose rich flow of raven hair
Streams wildly on the morning air,

Heeds not how fair the scene below,
 Robed in Italia's brightest glow. 110
 Though thrond 'midst Latium's
 classic plains

The Eternal City's towers and fanes,
 And they, the Pleiades of earth,
 The seven proud hills of Empire's
 birth,
 Lie spread beneath: not now her
 glance

Roves o'er that vast sublime ex-
 panse;
 Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis
 thrown

On Adrian's massy tomb alone:
 There, from the storm, when Free-
 dom fled,

His faithful few Crescentius led; 120
 While she, his anxious bride, who now
 Bends o'er the scene her youthful
 brow,

Sought refuge in the hallow'd fane,
 Which then could shelter, not in
 vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,
 And Liberty shall weep no more.
 At length imperial Otho's voice
 Bids her devoted sons rejoice;
 And he, who battled to restore
 The glories and the rights of yore, 130
 Whose accents, like the clarion's
 sound,

Could burst the dead repose around,
 Again his native Rome shall see,
 The sceptred city of the free!
 And young Stephania waits the hour
 When leaves her lord his fortress-
 tower,

Her ardent heart with joy elate,
 That seems beyond the reach of fate;
 Her mien, like creature from above,
 All vivified with hope and love. 140

Fair is her form, and in her eye
 Lives all the soul of Italy;
 A meaning lofty and inspired,
 As by her native day-star fired;
 Such wild and high expression,
 fraught
 With glances of impassion'd thought,

As fancy sheds, in visions bright,
 O'er priestess of the God of Light;
 And the dark locks that lend her face
 A youthful and luxuriant grace, 150
 Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling
 dyes

Seem from the fire within to rise;
 But deepen'd by the burning heaven
 To her own land of sunbeams given.
 Italian art that fervid glow
 Would o'er ideal beauty throw,
 And with such ardent life express
 Her high-wrought dreams of loveli-
 ness;—

Dreams which, surviving Empire's
 fall,
 The shade of glory still recall. 160

But see,—the banner of the brave
 O'er Adrian's tomb hath ceased to
 wave.

'Tis lower'd—and now Stephania's
 eye

Can well the martial train descry,
 Who, issuing from that ancient dome,
 Pour through the crowded streets of
 Rome.

Now from her watch-tower on the
 height,

With steps as fabled wood-nymph's
 light,

She flies—and swift her way pursues,
 Through the lone convent's avenues.
 Dark cypress groves, and fields o'er-
 spread 171

With records of the conquering dead,
 And paths which track a glowing
 waste,

She traverses in breathless haste;
 And by the tombs where dust is
 shrined,

Once tenanted by loftiest mind,
 Still passing on, hath reach'd the
 gate

Of Rome, the proud, the desolate!
 Throng'd are the streets, and, still
 renew'd,

Rush on the gathering multitude. 180

Is it their high-soul'd chief to greet,
 That thus the Roman thousands
 meet?

With names that bid their thoughts
ascend,

Crescentius, thine in song to blend ;
And of triumphal days gone by
Recall the inspiring pageantry ?

—There is an air of breathless dread,
An eager glance, a hurrying tread ;
And now a fearful silence round,
And now a fitful murmuring sound,
Midst the pale crowds, that almost
seem

Phantoms of some tumultuous
dream.

Quick is each step, and wild each
mien,

Portentous of some awful scene.

Bride of Crescentius ! as the throng
Bore thee with whelming force along,
How did thine anxious heart beat
high,

Till rose suspense to agony !—

Too brief suspense, that soon shall
close,

And leave thy heart to deeper woes.

Who 'midst yon guarded precinct
stands,

With fearless mien, but fetter'd
hands ?

The ministers of death are nigh,
Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye ;
And in his glance there lives a mind,
Which was not form'd for chains to
bind,

But cast in such heroic mould
As theirs, the ascendant ones of old.
Crescentius ! freedom's daring son,
Is this the guerdon thou hast won ?

O worthy to have lived and died
In the bright days of Latium's pride !

Thus must the beam of glory close
O'er the seven hills again that rose,
When at thy voice, to burst the
yoke,

The soul of Rome indignant woke ?
Vain dream ! the sacred shields are
gone,

Sunk is the crowning city's throne :
The illusions, that around her cast
Their guardian spells, have long been
past.

Thy life hath been a shot-star's ray,
Shed o'er her midnight of decay ;
Thy death at freedom's ruin'd shrine
Must rivet every chain—but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye
Now fix'd upon the deep-blue sky,
Now on those wrecks of ages fled,
Around in desolation spread ;
Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,
Recording triumphs pass'd away
Works of the mighty and the free,
Whose steps on earth no more shall
be,

Though their bright course hath left
a trace

Nor years nor sorrows can efface.
Why changes now the patriot's mien,
Erewhile so loftily serene ?

Thus can approaching death control
The might of that commanding soul ?
No !—Heard ye not that thrilling
cry

Which told of bitterest agony ?
He heard it, and at once subdued,
Hath sunk the hero's fortitude.

He heard it, and his heart too well
Whence rose that voice of woe can
tell ;

And midst the gazing throngs around
One well-known form his glance hath
found ;

One fondly loving and beloved,
In grief, in peril, faithful proved.

Yes, in the wildness of despair,
She, his devoted bride, is there.
Pale, breathless, through the crowd
she flies,

The light of frenzy in her eyes :
But ere her arms can clasp the form,
Which life ere long must cease to
warm ;

Ere on his agonizing breast
Her heart can heave, her head can
rest ;

Check'd in her course by ruthless
hands,

Mute, motionless, at once she stands ;
With bloodless cheek and vacant
glance,

Frozen and fix'd in horror's trance ;

Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,
And thought o'erwhelm'd, and feeling dead. 262

And the light waving of her hair,
And veil, far floating on the air,
Alone, in that dread moment, show
She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,
The patriot's heart shall throb no more :

But *hers*—so vainly form'd to prove
The pure devotedness of love, 270
And draw from fond affection's eye
All thought sublime, all feeling high ;
When consciousness again shall wake,
Hath now no refuge—but to break.
The spirit long inured to pain
May smile at fate in calm disdain ;
Survive its darkest hour, and rise
In more majestic energies.
But in the glow of vernal pride,
If each warm hope at once hath died,
Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower, 281
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower ;
A broken gem, whose inborn light
Is scatter'd—ne'er to re-unite.

PART II

Hast thou a scene that is not spread
With records of thy glory fled ?
A monument that doth not tell
The tale of liberty's farewell ?
Italia ! thou art but a grave
Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,
And nature gives her treasures birth
O'er all that hath been great on earth.
Yet smile thy heavens as once they smiled,
When thou wert freedom's favour'd child : 10
Though fane and tomb alike are low,
Time hath not dimm'd thy sunbeam's glow ;
And, robed in that exulting ray,
Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay.

Oh, yet, though by thy sorrows bent,
In nature's pomp magnificent ;
What marvel if, when all was lost,
Still on thy bright, enchanted coast,
Though many an omen warn'd him thence,

Linger'd the lord of eloquence ? 20
Still gazing on the lovely sky,
Whose radiance woo'd him—but to die :

Like him *who* would not linger there,
Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are fair ?

Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could dwell,

Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell ?
Hath not thy pure and genial air
Balm for all sadness but despair ?
No ! there are pangs, whose deep-worn trace

Not all *thy* magic can efface ! 30
Hearts by unkindness wrung may learn,

The world and all its gifts to spurn ;
Time may steal on with silent tread,
And dry the tear that mourns the dead ;

May change fond love, subdue regret,
And teach e'en vengeance to forget :
But thou, Remorse ! there is no charm,

Thy sting, avenger, to disarm !
Vain are bright suns and laughing skies,

To soothe thy victim's agonies : 40
The heart once made thy burning throne,

Still, while it beats, is thine alone.

In vain for Otho's joyless eye
Smile the fair scenes of Italy,
As through her landscapes' rich array
The imperial pilgrim bends his way.
Thy form, Crescentius, on his sight
Rises when nature laughs in light,
Glides round him at the midnight hour,
Is present in his festal bower, 50
With awful voice and frowning mien,
By all but him unheard, unseen.
Oh ! thus to shadows of the grave
Be every tyrant still a slave !

Where through Gargano's woody
dells,
O'er bending oaks the north wind
swells,

A sainted hermit's lowly tomb
Is bosom'd in umbrageous gloom,
In shades that saw him live and die
Beneath their waving canopy. 60
'Twas his, as legends tell, to share
The converse of immortals there ;
Around that dweller of the wild
There ' bright appearances ' have
smiled,

And angel-wings, at eve, have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs be-
tween.

And oft from that secluded bower
Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer
hour,

A swell of viewless harps, a sound
Of warbled anthems pealing round.
Oh, none but voices of the sky 71
Might wake that thrilling harmony,
Whose tones, whose very echoes
made

An Eden of the lonely shade !
Years have gone by ; the hermit
sleeps

Amidst Gargano's woods and steep ;
Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown
And veil'd his low, sepulchral stone :
Yet still the spot is holy, still
Celestial footsteps haunt the hill ; 80
And oft the awestruck mountaineer
Aërial vesper-hymns may hear
Around those forest-precincts float,
Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.
Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint
To that rude shrine's departed saint,
And deem that spirits of the blest
There shed sweet influence o'er her
breast.

And thither Otho now repairs,
To soothe his soul with vows and
prayers ; 90
And if for him, on holy ground,
The lost one, Peace, may yet be
found,

'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed,
Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,

She dwells, remote from heedless eye,
With Nature's lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search—his troubled
breast

Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest ;
The weary pilgrimage is o'er,
The hopes that cheer'd it are no
more. 100

Then sinks his soul, and day by day
Youth's buoyant energies decay.
The light of health his eye hath flown,
The glow that tinged his cheek is
gone.

Joyless as one on whom is laid
Some baleful spell that bids him
fade,

Extending its mysterious power
O'er every scene, o'er every hour ;
E'en thus *he* withers ; and to him
Italia's brilliant skies are dim. 110
He withers—in that glorious clime
Where Nature laughs in scorn of
Time ;

And suns, that shed on all below
Their full and vivifying glow,
From him alone their power with-
hold,

And leave his heart in darkness cold.
Earth blooms around him, heaven is
fair,

He only seems to perish there.

Yet sometimes will a transient
smile

Play o'er his faded cheek awhile, 120
When breathes his minstrel-boy a
strain

Of power to lull all earthly pain ;
So wildly sweet, its notes might seem
The ethereal music of a dream,
A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,
Deep thrilling power in every tone !
Sweet is that lay, and yet its flow
Hath language only given to woe ;
And if at times its wakening swell
Some tale of glory seems to tell, 130
Soon the proud notes of triumph die,
Lost in a dirge's harmony :

Oh ! many a pang the heart hath
proved,
Hath deeply suffer'd, fondly loved,

Ere the sad strain could catch from
thence

Such deep impassion'd eloquence !—
Yes ! gaze on him, that minstrel
boy—

He is no child of hope and joy !
Though few his years, yet have they
been

Such as leave traces on the mien, ¹⁴⁰
And o'er the roses of our prime
Breathe other blights than those of
time.

Yet seems his spirit wild and
proud,

By grief unsoften'd and unbow'd.
Oh ! there are sorrows which impart
A sternness foreign to the heart,
And, rushing with an earthquake's
power,

That makes a desert in an hour,
Rouse the dead passions in their
course,

As tempests wake the billows'
force !— ¹⁵⁰

'Tis sad, on youthful Guido's face,
The stamp of woes like these to trace.
Oh ! where can ruins awe mankind,
Dark as the ruins of the mind ?

His mien is lofty, but his gaze
Too well a wand'ring soul betrays :
His full dark eye at times is bright
With strange and momentary light,
Whose quick uncertain flashes throw
O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow :
And oft his features and his air ¹⁶¹
A shade of troubled mystery wear,
A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
With some unfathomable thought.
Whate'er that thought, still, unex-
press'd,

Dwells the sad secret in his breast ;
The pride his haughty brow reveals,
All other passion well conceals.
He breathes each wounded feeling's
tone,

In music's eloquence alone ; ¹⁷⁰
His soul's deep voice is only pour'd
Through his full song and swelling
chord.

He seeks no friend, but shuns the
train

Of courtiers with a proud disdain ;
And, save when Otho bids his lay
Its half unearthly power essay,
In hall or bower the heart to thrill,
His haunts are wild and lonely still.
Far distant from the heedless throng,
He roves old Tiber's banks along,
Where Empire's desolate remains ¹⁸¹
Lie scatter'd o'er the silent plains :
Or, lingering midst each ruin'd shrine
That strews the desert Palatine,
With mournful, yet commanding
mien,

Like the sad genius of the scene,
Entranced in awful thought appears
To commune with departed years.
Or, at the dead of night, when Rome
Seems of heroic shades the home ;
When Tiber's murmuring voice re-
calls ¹⁹¹

The mighty to their ancient halls ;
When hush'd is every meaner sound,
And the deep moonlight-calm around
Leaves to the solemn scene alone
The majesty of ages flown ;
A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,
He wanders through the sacred
gloom ;

And, 'midst those dwellings of decay,
At times will breathe so sad a lay,
So wild a grandeur in each tone, ²⁰⁰
'Tis like a dirge for empires gone !

Awake thy pealing harp again,
But breathe a more exulting strain,
Young Guido ! for awhile forgot
Be the dark secrets of thy lot,
And rouse the inspiring soul of song
To speed the banquet's hour along !—
The feast is spread, and music's call
Is echoing through the royal hall,
And banners wave, and trophies
shine, ²¹⁰
O'er stately guests in glittering line ;
And Otho seeks awhile to chase
The thoughts he never can erase,
And bid the voice, whose murmurs
deep

Rise like a spirit on his sleep,

The still small voice of conscience
die,
Lost in the din of revelry.
On his pale brow dejection lowers,
But that shall yield to festal hours :
A gloom is in his faded eye, 220
But that from music's power shall
fly :
His wasted cheek is wan with care,
But mirth shall spread fresh crimson
there.
Wake, Guido ! wake thy numbers
high,
Strike the bold chord exultingly !
And pour upon the enraptured ear
Such strains as warriors love to hear !
Let the rich mantling goblet flow,
And banish all resembling woe ; 229
And, if a thought intrude, of power
To mar the bright convivial hour,
Still must its influence lurk unseen,
And cloud the heart—but not the
mien !

Away, vain dream !—on Otho's
brow
Still darker lower the shadows now ;
Changed are his features, now o'er-
spread
With the cold paleness of the dead ;
Now crimson'd with a hectic dye,
The burning flush of agony ! 239
His lip is quivering, and his breast
Heaves with convulsive pangs op-
press'd ;
Now his dim eye seems fix'd and
glazed,
And now to heaven in anguish rais'd ;
And as, with unavailing aid,
Around him throng his guests dis-
may'd,
He sinks—while scarce his struggling
breath
Hath power to falter—'This is
death !'

Then rush'd that haughty child of
song,
Dark Guido, through the awe-struck
throng : 249

Fill'd with a strange delirious light,
His kindling eye shone wildly bright ;
And on the sufferer's mien awhile
Gazing with stern vindictive smile,
A feverish glow of triumph dyed
His burning cheek, while thus he
cried :—

'Yes ! these are death-pangs—on
thy brow
Is set the seal of vengeance now !
Oh ! well was mix'd the deadly
draught,
And long and deeply hast thou
quaff'd ;

And bitter as thy pangs may be,
They are but guerdons meet from
me ! 261
Yet, these are but a moment's throes,
Howe'er intense, they soon shall
close.

Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting
breath—

My life hath been a lingering death ;
Since one dark hour of woe and
crime,
A blood-spot on the page of time !

'Deem'st thou my mind of reason
void ?
It is not frenzied,—but destroy'd !
Aye ! view the wreck with shudder-
ing thought,— 270
That work of ruin thou hast wrought !
The secret of thy doom to tell,
My name alone suffices well !
Stephania !—once a hero's bride !
Otho ! thou know'st the rest—he
died.

Yes ! trusting to a monarch's word
The Roman fell, untried, unheard !
And thou, whose every pledge was
vain,
How couldst thou trust in aught
again ?

'He died, and I was changed—my
soul, 280
A lonely wanderer, spurn'd control.
From peace, and light, and glory
hurl'd,
The outcast of a purer world,

I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,
And lived for one dread task alone.
The task is closed—fulfill'd the vow,
The hand of death is on thee now.
Betrayed! in thy turn betray'd,
The debt of blood shall soon be paid!
Thine hour is come—the time hath
been 290
My heart had shrunk from such a
scene;

That feeling long is past—my fate
Hath made me stern as desolate.

'Ye that around me shuddering
stand,

Ye chiefs and princes of the land!
Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom?
Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb!
He sleeps unhonour'd—yet be mine
To share his low, neglected shrine.
His soul with freedom finds a home,
His grave is that of glory—Rome!
Are not the great of old with her,
That city of the sepulchre? 303
Lead me to death! and let me share
The slumbers of the mighty there!'

The day departs—that fearful day
Fades in calm loveliness away:

From purple heavens its lingering
beam 308

Seems melting into Tiber's stream,
And softly tints each Roman hill
With glowing light, as clear and still
As if, unstain'd by crime or woe,
Its hours had pass'd in silent flow.
The day sets calmly—it hath been
Mark'd with a strange and awful
scene:

One guilty bosom throbs no more,
And Otho's pangs and life are o'er.
And thou, ere yet another sun
His burning race hath brightly run,
Released from anguish by thy foes,
Daughter of Rome! shalt find
repose.— 321

Yes! on thy country's lovely sky
Fix yet once more thy parting eye!
A few short hours—and all shall be
The silent and the past for thee.
Oh! thus with tempests of a day
We struggle, and we pass away,
Like the wild billows as they sweep,
Leaving no vestige on the deep!
And o'er thy dark and lowly bed
The sons of future days shall tread,
The pangs, the conflicts, of thy lot,
By them unknown, by thee forgot.

THE LAST BANQUET OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

['Antony, concluding that he could not die more honourably than in battle, determined to attack Caesar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. His friends were affected, and wept to hear him talk thus; which, when he perceived, he encouraged them by assurances that his expectations of a glorious victory were at least equal to those of an honourable death. At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city, a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day, on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him.'—LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch*.]

Thy foes had girt thee with their dread array,
O stately Alexandria!—yet the sound
Of mirth and music, at the close of day,
Swell'd from thy splendid fabrics, far around

O'er camp and wave. Within the royal hall,
 In gay magnificence the feast was spread ;
 And, brightly streaming from the pictured wall,
 A thousand lamps their trembling lustre shed
 O'er many a column, rich with precious dyes,
 That tinge the marble's vein, 'neath Afric's burning skies. 10

And soft and clear that wavering radiance play'd
 O'er sculptured forms, that round the pillar'd scene
 Calm and majestic rose, by art array'd
 In godlike beauty, awfully serene.
 Oh ! how unlike the troubled guests, reclined
 Round that luxurious board !—in every face
 Some shadow from the tempest of the mind,
 Rising by fits, the searching eye might trace,
 Though vainly mask'd in smiles which are not mirth,
 But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the woes of earth. 20

Their brows are bound with wreaths, whose transient bloom
 May still survive the wearers—and the rose
 Perchance may scarce be wither'd, when the tomb
 Receives the mighty to its dark repose !
 The day must dawn on battle, and may set
 In death—but fill the mantling wine-cup high !
 Despair is fearless, and the Fates e'en yet
 Lend her one hour for parting revelry.
 They who the empire of the world possess'd,
 Would taste its joys again, ere all exchanged for rest. 30

Its joys ! oh, mark yon proud triumvir's mien,
 And read their annals on that brow of care !
 'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his steps have been ;
 Earth's brightest pathway led him to despair.
 Trust not the glance that fain would yet inspire
 The buoyant energies of days gone by ;
 There is delusion in its meteor-fire,
 And all within is shame, is agony !
 Away ! the tear in bitterness may flow,
 But there are smiles which bear a stamp of deeper woe. 40

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy fame,
 O lost, devoted Roman ! yet thy brow
 To that ascendant and undying name,
 Pleads with stern loftiness thy right e'en now.
 Thy glory is departed, but hath left
 A lingering light around thee—in decay
 Not less than kingly, though of all bereft,
 Thou seem'st as empire had not pass'd away.
 Supreme in ruin ! teaching hearts elate,
 A deep, prophetic dread of still mysterious fate ! 50

But thou, enchantress-queen ! whose love hath made
 His desolation—thou art by his side,
 In all thy sovereignty of charms array'd,
 To meet the storm with still unconquer'd pride.
 Imperial being ! e'en though many a stain
 Of error be upon thee, there is power
 In thy commanding nature, which shall reign
 O'er the stern genius of misfortune's hour ;
 And the dark beauty of thy troubled eye
 E'en now is all illumed with wild sublimity. 60
 Thine aspect, all impassion'd, wears a light
 Inspiring and inspired—thy cheek a dye,
 Which rises not from joy, but yet is bright
 With the deep glow of feverish energy.
 Proud siren of the Nile ! thy glance is fraught
 With an immortal fire—in every beam
 It darts, there kindles some heroic thought,
 But wild and awful as a sybil's dream ;
 For thou with death hast commun'd, to attain
 Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom from the chain.' 70
 And the stern courage by such musings lent,
 Daughter of Afric ! o'er thy beauty throws
 The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent
 With all the majesty of mighty woes ;
 While he, so fondly, fatally adored,
 Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee yet,
 Till scarce the soul, that once exulting soar'd,
 Can deem the day-star of its glory set ;
 Scarce his charm'd heart believes that power can be
 In sovereign fate, o'er him, thus fondly loved by thee. 80
 But there is sadness in the eyes around,
 Which mark that ruin'd leader, and survey
 His changeful mien, whence oft the gloom profound
 Strange triumph chases haughtily away.
 ' Fill the bright goblet, warrior guests ! ' he cries ;
 ' Quaff, ere we part, the generous nectar deep !
 Ere sunset gild once more the western skies,
 Your chief, in cold forgetfulness, may sleep,
 While sounds of revel float o'er shore and sea,
 And the red bowl again is crown'd—but not for me. 90
 ' Yet weep not thus—the struggle is not o'er,
 O victors of Philippi ! many a field
 Hath yielded palms to us :—one effort more,
 By one stern conflict must our doom be seal'd !
 Forget not, Romans ! o'er a subject world
 How royally your eagle's wing hath spread,
 Though, from his eyrie of dominion hurl'd,
 Now burst the tempest on his crested head !
 Yet sovereign still, if banish'd from the sky,
 The sun's indignant bird, he must not droop—but die. 100

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the dead of night—
 Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and deep ;
 From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry light
 The moon looks cloudless o'er a world of sleep :
 For those who wait the morn's awakening beams,
 The battle signal to decide their doom,
 Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled dreams ;
 Rest, that shall soon be calmer in the tomb,
 Dreams, dark and ominous, but *there* to cease,
 When sleep the lords of war in solitude and peace.

110

Wake, slumberers, wake ! Hark ! heard ye not a sound
 Of gathering tumult ?—Near and nearer still
 Its murmur swells. Above, below, around,
 Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused and shrill.
 Wake, Alexandria ! through thy streets the tread
 Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note
 Of pipe, and lyre, and trumpet, wild and dread,
 Is heard upon the midnight air to float ;
 And voices, clamorous as in frenzied mirth,
 Mingle their thousand tones, which are not of the earth.

120

These are no mortal sounds—their thrilling strain
 Hath more mysterious power, and birth more high ;
 And the deep horror chilling every vein
 Owns them of stern, terrific augury.
 Beings of worlds unknown ! ye pass away,
 O ye invisible and awful throng !
 Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay
 To Caesar's camp exulting move along.
 Thy gods forsake thee, Antony ! the sky
 By that dread sign reveals thy doom—'Despair and die !'

ALARIC IN ITALY

[After describing the conquest of Greece and Italy by the German and Scythian hordes united under the command of Alaric, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* thus proceeds:—'Whether fame, or conquest, or riches were the object of Alaric, he pursued that object with an indefatigable ardour which could neither be quelled by adversity nor satiated by success. No sooner had he reached the extreme land of Italy, than he was attracted by the neighbouring prospect of a fair and peaceful island. Yet even the possession of Sicily he considered only as an intermediate step to the important expedition which he already meditated against the continent of Africa. The straits of Rhegium and Messina are twelve miles in length, and, in the narrowest passage, about one mile and a half broad ; and the fabulous monsters of the deep, the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis, could terrify none but the most timid and unskilful mariners : yet, as soon as the first division of the Goths had embarked, a sudden tempest arose, which sunk or scattered many of the transports. Their courage was daunted by the terrors of a new element ; and the whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the

funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work.—See *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. v. p. 329.]

HEARD ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?

The march of hosts, as Alaric pass'd?
His steps have track'd that glorious clime,

The birth-place of heroic time;
But he, in northern deserts bred,
Spared not the living for the dead.
Nor heard the voice, whose pleading cries

From temple and from tomb arise.
He pass'd—the light of burning fanes

Hath been his torch o'er Grecian plains;

And woke they not—the brave, the free,

To guard their own Thermopylae?
And left they not their silent dwelling,

When Scythia's note of war was swelling?

No! where the bold Three Hundred slept,

Sad freedom battled not—but wept!
For nerveless then the Spartan's hand,

And Thebes could rouse no Sacred Band;

Nor one high soul from slumber broke,

When Athens own'd the northern yoke.

But was there none for thee to dare
The conflict, scorning to despair?

O city of the seven proud hills!
Whose name e'en yet the spirit thrills,

As doth a clarion's battle-call—
Didst thou too, ancient empress, fall?

Did no Camillus from the chain
Ransom thy Capitol again?
Oh! who shall tell the days to be,
No patriot rose to bleed for thee? 30

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?

The march of hosts, as Alaric pass'd?
That fearful sound, at midnight deep,
Burst on the eternal city's sleep:
How woke the mighty? She, whose will

So long had bid the world be still,
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye
The ascendant star of destiny! 38
She woke—to view the dread array
Of Scythians rushing to their prey,
To hear her streets resound the cries
Pour'd from a thousand agonies!
While the strange light of flames,
that gave

A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,
Bursting in that terrific hour
From fane and palace, dome and tower,

Reveal'd the throngs, for aid divine
Clinging to many a worshipp'd shrine:

Fierce fitful radiance wildly shed
O'er spear and sword, with carnage red,

Shone o'er the suppliant and the flying,
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! alas! that e'er
Should tears alone thy wrongs declare!

The time hath been when thy distress
Had roused up empires for redress!
Now, her long race of glory run,
Without a combat Rome is won,
And from her plunder'd temples forth

Rush the fierce children of the north,

To share beneath more genial skies
Each joy their own rude clime
denies.

Ye who on bright Campania's shore
Bade your fair villas rise of yore,
With all their graceful colonnades,
And crystal baths, and myrtle
shades,

Along the blue Hesperian deep,
Whose glassy waves in sunshine
sleep ;

Beneath your olive and your vine
Far other inmates now recline, 70
And the tall plane, whose roots ye
fed

With rich libations duly shed,
O'er guests, unlike your vanish'd
friends,

Its bowery canopy extends.
For them the southern heaven is
glowing,

The bright Falernian nectar flowing ;
For them the marble halls unfold,
Where nobler beings dwelt of old,
Whose children for barbarian lords
Touch the sweet lyre's resounding
chords, 80

Or wreaths of Paestan roses twine,
To crown the sons of Elbe and Rhine.
Yet, though luxurious they repose
Beneath Corinthian porticoes,
While round them into being start
The marvels of triumphant art ;
Oh ! not for them hath genius
given

To Parian stone the fire of heaven,
Enshrining in the forms he wrought
A bright eternity of thought. 90
In vain the natives of the skies
In breathing marble round them
rise,

And sculptured nymphs of fount or
glade

People the dark-green laurel shade ;
Cold are the conqueror's heart and
eye

To visions of divinity ;
And rude his hand which dares
deface

The models of immortal grace

Arouse ye from your soft delights
Chieftains ! the war-note's call in-
vites ; 100

And other lands must yet be won,
And other deeds of havoc done.

Warriors ! your flowery bondage
break,

Sons of the stormy north, awake !
The barks are launching from the
steep,

Soon shall the Isle of Ceres weep,
And Afric's burning winds afar

Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war.
Where shall his race of victory close ?

When shall the ravaged earth
repose ? 110

Buthark ! what wildly mingling cries
From Scythia's camp tumultuous
rise ?

Why swells dread Alaric's name on
air ?

A sterner conqueror hath been there !
A conqueror—yet his paths are
peace,

He comes to bring the world's
release ;

He of the sword that knows no
sheath,

The avenger, the deliverer—Death !

Is then that daring spirit fled ?
Doth Alaric slumber with the dead ?

Tamed are the warrior's pride and
strength, 121

And he and earth are calm at length.
The land where heaven unclouded
shines,

Where sleep the sunbeams on the
vines ;

The land by conquest made his own,
Can yield him now—a grave alone.

But his—her lord from Alp to sea—
No common sepulchre shall be !

Oh, make his tomb where mortal eye
Its buried wealth may ne'er descry !

Where mortal foot may never tread
Above a victor-monarch's bed. 132

Let not his royal dust be hid
'Neath star-aspiring pyramid ;

Nor bid the gather'd mound arise,
To bear his memory to the skies.

Years roll away—oblivion claims
Her triumph o'er heroic names ;
And hands profane disturb the clay
That once was fired with glory's ray ;
And Avarice, from their secret
gloom, 141

Drags e'en the treasures of the tomb.
But thou, O leader of the free !
That general doom awaits not thee :
Thou, where no step may e'er in-
trude,

Shalt rest in regal solitude,
Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,
The Awakener's final trumpet sound.
Turn ye the waters from their course,
Bid Nature yield to human force,
And hollow in the torrent's bed 151
A chamber for the mighty dead.
The work is done—the captive's hand
Hath well obey'd his lord's command.
Within that royal tomb are cast
The richest trophies of the past,
The wealth of many a stately dome.
The gold and gems of plunder'd
Rome ;
And when the midnight stars are
beaming,

And ocean waves in stillness gleam-
ing, 160
Stern in their grief, his warriors bear
The Chastener of the Nations there ;
To rest, at length, from victory's toll,
Alone, with all an empire's spoil !

Then the freed current's rushing
wave
Rolls o'er the secret of the grave ;
Then streams the martyr'd captives'
blood
To crimson that sepulchral flood,
Whose conscious tide alone shall keep
The mystery in its bosom deep. 170
Time hath past on since then—and
swept
From earth the urns where heroes
slept ;
Temples of gods, and domes of kings,
Are mouldering with forgotten
things ;
Yet shall not ages e'er molest
The viewless home of Alaric's rest :
Still rolls, like them, the unfailing
river,
The guardian of his dust for ever.

THE WIFE OF ASDRUBAL

[' This governor, who had braved death when it was at a distance, and protested that the sun should never see him survive Carthage—this fierce Asdrubal was so mean-spirited as to come alone, and privately throw himself at the conqueror's feet. The general, pleased to see his proud rival humbled, granted his life, and kept him to grace his triumph. The Carthaginians in the citadel no sooner understood that their commander had abandoned the place, than they threw open the gates, and put the proconsul in possession of Byrsa. The Romans had now no enemy to contend with but the nine hundred deserters, who, being reduced to despair, retired into the temple of Esculapius, which was a second citadel within the first : there the proconsul attacked them ; and these unhappy wretches, finding there was no way to escape, set fire to the temple. As the flames spread, they retreated from one part to another, till they got to the roof of the building : there Asdrubal's wife appeared in her best apparel, as if the day of her death had been a day of triumph ; and after having uttered the most bitter imprecations against her husband, whom she saw standing below with Emilianus,—" Base coward ! " said she, " the mean things thou hast done to save thy life shall not avail thee ; thou shalt die this instant, at least in thy two children." Having thus spoken, she drew out a dagger, stabbed them both, and while they were yet struggling for life, threw them from the top of the temple, and leaped down after them into the flames.'—*Ancient Universal History.*]

THE sun sets brightly—but a ruddier glow
O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage throw ;
Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire
In lurid splendour from her domes aspire ;

Sway'd by the wind, they wave—while glares the sky
 As when the desert's red simoom is nigh ;
 The sculptured altar, and the pillar'd hall,
 Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they fall ;
 Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams,
 Rock, wave, and isle are crimson'd by its beams ; 10
 While captive thousands, bound in Roman chains,
 Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes ;
 And shouts of triumph, echoing far around,
 Swell from the victors' tents with ivy crown'd.¹
 But mark ! from yon fair temple's loftiest height
 What towering form bursts wildly on the sight,
 All regal in magnificent attire,
 And sternly beauteous in terrific ire ?
 She might be deem'd a Pythia in the hour
 Of dread communion and delirious power ; 20
 A being more than earthly, in whose eye
 There dwells a strange and fierce ascendancy.
 The flames are gathering round—intensely bright,
 Full on her features glares their meteor-light ;
 But a wild courage sits triumphant there,
 The stormy grandeur of a proud despair ;
 A daring spirit, in its woes elate,
 Mightier than death, untameable by fate.
 The dark profusion of her locks unbound,
 Waves like a warrior's floating plumage round ; 30
 Flush'd is her cheek, inspired her haughty mien,
 She seems the avenging goddess of the scene.
 Are those *her* infants, that with suppliant cry
 Cling round her, shrinking as the flame draws nigh,
 Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous vest,
 And fain would rush for shelter to her breast ?
 Is that a mother's glance, where stern disdain,
 And passion, awfully vindictive, reign ?

Fix'd is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands
 Ignobly safe amidst the conquering bands ; 40
 On him who left her to that burning tomb,
 Alone to share her children's martyrdom ;
 Who, when his country perish'd, fled the strife,
 And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.
 ' Live, traitor, live ! ' she cries, ' since dear to thee
 E'en in thy fetters, can existence be !
 Scorn'd and dishonour'd live !—with blasted name,
 The Roman's triumph not to grace, but shame.
 O slave in spirit ! bitter be thy chain
 With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain ! 50
 Still may the manes of thy children rise
 To chase calm slumber from thy wearied eyes ;

¹ It was a Roman custom to adorn the tents of victors with ivy.

Still may their voices on the haunted air
 In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,
 Till vain remorse thy wither'd heart consume,
 Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb !
 E'en now my sons shall die—and thou, their sire,
 In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.
 Think'st thou I love them not ?—'Twas thine to fly—
 'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die.
 Behold their fate !—the arms that cannot save
 Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave.'

60

Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams,
 Swift from her children's hearts the life-blood streams ;
 With frantic laugh she clasps them to the breast
 Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest ;
 Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high,
 Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye.

HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE

[From *Maccabees* ii. 3. 21. 'Then it would have pitied a man to see the falling down of the multitude of all sorts, and the fear of the high priest, being in such an agony.—22. They then called upon the Almighty Lord to keep the things committed of trust safe and sure, for those that had committed them.—23. Nevertheless Heliodorus executed that which was decreed.—24. Now as he was there present himself, with his guard about the treasury, the Lord of Spirits, and the Prince of all Power, caused a great apparition, so that all that presumed to come in with him were astonished at the power of God, and fainted, and were sore afraid.—25. For there appeared unto them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely, and smote at Heliodorus with his forefeet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold.—26. Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes.—27. And Heliodorus fell suddenly to the ground, and was compassed with great darkness ; but they that were with him took him up, and put him into a litter.—28. Thus him that lately came with great train, and with all his guard into the said treasury, they carried out, being unable to help himself with his weapons, and manifestly they acknowledged the power of God.—29. For he by the hand of God was cast down, and lay speechless, without all hope of life.']

A SOUND of woe in Salem !—mournful cries

Rose from her dwellings—youthful cheeks were pale,
 Tears flowing fast from dim and aged eyes,
 And voices mingling in tumultuous wail ;
 Hands raised to heaven in agony of prayer,
 And powerless wrath, and terror, and despair.

Thy daughters, Judah ! weeping, laid aside

The regal splendour of their fair array,
 With the rude sackcloth girt their beauty's pride,
 And throng'd the streets in hurrying, wild dismay ;
 While knelt thy priests before *His* awful shrine,
 Who made, of old, renown and empire thine.

10

But on the spoiler moves—the temple's gate,
The bright, the beautiful, his guards unfold ;
And all the scene reveals its solemn state,
Its courts and pillars, rich with sculptured gold ;
And man, with eye unhallow'd, views the abode,
The sever'd spot, the dwelling-place of God.

Where art thou, Mighty Presence ! that of yore
Wert wont between the cherubim to rest,
Veil'd in a cloud of glory, shadowing o'er
Thy sanctuary the chosen and the blest ?
Thou ! that didst make fair Sion's ark thy throne,
And call the oracle's recess thine own !

20

Angel of God ! that through the Assyrian host,
Clothed with the darkness of the midnight-hour,
To tame the proud, to hush the invader's boast,
Didst pass triumphant in avenging power,
Till burst the day-spring on the silent scene,
And death alone reveal'd where thou hadst been.

30

Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener ! in thy might,
To guard thine ancient and majestic hill,
Where oft from heaven the full Shechinah's light
Hath stream'd the house of holiness to fill ?
Oh ! yet once more defend thy lov'd domain,
Eternal one ! Deliverer ! rise again !

Fearless of thee, the plunderer, undismay'd,
Hastes on, the sacred chambers to explore
Where the bright treasures of the fane are laid,
The orphan's portion, and the widow's store ;
What reck's *his* heart though age unsuccour'd die,
And want consume the cheek of infancy ?

40

Away, intruders !—hark ! a mighty sound !
Behold, a burst of light !—away, away !
A fearful glory fills the temple round,
A vision bright in terrible array !
And lo ! a steed of no terrestrial frame,
His path a whirlwind, and his breath a flame !

His neck is clothed with thunder¹—and his mane
Seems waving fire—the kindling of his eye
Is as a meteor—ardent with disdain
His glance—his gesture, fierce in majesty !
Instinct with light he seems, and formed to bear
Some dread archangel through the fields of air.

50

¹ 'Hast thou given the horse strength ? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ?'—Job xxxix. 19.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,

Throned on that burning charger ? bright his form.

Yet in its brightness awful to behold,

And girt with all the terrors of the storm !

Lightning is on his helmet's crest—and fear

Shrinks from the splendour of his brow severe.

60

And by his side two radiant warriors stand

All-arm'd, and kingly in commanding grace—

Oh ! more than kingly—godlike !—sternly grand

Their port indignant, and each dazzling face

Beams with the beauty to immortals given

Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart—each knee is bow'd

In trembling awe—but, as to fields of fight,

The unearthly war-steed, rushing through the crowd,

Bursts on their leader in terrific might ;

70

And the stern angels of that dread abode

Pursue its plunderer with the scourge of God.

Darkness—thick darkness !—low on earth he lies,

Râsh Heliodorus—motionless and pale—

Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his shrouded eyes

Mists, as of death, suspend their shadowy veil ;

And thus the oppressor, by his fear-struck train,

Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns—the warriors of the sky

Have pass'd, with all their dreadful pomp, away ;

80

Then wakes the timbrel, swells the song on high

Triumphant as in Judah's elder day ;

Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill !

Salem, exult ! thy God is with thee still.

NIGHT-SCENE IN GENOA

(FROM SISMONDI'S 'RÉPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES.')

['En même temps que les Gênois poursuivoient avec ardeur la guerre contre Pise, ils étoient déchirés eux-mêmes par une discorde civile. Les consuls de l'année 1169, pour rétablir la paix dans leur patrie, au milieu des factions sourdes à leur voix et plus puissantes qu'eux, furent obligés d'ourdir en quelque sorte une conspiration. Ils commencèrent par s'assurer secrètement des dispositions pacifiques de plusieurs des citoyens, qui cependant étoient entraînés dans les émeutes par leur parenté avec les chefs de faction ; puis, se concertant avec le vénérable vieillard, Hugues, leur archevêque, ils firent, longtemps avant le lever du soleil, appeler au

son des cloches les citoyens au parlement ; ils se flattoient que la surprise et l'alarme de cette convocation inattendue, au milieu de l'obscurité de la nuit, rendroit l'assemblée et plus complète et plus docile. Les citoyens, en accourant au parlement général, virent, au milieu de la place publique, le vieil archevêque, entouré de son clergé en habit de cérémonies, et portant des torches allumées, tandis que les reliques de Saint Jean Baptiste, le protecteur de Gênes, étoient exposées devant lui, et que les citoyens les plus respectables portoient à leurs mains des croix suppliantes. Dès que l'assemblée fut formée, le vieillard se leva, et de sa

voix cassée il conjura les chefs de parti, au nom du Dieu de paix, au nom du salut de leurs âmes, au nom de leur patrie et de la liberté, dont leurs discordes entraîneroient la ruine, de jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de leurs querelles, et la paix à venir.

Les hérauts, dès qu'il eut fini de parler, s'avancèrent aussitôt vers Roland Avogado, le chef de l'une des factions, qui étoit présent à l'assemblée, et, secondés par les acclamations de tout le peuple, et par les prières de ses parens eux-mêmes, ils le sommèrent de se conformer au vœu des consuls et de la nation.

Roland, à leur approche, déchira ses habits, et, s'asseyant par terre en versant des larmes, il appela à haute voix les morts qu'il avoit juré de venger, et qui ne lui permettoient pas de pardonner leurs vieilles offenses. Comme on ne pouvoit le déterminer à s'avancer, les consuls eux-mêmes, l'archevêque et le clergé, s'approchèrent de lui, et, renouvelant leurs prières, ils l'entraînèrent enfin, et lui firent jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de ses inimitiés passées.

Les chefs du parti contraire, Foulques de Castro, et Ingo de Volta, n'étoient pas présents à l'assemblée, mais le peuple et le clergé se portèrent en foule à leurs maisons ; ils les trouvèrent déjà ébranlés par ce qu'ils venoient d'apprendre, et, profitant de leur émotion, ils leur firent jurer une réconciliation sincère, et donner le baiser de paix aux chefs de la faction opposée. Alors les cloches de la ville sonnèrent en témoignage d'allégresse, et l'archevêque de retour sur la place publique entonna un *Te Deum* avec tout le peuple, en honneur du Dieu de paix qui avoit sauvé leur patrie. — *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. ii. pp. 149-50.]

In Genoa, when the sunset gave
Its last warm purple to the wave,
No sound of war, no voice of fear,
Was heard, announcing danger near :
Though deadliest foes were there,
Whose hate
But slumber'd till its hour of fate,
Yet calmly, at the twilight's close,
Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reign'd
Around,
All sudden woke the alarm-bell's
Sound,

Full swelling, while the hollow breeze
Bore its dread summons o'er the
seas.

Then, Genoa, from their slumber
started

Thy sons, the free, the fearless-
hearted ;

Then mingled with the awakening
peal

Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.
Arm, warriors, arm ! for danger
calls,

Arise to guard your native walls !
With breathless haste the gathering
throng

Hurry the echoing streets along ; so
Through darkness rushing to the
scene

Where their bold counsels still con-
vene.

—But there a blaze of torches bright
Pours its red radiance on the night,
O'er fane, and dome, and column
playing,

With every fitful night-wind sway-
ing :

Now floating o'er each tall arcade,
Around the pillar'd scene display'd,
In light relieved by depth of shade :
And now, with ruddy meteor-glare,
Full streaming on the silvery hair 31
And the bright cross of him who
stands

Rearing that sign with suppliant
hands,

Girt with his consecrated train,
The hallow'd servants of the fane.
Of life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression holy, deep, resign'd,
The calm sublimity of mind.

Years o'er his snowy head have
pass'd, 40

And left him of his race the last ;
Alone on earth—yet still his mien
Is bright with majesty serene ;
And those high hopes, whose guid-
ing-star

Shines from the eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye,
Whose fount is immortality,

And o'er his features pour'd a ray
Of glory, not to pass away.
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone, 51
On earth by nought but pity's tie
Detain'd a moment from on high !
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One, from all passion purified,
E'en now half mingled with the sky,
And all prepared—oh ! not to die—
But, like the prophet, to aspire,
In heaven's triumphal car of fire.
He speaks—and from the throngs
around 60
Is heard not e'en a whisper'd sound ;
Awe-struck each heart, and fix'd each
glance,
They stand as in a spell-bound
trance :
He speaks—oh ! who can hear nor
own
The might of each prevailing tone ?

' Chieftains and warriors ! ye, so
long
Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,
Whose fierce and far-transmitted hate
Hath made your country desolate ;
Now by the love ye bear her name,
By that pure spark of holy flame 71
On freedom's altar brightly burning,
But, once extinguish'd, ne'er return-
ing ;
By all your hopes of bliss to come
When burst the bondage of the tomb :
By Him, the God who bade us live
To aid each other, and forgive—
I call upon ye to resign
Your discords at your country's
shrine,
Each ancient feud in peace atone, 80
Wield your keen swords for her
alone,
And swear upon the cross, to cast
Oblivion's mantle o'er the past !'

No voice replies—the holy bands
Advance to where yon chieftain
stands.
With folded arms, and brow of gloom
O'ershadow'd by his floating plume.

To him they lift the cross—in vain
He turns—oh ! say not with disdain,
But with a mien of haughty grief, 90
That seeks not, e'en from heaven,
relief :
He rends his robes—he sternly
speaks—
Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks.

' Father ! not thus the wounds
may close
Inflicted by eternal foes.
Deem'st thou *thy* mandate can efface
The dread volcano's burning trace ?
Or bid the earthquake's ravaged
scene
Be, smiling, as it once hath been ?
No ! for the deeds the sword hath
done 100
Forgiveness is not lightly won ;
The words, by hatred spoke, may not
Be, as a summer breeze, forgot !
'Tis vain—we deem the war-feud's
rage
A portion of our heritage.
Leaders, now slumbering with their
fame,
Bequeath'd us that undying flame :
Hearts that have long been still and
cold
Yet rule us from their silent mould ;
And voices, heard on earth no more,
Speak to our spirits as of yore. 111
Talk not of mercy—blood alone
The stain of bloodshed may atone ;
Nought else can pay that mighty
debt,
The dead forbid us to forget.'

He pauses—from the patriarch's
brow
There beams more lofty grandeur
now ;
His reverend form, his aged hand,
Assume a gesture of command,
His voice is awful, and his eye 120
Fill'd with prophetic majesty.

' The dead !—and deem'st thou
they retain
Aught of terrestrial passion's stain ?

Of guilt incurr'd in days gone by,
Aught but the fearful penalty ?
And say'st thou, mortal ! blood
alone

For deeds of slaughter may atone ?
There *hath* been blood—by Him
'twas shed 128

To expiate every crime who bled ;
The absolving God who died to save,
And rose in victory from the grave !
And by that stainless offering given
Alike for all on earth to heaven ;
By that inevitable hour
When death shall vanquish pride and
power,

And each departing passion's force
Concentrate all in late remorse ;
And by the day when doom shall be
Pass'd on earth's millions, and on
thee— 139

The doom that shall not be repeal'd,
Once utter'd, and for ever seal'd—
I summon thee, O child of clay !
To cast thy darker thoughts away,
And meet thy foes in peace and love,
As thou would'st join the blest
above.'

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling
Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing ;
Oh ! not in vain the pleading cries
Of anxious thousands round him
rise ; 149

He yields—devotion's mingled sense
Of faith, and fear, and penitence,
Pervading all his soul, he bows
To offer on the cross his vows,
And that best incense to the skies,
Each evil passion's sacrifice.

Then tears from warriors' eyes
were flowing,
High hearts with soft emotions
glowing ;
Stern foes as long-loved brothers
greeting,
And ardent throngs in transport
meeting ;
And eager footsteps forward press-
ing, 160
And accents loud in joyous blessing ;

And when their first wild tumults
cease,
A thousand voices echo ' Peace ! '

Twilight's dim mist hath roll'd
away,
And the rich Orient burns with day :
Then as to greet the sunbeam's
birth,
Rises the choral hymn of earth ;
The exulting strain through Genoa
swelling,
Of peace and holy rapture telling.

Far floats the sounds o'er vale and
steep 170
The seaman hears them on the deep,
So mellow'd by the gale, they seem
As the wild music of a dream :
But not on mortal ear alone
Peals the triumphant anthem's tone ;
For beings of a purer sphere
Bend with celestial joy, to hear.

THE TROUBADOUR

AND

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

[' Not only the place of Richard's confinement ' (when thrown into prison by the Duke of Austria), ' if we believe the literary history of the times, but even the circumstance of his captivity, was carefully concealed by his vindictive enemies : and both might have remained unknown but for the grateful attachment of a Provençal bard, or minstrel, named Blondel, who had shared that prince's friendship and tasted his bounty. Having travelled over all the European continent to learn the destiny of his beloved patron, Blondel accidentally got intelligence of a certain castle in Germany, where a prisoner of distinction was confined, and guarded with great vigilance. Persuaded by a secret impulse that this prisoner was the King of England, the minstrel repaired to the place ; but the gates of the castle were shut against him, and he could obtain no information relative to the name or quality of the unhappy person it secured. In this extremity, he bethought

himself of an expedient for making the desired discovery. He chanted, with a loud voice, some verses of a song which had been composed partly by himself, partly by Richard; and to his unspeakable joy, on making a pause, he heard it re-echoed and continued by the royal captive.—(*Hist. Troubadours.*) To this discovery the English monarch is said to have eventually owed his release.—See RUSSELL'S *Modern Europe*, vol. i, p. 369.]

THE Troubadour o'er many a plain
Hath roam'd unwearied, but in vain :
O'er many a rugged mountain-scene,
And forest-wild, his track hath been ;
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky
He hath sung the songs of chivalry ;
His voice hath swell'd on the Alpine
breeze,
And rung through the snowy
Pyrenees :
From Ebro's banks to Danube's
wave,
He hath sought his prince, the loved,
the brave,
And yet, if still on earth thou art,
Oh, monarch of the lion-heart !
The faithful spirit, which distress
But heightens to devotedness,
By toil and trial vanquish'd not,
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reach'd a mountain hung
with vine,
And woods that wave o'er the
lovely Rhine :
The feudal towers that crest its
height
Frown in unconquerable might ; 20
Dark is their aspect of sullen state—
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate
To bid the wearied pilgrim rest,
At the chieftain's board a welcome
guest ;
Vainly rich evening's parting smile
Would chase the gloom of the
haughty pile,
That 'midst bright sunshine lowers
on high,
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer
sky.

Not these the halls where a child
of song
Awhile may speed the hours along ;
Their echoes should repeat alone 31
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's
moan,
Or the wild huntsman's bugle blast,
When his phantom-train are hurrying
past.
The weary minstrel paused—his
eye
Roved o'er the scene despondingly :
Within the length'ning shadow, cast
By the fortress-towers and ramparts
vast,
Lingering he gazed—the rocks
around
Sublime in savage grandeur frown'd ;
Proud guardians of the regal flood, 41
In giant strength the mountains
stood ;
By torrents cleft by tempests riven,
Yet mingling still with the calm blue
heaven.
Their peaks were bright with a sunny
glow,
But the Rhine all shadowy roll'd
below ;
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,
But the woods beyond waved dark
and wild ;
Nor pastoral pipe, nor convent's
bell,
Was heard on the sighing breeze to
swell ;
But all was lonely, silent, rude,
A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark ! that solemn stillness
breaking,
The Troubadour's wild song is
waking.
Full oft that song, in days gone by,
Hath cheer'd the sons of chivalry ;
It hath swell'd o'er Judah's moun-
tains lone,
Hermon ! thy echoes have learn'd
its tone ;
On the Great Plain its notes have
rung,
The leagu'd Crusaders' tents among ;

'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who
won 61
The palm in the field of Ascalon ;
And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine
Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG

'Thine hour is come, and the stake
is set,'
The Soldan cried to the captive
knight,
'And the sons of the Prophet in
throngs are met
To gaze on the fearful sight.

'But be our faith by thy lips pro-
fess'd,
The faith of Mecca's shrine, 70
Cast down the red-cross that marks
thy vest,
And life shall yet be thine.'

'I have seen the flow of my bosom's
blood,
And gazed with undaunted eye ;
I have borne the bright cross through
fire and flood,
And think'st thou I fear to die ?

'I have stood where thousands, by
Salem's towers,
Have fall'n for the Name Divine ;
And the faith that cheer'd *their*
closing hours
Shall be the light of mine.' 80

'Thus wilt thou die in the pride of
health,
And the glow of youth's fresh
bloom ?
Thou art offer'd life, and pomp, and
wealth,
Or torture and the tomb.'

'I have been where the crown of
thorns was twined
For a dying Saviour's brow ;
He spurn'd the treasures that lure
mankind,
And I reject them now !'

'Art thou the son of a noble line
In a land that is fair and blest ? 90
And doth not thy spirit, proud
captive ! pine,
Again on its shores to rest ?

'Thine own is the choice to hail once
more
The soil of thy father's birth,
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs
are o'er,
Forgotten in foreign earth.'

'Oh ! fair are the vine-clad hills that
rise
In the country of my love ;
But yet, though cloudless my native
skies, 99
There's a brighter clime above !'

The bard hath paused—for another
tone
Blends with the music of his own ;
And his heart beats high with hope
again,
As a well-known voice prolongs the
strain.

'Are there none within thy father's
hall,
Far o'er the wide blue main,
Young Christian ! left to deplore
thy fall,
With sorrow deep and vain ?'

'There are hearts that still, through
all the past, 109
Unchanging have loved me well ;
There are eyes whose tears were
streaming fast
When I bade my home farewell.

'Better they wept o'er the warrior's
bier
Than the apostate's living stain ;
There's a land where those who loved
when here,
Shall meet to love again.'

'Tis he ! thy prince—long sought,
long lost,
The leader of the red-cross host !

'Tis he !—to none thy joy betray,
 Young Troubadour ! away, away !
 Away to the island of the brave, 121
 The gem on the bosom of the wave ;
 Arouse the sons of the noble soil,
 To win their Lion from the toil ;
 And free the wassail-cup shall flow,
 Bright in each hall the hearth shall
 glow ;

The festal board shall be richly
 crown'd,
 While knights and chieftains revel
 round,
 And a thousand harps with joy shall
 ring,
 When merry England hails her
 king. 130

THE DEATH OF CONRADIN

(FROM SISMONDI'S 'RÉPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES')

[' La défaite de Conradin ne devoit mettre un terme ni à ses malheurs, ni aux vengeances du roi (Charles d'Anjou). L'amour du peuple pour l'héritier légitime du trône avoit éclaté d'une manière effrayante ; il pouvoit causer de nouvelles révolutions, si Conradin demeurait en vie ; et Charles, revêtant sa défiance et sa cruauté des formes de la justice, résolut de faire périr sur l'échafaud le dernier rejeton de la Maison de Souabe, l'unique espérance de son parti. Un seul juge provençal et sujet de Charles, dont les historiens n'ont pas voulu conserver le nom, osa voter pour la mort, d'autres se renfermèrent dans un timide et coupable silence ; et Charles, sur l'autorité de ce seul juge, fit prononcer, par Robert de Bari, protonotaire du royaume, la sentence de mort contre Conradin et tous ses compagnons. Cette sentence fut communiquée à Conradin, comme il jouait aux échecs ; on lui laissa peu de temps pour se préparer à son exécution, et le 26 d'Octobre, il fut conduit, avec tous ses amis, sur la Place du Marché de Naples, le long du rivage de la mer. Charles étoit présent, avec toute sa cour, et une foule immense entourait le roi vainqueur et le roi condamné. Conradin étoit entre les mains des bourreaux ; il détacha lui-même son manteau, et s'étant mis à genoux pour prier, il se releva en s'écriant : " Oh, ma mère, quelle profonde douleur te causera la nouvelle qu'on va te porter de moi ! " Puis il tourna les yeux sur la foule qui l'entourait ; il vit les larmes, il entendit les sanglots de son peuple ; alors, détachant son gant, il jeta au milieu de ses sujets ce gage d'un combat de vengeance, et rendit sa tête au bourreau. Après lui, sur le même échafaud, Charles fit trancher la tête au Duc d'Autriche, aux Comtes Gualferano et Bartolommeo Lancia, et aux Comtes Gérard et Galvano Donoratico de Pise. Par un raffinement de cruauté, Charles voulut que le premier, fils du second, précédât son père et mourût entre ses bras. Les cadavres, d'après ses ordres, furent exclus d'une terre sainte, et inhumés sans pompe sur le rivage de la mer. Charles II, cependant, fit dans la suite bâtir sur le même lieu une église de Carmélites, comme pour apaiser ces ombres irritées.]

No cloud to dim the splendour of the day
 Which breaks o'er Naples and her lovely bay,
 And lights that brilliant sea and magic shore
 With every tint that charm'd the great of yore ;
 The imperial ones of earth—who proudly bade
 Their marble domes o'en Ocean's realm invade.

That race is gone—but glorious Nature here
 Maintains unchanged her own sublime career,
 And bids these regions of the sun display
 Bright hues, surviving empires pass'd away.

The beam of Heaven expands—its kindling smile
Reveals each charm of many a fairy isle,
Whose image floats, in softer colouring drest,
With all its rocks and vines, on Ocean's breast.
Misenum's cape hath caught the vivid ray,
On Roman streamers there no more to play ;
Still, as of old, unalterably bright,
Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's height,
With all Italia's sunshine to illumine
The ilex canopy of Virgil's tomb.
Campania's plains rejoice in light, and spread
Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty dead ;
Fair glittering to thine own transparent skies,
Thy palaces, exulting Naples ! rise ;
While, far on high, Vesuvius rears his peak,
Furrow'd and dark with many a lava streak.

20

Oh, ye bright shores of Circe and the Muse !
Rich with all Nature's and all fiction's hues ;
Who shall explore your regions, and declare
The poet err'd to paint Elysium there ?
Call up his spirit, wanderer ! bid him guide
Thy steps, those siren-haunted seas beside ;
And all the scene a lovelier light shall wear,
And spells more potent shall pervade the air.
What though his dust be scatter'd, and his urn
Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn,
Still dwell the beings of his verse around,
Hovering in beauty o'er the enchanted ground :
His lays are murmur'd in each breeze that roves
Soft o'er the sunny waves and orange-groves ;
His memory's charm is spread o'er shore and sea,
The soul, the genius of Parthenope ;
Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-clad hill
The purple radiance of Elysium still.

30

40

Yet that fair soil and calm resplendent sky
Have witness'd many a dark reality.
Oft o'er those bright blue seas the gale hath borne
The sighs of exiles never to return.
There with the whisper of Campania's gale
Hath mingled oft affection's funeral-wail,
Mourning for buried heroes—while to her
That glowing land was but their sepulchre.
And there of old, the dread mysterious moan
Swell'd from strange voices of no mortal tone ;
And that wild trumpet, whose unearthly note
Was heard, at midnight, o'er the hills to float
Around the spot where Agrippina died,
Denouncing vengeance on the matricide.

50

Pass'd are those ages—yet another crime,
 Another woe, must stain the Elysian clime.
 There stands a scaffold on the sunny shore—
 It must be crimson'd ere the day is o'er !
 There is a throne in regal pomp array'd,—
 A scene of death from thence must be survey'd.
 Mark'd ye the rushing throngs ?—each mien is pale,
 Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale ;
 But the deep workings of the indignant breast,
 Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all suppress'd ;
 The burning tear awhile must check its course,
 The avenging thought concentrate all its force ;
 For tyranny is near, and will not brook
 Aught but submission in each guarded look.

70

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and with mien
 Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene,
 And in his eye a keen suspicious glance
 Of jealous pride and restless vigilance,
 Behold the conqueror !—vainly in his face,
 Of gentler feeling hope would seek a trace :
 Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which hath lent
 Its haughty stamp to each dark lineament ;
 And pleading mercy, in the sternness there,
 May read at once her sentence—to despair !

80

But thou, fair boy ! the beautiful, the brave,
 Thus passing from the dungeon to the grave,
 While all is yet around thee which can give
 A charm to earth, and make it bliss to live ;
 Thou on whose form hath dwelt a mother's eye,
 Till the deep love that not with thee shall die
 Hath grown too full for utterance—Can it be ?
 And is this pomp of death prepared for *thee* ?
 Young, royal Conradin ! who should'st have known
 Of life as yet the sunny smile alone !

90

Oh ! who can view thee, in the pride and bloom
 Of youth, array'd so richly for the tomb,
 Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost soul,
 Emotions tyranny may ne'er control ?
 Bright victim ! to Ambition's altar led,
 Crown'd with all flowers that heaven on earth can shed,
 Who, from the oppressor towering in his pride,
 May hope for mercy—if to thee denied ?
 There is dead silence on the breathless throng,
 Dead silence all the peopled shore along,
 As on the captive moves—the only sound,
 To break that calm so fearfully profound,
 The low, sweet murmur of the rippling wave,
 Soft as it glides, the smiling shore to lave ;
 While on that shore, his own fair heritage,
 The youthful martyr to a tyrant's rage

100

Is passing to his fate : the eyes are dim
 Which gaze, through tears that dare not flow, on him. 110
 He mounts the scaffold—doth his footstep fail ?
 Doth his lip quiver ? doth his cheek turn pale ?
 Oh ! it may be forgiven him if a thought
 Cling to that world, for him with beauty fraught,
 To all the hopes that promised glory's meed,
 And all the affections that with him shall bleed !
 If, in his life's young dayspring, while the rose
 Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly glows,
 One human fear convulse his parting breath,
 And shrink from all the bitterness of death ! 120

But no ! the spirit of his royal race
 Sits brightly on his brow—that youthful face
 Beams with heroic beauty, and his eye
 Is eloquent with injured majesty.
 He kneels—but not to man—his heart shall own
 Such deep submission to his God alone !
 And who can tell with what sustaining power
 That God may visit him in fate's dread hour ?
 How the still voice, which answers every moan,
 May speak of hope—when hope on earth is gone ? 130

That solemn pause is o'er—the youth hath given
 One glance of parting love to earth and heaven :
 The sun rejoices in the unclouded sky,
 Life all around him glows—and he must die !
 Yet 'midst his people, undismay'd, he throws
 The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes ;
 Vengeance, that, like their own volcano's fire,
 May sleep suppress'd a while—but not expire.
 One softer image rises o'er his breast,
 One fond regret, and all shall be at rest ! 140
 'Alas, for thee, my mother ! who shall bear
 To thy sad heart the tidings of despair,
 When thy lost child is gone ?'—that thought can thrill
 His soul with pangs one moment more shall still.
 The lifted axe is glittering in the sun—
 It falls—the race of Conradin is run !
 Yet, from the blood which flows that shore to stain,
 A voice shall cry to heaven—and not in vain !
 Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous throne,
 In proud supremacy of guilt alone, 150
 Charles of Anjou !—but that dread voice shall be
 A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee !

The scene of death is closed—the throngs depart,
 A deep stern lesson graved on every heart.
 No pomp, no funeral rites, no streaming eyes,
 High-minded boy ! may grace thine obsequies.

O, vainly royal and beloved ! thy grave,
 Unsanctified, is bathed by Ocean's wave ;
 Mark'd by no stone, a rude, neglected spot,
 Unhonour'd, unadorn'd—but *unforgot* ;
 For thy deep wrongs in tameless hearts shall live,
 Now mutely suffering—never to forgive !

160

The sunset fades from purple heavens away—
 A bark hath anchor'd in the unruffled bay ;
 Thence on the beach descends a female form,
 Her mien with hope and tearful transport warm ;
 But life hath left sad traces on her cheek,
 And her soft eyes a chasten'd heart bespeak,
 Inured to woes—yet what were all the past !
She sunk not feebly 'neath affliction's blast,
 While one bright hope remain'd—who now shall tell
 The uncrown'd, the widow'd, how her loved one fell ?
 To clasp her child, to ransom and to save,
 The mother came—and she hath found his grave !
 And by that grave, transfix'd in speechless grief,
 Whose deathlike trance denies a tear's relief,
 Awhile she kneels—till roused at length to know,
 To feel the might, the fullness of her woe,
 On the still air a voice of anguish wild,
 A mother's cry is heard—' My Conradin ! my child ! '

170

180

A TALE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL

[The Secret Tribunal, which attained such formidable power towards the close of the fourteenth century, is mentioned in history as an institution publicly known so early as in the year 1211. Its members, who were called Free Judges, were unknown to the people, and were bound by a tremendous oath, to deliver up their dearest friends and relatives, without exception, if they had committed any offence cognizable by the tribunal. They were also under an obligation to relate all they knew concerning the affair, to cite the accused, and, in case of his condemnation, to pursue and put him to death, wherever he might be met with. The proceedings of this tribunal were carried on at night, and with the greatest mystery ; and though it was usual to summon a culprit three times before sentence was passed, yet persons obnoxious to it were sometimes accused and condemned without any citation. After condemnation, it was almost impossible for any one to escape the vengeance of the Free Judges, for their commands set thou-

sands of assassins in motion, who had sworn not to spare the life of their nearest relation, if required to sacrifice it, but to execute the decrees of the order with the most devoted obedience, even should they consider the object of their pursuit as the most innocent of men. Almost all persons of rank and fortune sought admission into the society ; there were Free Judges even amongst the magistrates of the imperial cities, and every prince had some of their order in his council. When a member of this tribunal was not of himself strong enough to seize and put to death a criminal, he was not to lose sight of him until he met with a sufficient number of his comrades for the purpose, and these were obliged, upon his making certain signs, to lend him immediate assistance, without asking any questions. It was usual to hang up the person condemned, with a willow branch, to the first tree ; but if circumstances obliged them to dispatch him with a poniard, they left it in his body, that it might be known he had not been assass-

sinated, but executed by a Free Judge. All the transactions of the *Sages* or *Seers* (as they called themselves) were enveloped in mystery and it is even now unknown by what signs they revealed themselves to each other. At length their power became so extensive and redoubtable, that the Princes of the Empire found it necessary to unite their exertions for its suppression, in which they were at length successful.

The following account of this extraordinary association is given by Madame de Staël: 'Des juges mystérieux, inconnus l'un à l'autre, toujours masqués, et se rassemblant pendant la nuit, punissoient dans le silence, et gravoient seulement sur le poignard qu'ils enforçoient dans le sein du coupable ce mot terrible: TRIBUNAL SECRET. Ils prévenoient le condamné, en faisant crier trois fois sous les fenêtres de sa maison, Malheur, Malheur, Malheur! Alors l'infortuné savoit que partout, dans l'étranger, dans son concitoyen, dans son parent même, il pouvoit trouver son meurtrier. La solitude, la foule, les villes, les campagnes, tout étoit rempli par la présence invisible de cette conscience armée qui poursuivait les criminels. On conçoit comment cette terrible institution pouvoit être nécessaire, dans un temps où chaque homme étoit fort contre tous, au lieu que tous doivent être forts contre chacun. Il falloit que la justice surprît le criminel avant qu'il pût s'en défendre; mais cette punition qui planoit dans les airs comme une ombre vengeresse, cette sentence mortelle qui pouvoit receler le sein même d'un ami, frappoit d'une invincible terreur.'—*L'Allemagne* vol. ii.]

PART I

NIGHT veil'd the mountains of the
vine,
And storms had roused the foaming
Rhine,
And, mingling with the pinewood's
roar,
Its billows hoarsely chafed the shore,
While glen and cavern, to their
moans,
Gave answer with a thousand tones:

Then, as the voice of storms appall'd
The peasant of the Odenwald;¹

Shuddering he deem'd, that, far on
high,

'Twas the wild huntsman rushing by,
Riding the blast with phantom
speed,

With cry of hound, and tramp of
steed,

While his fierce train, as on they
flew,

Their horns in savage chorus blew,
Till rock, and tower, and convent
round,

Rung to the shrill unearthly sound.

Vain dreams! far other footsteps
traced

The forest paths, in secret haste;
Far other sounds were on the night,
Though lost amidst the tempest's
might,

That fill'd the echoing earth and
sky,

With its own awful harmony.
There stood a lone and ruin'd fane,
Far in the Odenwald's domain,
'Midst wood and rock, a deep recess
Of still and shadowy loneliness.

Long grass its pavement had o'er-
grown,

The wild-flower waved o'er the altar-
stone,

The night-wind rock'd the tottering
pile,

As it swept along the roofless aisle,
For the forest-boughs, and the
stormy sky,

Were all that minster's canopy.

Many a broken image lay
In the mossy mantle of decay,
And partial light the moonbeams
darted

O'er trophies of the long departed;
For there the chiefs of other days,
The mighty, slumber'd, with their
praise:

¹ The Odenwald, a forest-district near the Rhine, adjoining the territories of Darmstadt.

'Twas long since aught but the dews
of Heaven

A tribute to their bier had given, 40
Long since a sound but the moaning
blast

Above their voiceless home had
pass'd.

So slept the proud, and with them
all

The records of their fame and fall ;
Helmet, and shield, and sculptured
crest,

Adorn'd the dwelling of their rest,
And emblems of the Holy Land
Were carved by some forgotten
hand ;

But the helm was broke, the shield
defaced,

And the crest through weeds might
scarce be traced ; 50

And the scatter'd leaves of the
northern pine

Half hid the palm of Palestine.

So slept the glorious—lowly laid,
As the peasant in his native shade ;

Some hermit's tale, some shepherd's
rhyme,

All that high deeds could win from
time !

What footsteps move, with meas-
ured tread,

Amid those chambers of the dead ?

What silent, shadowy beings glide

Low tombs and mouldering shrines
beside, 60

Peopling the wild and solemn scene

With forms well suited to its mien ?

Wanderer, away ! let none intrude

On their mysterious solitude !

Lo ! these are they, that awful
band,

The secret Watchers of the land,

They that, unknown and uncon-
troll'd,

Their dark and dread tribunal hold.

They meet not in the monarch's
dome,

They meet not in the chieftain's
home ; 70

But where, unbounded o'er their
heads,

All heaven magnificently spreads,
And from its depths of cloudless blue
The eternal stars their deeds may
view !

Where'er the flowers of the mountain
sod

By roving foot are seldom trod ;
Where'er the pathless forest waves,

Or the ivy clothes forsaken graves ;
Where'er wild legends mark a spot,

By mortals shunn'd, but unforgot, 80
There, circled by the shades of night,

They judge of crimes that shrink
from light,

And guilt, that deems its secret
known

To the One unslumbering eye alone,
Yet hears their name with a sudden
start,

As an icy touch had chill'd its heart,
For the shadow of the avenger's
hand

Rests dark and heavy on the land.

There rose a voice from the ruin's
gloom

And woke the echoes of the tomb, 90
As if the noble hearts beneath

Sent forth deep answers to its breath.

' When the midnight stars are
burning,

And the dead to earth returning ;

When the spirits of the blest

Rise upon the good man's rest ;

When each whisper of the gale

Bids the cheek of guilt turn pale ;

In the shadow of the hour

That o'er the soul hath deepest
power, 100

Why thus meet we, but to call
For judgment on the criminal ?

Why, but the doom of guilt to seal,
And point the avenger's holy steel ?

A fearful oath has bound our souls,
A fearful power our arm controls !

There is an ear, awake on high,
E'en to thought's whispers, ere they
die ; 108

There is an eye, whose beam pervades
All depths, all deserts, and all shades;
That ear hath heard our awful vow,
That searching eye is on us now!
Let him whose heart is unprofaned,
Whose hand no blameless blood hath
stain'd—114

Let him, whose thoughts no record
keep

Of crimes, in silence buried deep,
Here, in the face of Heaven, accuse
The guilty whom its wrath pursues!

'Twas hushed—that voice of thrill-
ing sound,
And a dead silence reign'd around.
Then stood forth one, whose dim-
seen form,121

Tower'd like a phantom in the storm;
Gathering his mantle, as a cloud,
With its dark folds his face to shroud,
Through pillar'd arches on he pass'd,
With stately step, and paused at last,
Where, on the altar's mouldering
stone,

The fitful moonbeam brightly shone;
Then on the fearful stillness broke
Low, solemn tones, as thus he spoke:

'Before that eye, whose glance
pervades131
All depths, all deserts, and all shades;
Heard by that ear awake on high
E'en to thought's whispers ere they
die;

With all a mortal's awe I stand,
Yet with pure heart, and stainless
hand.

To Heaven I lift that hand and call
For judgement on the criminal;
The earth is dyed with bloodshed's
hues,

It cries for vengeance—I accuse!

'Name thou the guilty! say for
whom141
Thou claim'st the inevitable doom!

'Albert of Lindheim—to the skies
The voice of blood against him cries;
A brother's blood—his hand is dyed
With the deep stain of fratricide.

HEMANS

One hour, one moment, hath reveal'd
What years in darkness had con-
ceal'd,

But all in vain—the gulf of time
Refused to close upon his crime;
And guilt that slept on flowers, shall
know,151

The earthquake was but hush'd
below!

'Here, where amidst the noble dead,
Awed by their fame, he dare not
tread;

Where, left by him to dark decay,
Their trophies moulder fast away;
Around us and beneath us lie

The relics of his ancestry;158

The chiefs of Lindheim's ancient race,
Each in his last low dwelling-place:
But one is absent—o'er his grave
The palmy shades of Syria wave;
Far distant from his native Rhine,
He died unmourn'd, in Palestine;
The Pilgrim sought the Holy Land,
To perish by a brother's hand!

Peace to his soul! though o'er his
bed

No dirge be pour'd, no tear be shed,
Though all he loved his name forget,
They live who shall avenge him yet!

'Accuser! how to thee alone
Became the fearful secret known?

'There is an hour when vain
remorse173

First wakes in her eternal force;
When pardon may not be retrieved,
When conscience will not be deceived.
He that beheld the victim bleed,
Beheld, and aided in the deed—
When earthly fears had lost their
power

Reveal'd the tale in such an hour,
Unfolding, with his latest breath,
All that gave keener pangs to death.

'By Him, the All-seeing and Un-
seen,183

Who is for ever, and hath been,
And by the Atoner's cross adored,
And by the avenger's holy sword,

By truth eternal and divine,
 Accuser ! wilt thou swear to thine ?'
 —' The cross upon my heart is prest,
 I hold the dagger to my breast ;
 If false the tale whose truth I swear,
 Be mine the murderer's doom to
 bear !' 192

Then sternly rose the dread reply—
 ' His days are number'd—he must
 die !

There is no shadow of the night,
 So deep as to conceal his flight ;
 Earth doth not hold so lone a waste,
 But there his footstep shall be
 traced ;

Devotion hath no shrine so blest,
 That there in safety he may rest.
 Where'er he treads, let Vengeance
 there 201

Around him spread her secret snare !
 In the busy haunts of men,
 In the still and shadowy glen,
 When the social board is crown'd,
 When the wine-cup sparkles round ;
 When his couch of sleep is prest,
 And a dream his spirit's guest ;
 When his bosom knows no fear,
 Let the dagger still be near, 210
 Till, sudden as the lightning's dart,
 Silent and swift it reach his heart !
 One warning voice, one fearful word,
 Ere morn beneath his towers be
 heard,

Then vainly may the guilty fly,
 Unseen, unaided,—he must die !
 Let those he loves prepare his tomb,
 Let friendship lure him to his doom !
 Perish his deeds, his name, his race,
 Without a record or a trace ! 220
 Away ! be watchful, swift, and free,
 To wreak the invisible's decree.
 'Tis pass'd—the avenger claims his
 prey.

On to the chase of death—away !'

And all was still—the sweeping
 blast

Caught not a whisper as it pass'd ;
 The shadowy forms were seen no
 more,

The tombs deserted as before ;

And the wide forest waved immense,
 In dark and lone magnificence.

In Lindheim's towers the feast had
 closed ; 231

The song was hush'd, the bard re-
 posed ;

Sleep settled on the weary guest,
 And the castle's lord retired to rest.
 To rest !—the captive doom'd to die
 May slumber, when his hour is nigh ;
 The seaman, when the billows foam,
 Rock'd on the mast, may dream of
 home ;

The warrior, on the battle's eve,
 May win from care a short reprieve ;
 But earth and heaven alike deny
 Their peace to guilt's o'erwearied
 eye ; 242

And night, that brings to grief a calm,
 To toil a pause, to pain a balm,
 Hath spells terrific in her course,
 Dread sounds and shadows, for re-
 morse,

Voices, that long from earth had fled,
 And steps and echoes from the dead ;
 And many a dream, whose forms
 arise,

Like a darker world's realities ! 250
 Call them not vain illusions—born,
 But for the wise and brave to scorn !
 Heaven, that the penal doom defers,
 Hath yet its thousand ministers,
 To scourge the heart, unseen, un-
 known,

In shade, in silence, and alone,
 Concentrating in one brief hour
 Ages of retribution's power !

If thou wouldst know the lot of
 those,

Whose souls are dark with guilty
 wocs, 260

Ah ! seek them not where pleasure's
 throng

Are listening to the voice of song ;
 Seek them not where the banquet
 glows,

And the red vineyard's nectar flows :
 There mirth may flush the hollow
 cheek,

The eye of feverish joy may speak,

And smiles, the ready mask of pride,
The canker-worm within may hide :
Heed not those signs ! they but
delude ; 269
Follow, and mark their solitude !

The song is hush'd, the feast is
done,
And Lindheim's lord remains alone,
Alone, in silence and unrest,
With the dread secret of his breast ;
Alone with anguish and with fear ;
—There needs not an avenger here !
Behold him !—Why that sudden
start ?
Thou hear'st the beating of thy
heart !
Thou hear'st the night-wind's hollow
sigh, 279
Thou hear'st the rustling tapestry !
No sound but these may near thee be ;
Sleep ! all things earthly sleep—but
thee.

No ! there are murmurs on the air,
And a voice is heard that cries—
'Despair !'
And he who trembles fain would
deem
'Twas the whisper of a waking dream.
Was it but this ?—again 'tis there,
Again is heard—'Despair ! Despair !'
'Tis past—its tones have slowly died
In echoes on the mountain side ;
Heard but by him, they rose, they
fell, 291
He knew their fearful meaning well,
And shrinking from the midnight
gloom,
As from the shadow of the tomb,
Yet shuddering, turn'd in pale dis-
may
When broke the dawn's first kindling
ray,
And sought, amidst the forest wild,
Some shade where sunbeam never
smiled.

Yes ! hide thee, guilt !—the laugh-
ing morn
Wakes in a heaven of splendour born !

The storms that shook the mountain
crest 301
Have sought their viewless world of
rest.

High from his cliffs, with ardent
gaze,

Scars the young eagle in the blaze,
Exulting, as he wings his way,
To revel in the fount of day,
And brightly past his banks of vine,
In glory, flows the monarch Rhine ;
And joyous peals the vintage song
His wild luxuriant shores along,
As peasant bands, from rock and
dell, 311

Their strains of choral transport
swell ;

And cliffs of bold fantastic forms,
Aspiring to the realm of storms ;
And woods around, and waves below,
Catch the red Orient's deepening
glow,

That lends each tower, and convent-
spire,

A tinge of its ethereal fire.
Swell high the song of festal hours !
Deck ye the shrine with living
flowers ! 320

Let music o'er the waters breathe !
Let beauty twine the bridal wreath
While she, whose blue eye laughs in
light,

Whose cheek with love's own hue is
bright,

The fair-hair'd maid of Lindheim's
hall,

Wakes to her nuptial festival.

Oh ! who hath seen, in dreams that
soar

To worlds the soul would fain explore
When, for her own blest country
pining,

Its beauty o'er her thought is shining,
Some form of heaven, whose cloud-
less eye 331

Was all one beam of ecstasy !
Whose glorious brow no traces wore
Of guilt, or sorrow known before !

Whose smile, undimm'd by aught of
earth,

A sunbeam of immortal birth,

Spoke of bright realms, far distant
lying,

Where love and joy are both undying !

E'en thus—a vision of delight,

A beam to gladden mortal sight,

A flower whose head no storm had
bow'd, 341

Whose leaves ne'er droop'd beneath
a cloud ;

Thus, by the world unstain'd, un-
tried,

Seem'd that belov'd and lovely bride ;

A being all too soft and fair,

One breath of earthly woe to bear !

Yet lives there many a lofty mind,

In light and fragile form enshrined ;

And oft smooth cheek, and smiling
eye, 349

Hide strength to suffer and to die !

Judge not of woman's heart in hours

That strew her path with summer
flowers,

When joy's full cup is mantling
high,

When flattery's blandishments are
nigh ;

Judge her not then ! within her
breast

Are energies unseen, that rest !

They wait their call—and grief alone

May make the soul's deep secrets
known.

Yes ! let her smile, 'midst pleasure's
train 359

Leading the reckless and the vain !

Firm on the scaffold she hath stood,

Besprinkled with the martyr's blood ;

Her voice the patriot's heart hath
steel'd,

Her spirit glow'd on battle-field ;

Her courage freed from dungeon's
gloom

The captive brooding o'er his doom ;

Her faith the fallen monarch saved,

Her love the tyrant's fury braved ;

No scene of danger or despair, 369

But she hath won her triumph there !

Away ! nor cloud the festal morn
With thoughts of boding sadness
borne !

Far other, lovelier dreams are thine,
Fair daughter of a noble line !

Young Ella ! from thy tower, whose
height

Hath caught the flush of Eastern
light,

Watching, while soft the morning air

Parts on thy brow the sunny hair,

Yon bark, that o'er the calm blue tide

Bears thy loved warrior to his bride—

He, whose high deeds romantic praise

Hath hallow'd with a thousand lays.

He came—that youthful chief—he
came 383

That favour'd lord of love and fame !

His step was hurried—as if one

Who seeks a voice within to shun ;

His cheek was varying, and express'd

The conflict of a troubled breast :

His eye was anxious—doubt, and
dread,

And a stern grief, might there be
read ; 390

Yet all that mark'd his alter'd mien
Seem'd struggling to be still unseen.

With shrinking heart, with nameless
fear,

Young Ella met the brow austere,

And the wild look, which seem'd to
fly

The timid welcome of her eye.

Was that a lover's gaze, which chill'd

The soul, its awful sadness thrill'd ?

A lover's brow, so darkly fraught

With all the heaviest gloom of
thought ? 400

She trembled—ne'er to grief inured,

By its dread lessons ne'er matured :

Unused to meet a glance of less

Than all a parent's tenderness,

Shuddering she felt, through every
sense,

The death-like faintness of suspense.

High o'er the windings of the flood,

On Lindheim's terraced rocks they
stood,

Whence the free sight afar might
stray

O'er that imperial river's way, 410

Which, rushing from its Alpine
source,
Makes one long triumph of its course,
Rolling in tranquil grandeur by,
'Midst Nature's noblest pageantry.
But they, o'er that majestic scene,
With clouded brow and anxious mien,
In silence gazed :—for Ella's heart
Fear'd its own terrors to impart ;
And he, who vainly strove to hide
His pangs, with all a warrior's pride,
Seem'd gathering courage to unfold
Some fearful tale that must be told.

At length his mien, his voice,
obtain'd 423
A calm, that seem'd by conflicts
gain'd,
As thus he spoke—' Yes ! gaze a
while
On the bright scenes that round thee
smile ;
For, if thy love be firm and true,
Soon must thou bid their charms
adieu !
A fate hangs o'er us, whose decree
Must bear me far from them or thee ;
Our path is one of snares and fear,
I lose thee if I linger here ! 432
Droop not, beloved ! thy home shall
rise
As fair, beneath far distant skies ;
As fondly tenderness and truth
Shall cherish there thy rose of youth.
But speak ! and when yon hallow'd
shrine
Hath heard the vows which make
thee mine,
Say, wilt thou fly with me, no more
To tread thine own loved mountain-
shore, 440
But share and soothe, repining not
The bitterness of exile's lot ?

' Ulric ! thou know'st how dearly
loved
The scenes where first my childhood
roved ;
The woods, the rocks, that tower
supreme
Above our own majestic stream,

The halls where first my heart beat
high
To the proud songs of chivalry.
All, all are dear—yet *these* are ties
Affection well may sacrifice ; 450
Loved though they be, where'er thou
art,
There is the country of my heart !
Yet, is there one, who, reft of me,
Were lonely as a blasted tree ;
One, who still hoped my hand should
close
His eyes, in Nature's last repose ;
Eve gathers round him—on his brow
Already rests the wintry snow ;
His form is bent, his features wear
The deepening lines of age and
care, 460
His faded eye hath lost its fire ;
Thou wouldst not tear me from my
sire ?
Yet tell me all—thy woes impart,
My Ulric ! to a faithful heart,
Which sooner far—oh, doubt not
this—
Would share *thy* pangs, than others'
bliss !

' Ella, what would'st thou ?—'tis
a tale
Will make that cheek as marble
pale !
Yet what avails it to conceal
All thou too soon must know and
feel ? 470
It must, it must be told—prepare,
And nerve that gentle heart to
bear—
But I—oh, was it then for *me*
The herald of thy woes to be !
Thysoul's bright calmness to destroy,
And wake thee first from dreams of
joy ?
Forgive !—I would not ruder tone
Should make the fearful tidings
known, 478
I would not that unpitying eyes
Should coldly watch thine agonies !
Better 'twere mine—that task severe,
To cloud thy breast with grief and
fear.

'Hast thou not heard, in legends
old,
Wild tales that turn the life-blood
cold,
Of those who meet in cave or glen,
Far from the busy walks of men ;
Those who mysterious vigils keep,
When earth is wrapt in shades and
sleep,
To judge of crimes, like Him on
high,
In stillness and in secrecy ? 490
The unknown avengers, whose decree
'Tis fruitless to resist or flee ?
Whose name hath cast a spell of
power,
O'er peasant's cot and chieftain's
tower ?
Thy sire—oh, Ella ! hope is fled !
Think of him, mourn him, as the
dead !
Their sentence, theirs, hath seal'd
his doom,
And thou may'st weep as o'er his
tomb !
Yes, weep !—relieve thy heart op-
press'd,
Pour forth thy sorrows on my
breast ! 500
Thy cheek is cold—thy tearless eye
Seems fix'd in frozen vacancy ;
Oh, gaze not thus !—thy silence
break,
Speak ! if 'tis but in anguish, speak !

She spoke at length, in accents
low,
Of wild and half-indignant woe :
—' He doom'd to perish ! he decreed
By their avenging arm to bleed !
He, the renown'd in holy fight,
The Paynim's scourge, the Chris-
tian's might ! 510
Ulric ! what mean'st thou ?—not a
thought
Of that high mind with guilt is
fraught !
Say, for which glorious trophy won,
Which deed of martial prowess done ;
Which battle-field, in days gone by,
Gain'd by his valour, must he die ?

Away ! 'tis not *his* lofty name
Their sentence hath consign'd to
shame ;
'Tis not his life they seek—recall
Thy words, or say he shall not fall !

Then sprung forth tears, whose
blest relief 521
Gave pleading softness to her grief :
' And wilt thou not, by all the ties
Of our affianced love,' she cries,
' By all my soul hath fix'd on thee,
Of cherish'd hope for years to be,
Wilt *thou* not aid him ? wilt not thou
Shield his greyhead from danger now ?
And didst thou not, in childhood's
morn,
That saw our young affection born,
Hang round his neck, and climb his
knee, 531
Sharing his parent-smile with me ?
Kind, gentle Ulric ! best beloved !
Now be thy faith in danger proved !
Though snares and terrors round him
wait,
Thou wilt not leave him to his fate !
Turn not away in cold disdain !
—Shall thine own Ella plead in vain ?
How art thou changed ! and must
I bear
That frown, that stern, averted air ?
What mean they ?

' Maiden, need'st thou ask ?
These features wear no specious
mask ! 542
Doth sorrow mark this brow and eye
With characters of mystery ?
This—*this* is anguish !—can it be ?
And plead'st thou for thy sire to *me* ?
Know though thy prayers a death-
pang give,
He must not meet my sight—and
live !
Well may'st thou shudder !—of the
band
Who watch in secret o'er the land,
Whose thousand swords 'tis vain to
shun. 551
The unknown, the unslumbering—
I am one !

*My arm defend him !—what were
then*

Each vow that binds the souls of
men,

Sworn on the cross, and deeply seal'd
By rites that may not be reveal'd ?

—A breeze's breath, an echo's tone,
A passing sound, forgot when gone !

Nay, shrink not from me—I would
fly,

That he by other hands may die !
What ! think'st thou I would live
to trace 561

Abhorrence in that angel-face ?
Beside thee should the lover stand,

The father's life-blood on his brand ?
No ! I have bade my home adieu,

For other scenes mine eyes must
view ;

Look on me, love ! now all is known,
O Ella ! must I fly alone ?'

But she was changed ; scarce
heaved her breath ;

She stood like one prepared for
death, 570

And wept no more ; then, casting
down

From her fair brows the nuptial
crown,

As joy's last vision from her heart,
Cried, with sad firmness, ' We must

part !
'Tis past—these bridal flowers, so
frail

They may not brook one stormy gale,
Survive—too dear as still thou art,

Each hope they imaged—we must
part ! 578

One struggle yet—and all is o'er—
We love—and may we meet no more !

Oh ! little know'st thou of the power
Affection lends in danger's hour,

To deem that fate should thus divide
My footsteps from a father's side !

Speed thou to other shores—I go
To share his wanderings and his woe ;

Where'er his path of thorns may
lead,

Whate'er his doom, by Heaven
decreed, 588

If there be guardian powers above,
To nerve the heart of filial love ;
If courage may be won by prayer,
Or strength by duty—I can bear !
Farewell !—though in that sound be
years

Of blighted hopes and fruitless tears,
Though the soul vibrate to its knell
Of joys departed—yet, farewell !'

Was *this* the maid who seem'd, ere-
while,

Born but to meet life's vernal smile ?
A being, almost on the wing,

As an embodied breeze of spring ?
A child of beauty and of bliss, 601

Sent from some purer sphere to
this,

Not, in her exile, to sustain
The trial of one earthly pain ;

But, as a sunbeam, on to move,
Wak'ning all hearts to joy and love ?

That airy form, with footsteps free,
And radiant glance—could this be

she ?
From her fair cheek the rose was

gone,
Her eye's blue sparkle thence had
flown, 610

Of all its vivid glow bereft,
Each playful charm her lip had left ;

But what were these ? on that young
face,

Far nobler beauty fill'd their place !
'Twas not the pride that scorns to

bend,
Though all the bolts of Heaven
descend ;

Not the fierce grandeur of despair,
That half exults its fate to dare ;

Nor that wild energy which leads
The enthusiast to fanatic deeds ;

Her mien, by sorrow unsubdued,
Was fix'd in silent fortitude ; 622

Not in its haughty strength elate,
But calmly, mournfully sedate.

'Twas strange, yet lovely to behold
That spirit in so fair a mould,

As if a rose-tree's tender form,
Unbent, unbroke, should meet the

storm.

One look she cast, where firmness strove
 With the deep pangs of parting love ;
 One tear a moment in her eye 631
 Dimm'd the pure light of constancy ;
 And pressing, as to still her heart,
 She turn'd in silence to depart.
 But Ulric, as to frenzy wrought,
 Then started from his trance of thought :
 ' Stay thee, oh, stay !—it must not be—
 All, all were well resign'd for thee !
 Stay ! till my soul each vow disown,
 But those which make me thine alone ! 640
 If there be guilt—there is no shrine
 More holy than that heart of thine ;
 There be my crime absolved—I take
 The cup of shame for thy dear sake.
 Of *shame* ! oh no ! to virtue true,
 Where *thou* art, there is glory too !
 Go now ! and to thy sire impart,
 He hath a shield in Ulric's heart,
 And thou a home !—remain, or flee,
 In life, in death—I follow thee ! '

' There shall not rest one cloud of shame, 651
 O Ulric ! on thy lofty name ;
 There shall not one accusing word
 Against thy spotless faith be heard !
 Thy path is where the brave rush on,
 Thy course must be where palms are won ;
 Where banners wave, and falchions glare,
 Son of the mighty ! be thou there !
 Think on the glorious names that shine
 Along thy sire's majestic line ; 660
 Oh, last of that illustrious race !
 Thou wert not born to meet disgrace !
 Well, well I know each grief, each pain,
 Thy spirit nobly could sustain ;
 E'en I unshrinking see them near.
 And what hast thou to do with fear ?
 But when hath warriors calmly borne
 The cold and bitter smile of scorn ?

'Tis not for thee—thy soul hath force
 To cope with all things—but remorse ;
 And this my brightest thought shall be 671
 Thou hast not braved its pangs for me.
 Go ! break thou not one solemn vow ;
 Closed be the fearful conflict now
 Go ! but forget not how my heart
 Still at thy name will proudly start,
 When chieftains hear, and minstrels tell,
 Thy deeds of glory—fare thee well ! '

And thus they parted—why recall
 The scene of anguish known to all ?
 The burst of tears, the blush of pride, 681
 That fain those fruitless tears would hide ;
 The lingering look, the last embrace,
 Oh ! what avails it to retrace ?
 They parted—in that bitter word
 A thousand tones of grief are heard,
 Whose deeply-seated echoes rest
 In the far cells of every breast ;
 Who hath not known, who shall not know 689
 That keen, yet most familiar woe ?
 Where'er affection's home is found,
 It meets her on the holy ground ;
 The cloud of every summer hour,
 The canker-worm of every flower ;
 Who but hath proved, or yet shall prove,
 That mortal agony of love ?

The autumn moon slept bright
 and still
 On fading wood and purple hill ;
 The vintager had hush'd his lay,
 The fisher shunn'd the blaze of day,
 And silence, o'er each green recess,
 Brooded in misty sultriness. 702
 But soon a low and measured sound
 Broke on the deep repose around ;
 From Lindheim's towers a glancing oar
 Bade the stream ripple to the shore.
 Sweet was that sound of waves which parted
 The fond, the true, the noble-hearted ;

And smoothly seem'd the bark to glide,
 And brightly flow'd the reckless tide,
 Though, mingling with its current, fell 711
 The last warm tears of love's farewell.

PART II

Sweet is the gloom of forest shades,
 Their pillar'd walks and dim arcades,
 With all the thousand flowers that blow,

A waste of loveliness, below.

To him whose soul the world would fly,

For Nature's lonely majesty :

To bard, when wrapt in mighty themes,

To lover, lost in fairy dreams,

To hermit, whose prophetic thought
 By fits a gleam of heaven hath caught, 10

And, in the visions of his rest,
 Held bright communion with the blest ;

'Tis sweet, but solemn—there alike
 Silence and sound with awe can strike.

The deep Eolian murmur made
 By sighing breeze and rustling shade,
 And cavern'd fountain gushing nigh,
 And wild-bee's plaintive lullaby,
 Or the dead stillness of the bowers,
 When dark the summer-tempest lowers ; 20

When silent Nature seems to wait
 The gathering Thunder's voice of fate,

When the aspen scarcely waves in air,
 And the clouds collect for the lightning's glare,

Each, each alike is awful there,
 And thrills the soul with feelings high,

As some majestic harmony.

But she, the maid, whose foot-
 steps traced

Each green retreat, in breathless haste,

Young Ella linger'd not, to hear
 The wood-notes, lost on mourner's ear ; 31

The shivering leaf, the breeze's play,
 The fountain's gush, the wild-bird's lay ;

These charm not now—her sire she sought,

With trembling frame, with anxious thought,

And, starting, if a forest deer,
 But moved the rustling branches near,

First felt that innocence may fear.

She reach'd a lone and shadowy dell, 39

Where the free sunbeam never fell ;
 'Twas twilight there at summer-noon,
 Deep night beneath the harvest-moon,

And scarce might one bright star be seen

Gleaming the tangled boughs between ;

For many a giant rock around,
 Dark, in terrific grandeur, frown'd,
 And the ancient oaks, that waved on high,

Shut out each glimpse of the blessed sky.

There the cold spring, in its shadowy cave,

Ne'er to Heaven's beam one sparkle gave, 50

And the wild-flower, on its brink that grew,

Caught not from day one glowing hue.

'Twas said, some fearful deed untold

Had stain'd that scene in days of old ;
 Tradition o'er the haunt had thrown

A shade yet deeper than its own,
 And still, amidst th' umbrageous gloom,

Perchance abovesome victim's tomb,
 O'ergrown with ivy and with moss,

There stood a rudely-sculptured cross, 60

Which haply silent record bore,
 Of guilt and penitence of yore.

Who by that holy sign was kneeling,
 With brow unutter'd pangs revealing,
 Hands clasp'd convulsively in prayer,
 And lifted eyes and streaming hair,
 And cheek, all pale as marble mould,
 Seen by the moonbeam's radiance cold ?
 Was it some image of despair,
 Still fix'd that stamp of woe to bear ?
 —Oh ! ne'er could Art her forms have wrought, 71
 To speak such agonies of thought !
 Those death-like features gave to view
 A mortal's pangs, too deep and true !
 Starting he rose, with frenzied eye,
 As Ella's hurried step drew nigh ;
 He turn'd, with aspect darkly wild,
 Trembling he stood—before his child !
 On, with a burst of tears, she sprung,
 And to her father's bosom clung. 80

' Away ! what seek'st thou here ? ' he cried,
 ' Art thou not now thine Ulric's bride ?
 Hence, leave me, leave me to await,
 In solitude, the storm of Fate ;
 Thou know'st not what my doom may be
 Ere evening comes in peace to thee.'

' My father ! shall the joyous throng
 Swell high for me the bridal song ?
 Shall the gay nuptial board be spread,
 The festal garland bind my head, 90
 And thou, in grief, in peril, roam,
 And make the wilderness thy home ?
 No ! I am here, with thee to share
 All suffering mortal strength may bear ;
 And, oh ! whate'er thy foes decree,
 In life, in death, in chains, or free ;
 Well, well I feel, in thee secure,
 Thy heart and hand alike are pure !'

Then was there meaning in his look,
 Which deep that trusting spirit shook ; 100
 So wildly did each glance express
 The strife of shame and bitterness,
 As thus he spoke : ' Fond dreams, oh hence !
 Is this the mien of Innocence ?
 This furrow'd brow, this restless eye,
 Read thou this fearful tale—and fly !
 Is it enough ? or must I seek
 For words, the tale of guilt to speak ?
 Then be it so—I will not doom
 Thy youth to wither in its bloom ;
 I will not see thy tender frame 111
 Bow'd to the earth with fear and shame.
 No ! though I teach thee to abhor
 The sire, so fondly loved before ;
 Though the dread effort rend my breast,
 Yet shalt thou leave me and be blest !
 Oh ! bitter penance ! thou wilt turn
 Away in horror and in scorn ;
 Thy looks, that still through all the past 119
 Affection's gentlest beams have cast,
 As lightning on my heart will fall,
 And I must mark and bear it all !
 Yet though of life's best ties bereaved,
 Thou shalt not, must not be deceived !
 I linger—let me speed the tale,
 Ere voice, and thought, and memory fail.
 Why should I falter thus, to tell
 What Heaven so long hath known too well ?
 Yes ! though from mortal sight conceal'd,
 There hath a brother's blood appeal'd ! 130
 He died—'twas not where banners wave,
 And war-steeds trample on the brave ;
 He died—it was in Holy Land ;
 Yet fell he not by Paynim hand ;
 He sleeps not with his sires at rest,
 With trophied shield and knightly crest ;

Unknown his grave to kindred eyes,
 —But I can tell thee where he lies !
 It was a wild and savage spot, 139
 But once beheld—and ne'er forgot !
 I see it now—that haunted scene
 My spirit's dwelling still hath been ;
 And he is there—I see him laid
 Bereath that palm-tree's lonely
 shade.
 The fountain-wave that sparkles
 nigh,
 Bears witness with its crimson dye !
 I see the accusing glance he raised,
 Ere that dim eye by death was
 glazed ;
 —Ne'er will that parting look forgive !
 I still behold it—and I live ! 150
 I live ! from hope, from mercy
 driven,
 A mark for all the shafts of Heaven !

' Yet had I wrongs : by fraud he
 won
 My birth-right—and my child, my
 son,
 Heir to high name, high fortune born,
 Was doom'd to penury and scorn,
 An alien 'midst his fathers' halls,
 An exile from his native walls.
 Could I bear this ?—the rankling
 thought,
 Deep, dark, within my bosom
 wrought ; 160
 Some serpent, kindling hate and
 guile,
 Lurk'd in my infant's rosy smile,
 And when his accents lisp'd my
 name,
 They woke my inmost heart to
 flame !
 I struggled—are there evil powers
 That claim their own ascendant
 hours ?
 —Oh ! what should thine unspotted
 soul
 Or know or fear of *their* control ?
 Why on the fearful conflict dwell ?
 Vainly I struggled—and I fell : 170
 Cast down from every hope of bliss,
 Too well thou know'st to what
 abyss.

' 'Twas done—that moment hur-
 ried by
 To darken all eternity !
 Years roll'd away, long, evil years,
 Of woes, of fetters, and of fears ;
 Nor aught but vain remorse I gain'd,
 By the deep guilt my soul which
 stain'd ;
 For, long a captive in the lands
 Where Arabs tread their burning
 sands, 180
 The haunted midnight of the mind
 Was round me while in chains I
 pined,
 By all forgotten save by one
 Dread presence—which I could not
 shun.

' How oft, when o'er the silent
 waste
 Nor path nor landmark might be
 traced,
 When slumbering by the watch-fire's
 ray,
 The Wanderers of the Desert lay,
 And stars, as o'er an ocean shone,
 Vigil I kept—but not alone ! 190
 That form, that image from the
 dead,
 Still walk'd the wild with soundless
 tread !
 I've seen it in the fiery blast,
 I've seen it where the sand-storms
 pass'd ;
 Beside the Desert's fount it stood,
 Tinging the clear cold wave with
 blood ;
 And e'en when viewless, by the fear
 Curdling my veins, I knew 'twas near !
 —Was near !—I feel the unearthly
 thrill,
 Its power is on my spirit still ! 200
 A mystic influence, undefined,
 The spell, the shadow of my mind !

' Wilt thou yet linger ?—time
 speeds on ;
 One last farewell, and then begone !
 Unclasp the hands that shade thy
 brow,
 And let me read thine aspect now !

No! stay thee yet, and learn the
meed

Heaven's justice to my crime decreed.
Slow came the day that broke my
chain,

But I at length was free again; 210
And freedom brings a burst of joy,
E'en guilt itself can scarce destroy.
I thought upon my own fair towers,
My native Rhine's gay vineyard
bowers,

And, in a father's visions, press'd
Thee and thy brother to my breast.

'Twas but in visions—canst thou
yet

Recall the moment when we met?
Thy step to greet me lightly sprung,
Thy arms around me fondly clung;
Scarce aught than infant-seraph less,
Seem'd thy pure childhood's love-
liness; 222

But he was gone—that son, for whom
I rush'd on guilt's eternal doom,
He for whose sake alone were given
My peace on earth, my hope in
Heaven,

He met me not.—A ruthless band,
Whose name with terror fill'd the
land,

Fierce outlaws of the wood and wild
Had reft the father of his child. 230
Foes to my race, the hate they nursed,
Full on that cherish'd scion burst.
Unknown his fate.—No parent nigh,
My boy! my first-born! didst thou
die?

Or did they spare thee for a life
Of shame, of rapine, and of strife?
Livest thou, unfriended, unallied,
A wanderer, lost without a guide?
Oh! to thy fate's mysterious gloom
Blest were the darkness of the tomb!

'Ella! 'tis done—my guilty heart
Before thee all unveil'd—depart! 242
Few pangs 'twill cost thee now to fly
From one so stain'd, so lost as I;
Yet peace to thine untainted breast.
E'en though it hate me—be thou
blest!

Farewell! thou shalt not linger here;
E'en now the avenger may be near:
Where'er I turn, the foe, the snare,
The dagger, may be ambush'd there;
One hour—and haply all is o'er, 251
And we must meet on earth no more;
No, nor beyond!—to those pure skies
Where thou shalt be, I may not rise;
Heaven's will for ever parts our lot.
Yet, oh! my child! abhor me not!
Speak once! to soothe this broken
heart,
Speak to me once! and then depart!"

But still—as if each pulse were
dead,

Mute—as the power of speech were
fled, 260

Pale—as if life-blood ceased to warm
The marble beauty of her form;
On the dark rock she lean'd her head,
That seem'd as there 't were riveted,
And dropt the hands, till then which
press'd

Her burning brow, or throbbing
breast.

There beam'd no tear-drop in her eye,
And from her lip there breathed no
sigh,

And on her brow no trace theredwelt,
That told she suffer'd or she felt.

All that once glow'd, or smiled, or
beam'd, 271

Now fix'd, and quench'd, and frozen
seem'd;

And long her sire, in wild dismay,
Deem'd her pure spirit pass'd away.

But life return'd. O'er that cold
frame

One deep convulsive shudder came,
And a faint light her eye relumed,
And sad resolve her mien assumed;
But there was horror in the gaze, 279
Which yet to his she dared not raise,
And her sad accents, wild and low,
As rising from a depth of woe,
At first with hurried trembling broke,
But gather'd firmness as she spoke.

'I leave thee not—whate'er betide,
My footsteps shall not quit thy side;

Pangs, keen as death my soul may
thrill, ²⁸⁷

But yet thou art my father still !
And, oh ! if stain'd by guilty deed,
For some kind spirit, tenfold need,
To speak of Heaven's absolving love,
And waft desponding thought above
Is there not power in mercy's wave,
The blood-stain from thy soul to lave ?
Is there not balm to heal despair,
In tears, in penitence, in prayer ?
My father ! kneel at His pure shrine
Who died to expiate guilt like thine,
Weep—and my tears with thine shall
blend,

Pray—while my prayers with thine
ascend, ³⁰⁰

And, as our mingling sorrows rise,
Heaven will relent, though earth
despise !'

' My child, my child ! these burst-
ing tears,
The first mine eyes have shed for
years,
Though deepest conflicts they ex-
press,

Yet flow not all in bitterness !
Oh ! thou hast bid a wither'd heart
From desolation's slumber start,
Thy voice of pity and of love
Seems o'er its icy depths to move
E'en as a breeze of health, which
brings ³¹¹

Life, hope, and healing, on its wings.
And there is mercy yet ! I feel
Its influence o'er my spirit steal ;
How welcome were each pang below
If guilt might be atoned by woe !
Think'st thou I yet may be forgiven ?
Shall prayers unclothe the gate of
Heaven ?

Oh ! if it yet avail to plead,
If judgement be not yet decreed,
Our hearts shall blend their suppliant
cry, ³²¹

Till pardon shall be seal'd on high !
Yet, yet I shrink !—will Mercy shud
Her dew upon this fallen head ?
—Kneel, Ella, kneel ! till full and free
Descend forgiveness, won by thee !'

They knelt:—before the Cross, that
sign

Of love eternal and divine ;
That symbol, which so long hath
stood

A rock of strength, on time's dark
flood, ³³⁰

Clasp'd by despairing hands and
laved

By the warm tears of nations saved ;
In one deep prayer their spirits blent,
The guilty and the innocent ;
Youth, pure as if from Heaven its
birth,

Age, soil'd with every stain of earth,
Knelt, offering up one heart, one cry,
One sacrifice of agony.

Oh ! blest, though bitter be their
source,

Though dark the fountain of remorse,
Blest are the tears which pour from
thence, ³⁴¹

The atoning stream of penitence !
And let not pity check the tide
By which the heart is purified ;
Let not vain comfort turn its course
Or timid love repress its force !

Go ! bind the flood, whose waves
expand,

To bear luxuriance o'er the land ;
Forbid the life-restoring rains
To fall on Afric's burning plains ;
Close up the fount that gush'd to
cheer ³⁵¹

The pilgrim o'er the waste who
trode ;

But check thou not one holy tear,
Which Penitence devotes to God.

Through scenes so lone the wild-
deer ne'er

Was roused by huntsman's bugle
there ;

So rude, that scarce might human eye
Sustain their dread sublimity ;

So awful, that the timid swain, ³⁵⁹
Nurtured amidst their dark domain,
Had peopled, with unearthly forms,
Their mists, their forests, and their
storms ;

She, whose blue eye, of laughing
 light,
 Once made each festal scene more
 bright ;
 Whose voice in song of joy was
 sweetest,
 Whose step in dance of mirth was
 fleetest.
 By torrent-wave, and mountain-
 brow,
 Is wandering as an outcast now,
 To share with Lindheim's fallen chief,
 His shame, his terror, and his grief.

 Hast thou not mark'd the ruin's
 flower, 371
 That blooms in solitary grace,
 And, faithful to its mouldering tower,
 Waves in the banner's place ?
 From those grey haunts renown hath
 pass'd,
 Time wins his heritage at last ;
 This day of glory hath gone by,
 With all its pomp and minstrelsy ;
 Yet still the flower of golden hues
 There loves its fragrance to diffuse,
 To fallen and forsaken things 381
 With constancy unalter'd clings,
 And, smiling o'er the wreck of state,
 With beauty clothes the desolate.

E'en such was she, the fair-hair'd
 maid,

In all her light of youth array'd,
 Forsaking every joy below,
 To soothe a guilty parent's woe,
 And clinging thus, in beauty's prime,
 To the dark ruin made by crime.
 Oh ! ne'er did Heaven's propitious
 eyes 391
 Smile on a purer sacrifice ;
 Ne'er did young love, at duty's
 shrine,
 More nobly brighter hopes resign !
 O'er her own pangs she brooded
 not,
 Nor sank beneath her bitter lot ;
 No ! that pure spirit's lofty worth
 Still rose more buoyantly from earth.
 And drew from an eternal source
 Its gentle, yet triumphant force ;

Roused by affliction's chastening
 might 401
 To energies more calmly bright,
 Like the wild harp of airy sigh,
 Woke by the storm to harmony !
 He that in mountain holds hath
 sought
 A refuge for unconquer'd thought,
 A charter'd home, where Freedom's
 child
 Might rear her altars in the wild,
 And fix her quenchless torch on high,
 A beacon for Eternity ; 410
 Or they, whose martyr-spirits wage
 Proud war with Persecution's rage,
 And to the deserts bear the faith
 That bids them smile on chains and
 death ;
 Well may *they* draw, from all around,
 Of grandeur clothed in form and
 sound,
 From the deep power of earth and
 sky,
 Wild nature's might of majesty.
 Strong energies, immortal fires, 419
 High hopes, magnificent desires !

But dark, terrific, and austere.
 To *him* doth Nature's mien appear,
 Who, 'midst her wilds, would seek
 repose
 From guilty pangs and vengeful foes !
 For him the wind hath music dread,
 A dirge-like voice that mourns the
 dead ;
 The forest's whisper breathes a tone,
 Appalling, as from worlds unknown ;
 The mystic gloom of wood and
 cave 429
 Is fill'd with shadows of the grave ;
 In noon's deep calm the sunbeams
 dart
 A blaze that seems to search his
 heart ;
 The pure, eternal stars of night,
 Upbraid him with their silent light,
 And the dread spirit, which pervades,
 And hallows earth's most lonely
 shades,
 In every scene, in every hour,
 Surrounds him with chastising power,

With nameless fear his soul to thrill,
 Heard, felt, acknowledged, present
 still ! 440

'Twas the chilly close of an
 autumn day,
 And the leaves fell thick o'er the
 wanderers' way,
 The rustling pines, with a hollow
 sound,
 Foretold the tempest gathering
 round,
 And the skirts of the western clouds
 were spread

With a tinge of wild and stormy
 red,
 That seem'd, through the twilight
 forest bowers
 Like the glare of a city's blazing
 towers ;

But they, who far from cities fled,
 And shrank from the print of human
 tread, 450

Had reach'd a desert-scene unknown,
 So strangely wild, so deeply lone,
 That a nameless feeling, unconfess'd
 And undefined, their souls oppress'd.
 Rocks piled on rocks, around them
 hurl'd,

Lay like the ruins of a world,
 Left by an earthquake's final throes
 In deep and desolate repose ;
 Things of eternity whose forms 450
 Bore record of ten thousand storms !

While, rearing its colossal crest
 In sullen grandeur o'er the rest,
 One, like a pillar, vast and rude,
 Stood monarch of the solitude.
 Perchance by Roman conqueror's
 hand

The enduring monument was plann'd ;
 Or Odin's sons, in days gone by,
 Had shaped its rough immensity,
 To rear, 'midst mountain, rock, and
 wood, 460

A temple meet for rites of blood.
 But they were gone, who might have
 told

That secret of the times of old,
 And there, in silent scorn it frown'd,
 O'er all its vast coevals round.

Darkly those giant masses lower'd,
 Countless and motionless they
 tower'd ;

No wild-flower o'er their summits
 hung,
 No fountain from their caverns
 sprung ;

Yet ever on the wanderers' ear 470
 Murmur'd a sound of waters near,
 With music deep of lulling falls,
 And louder gush, at intervals.
 Unknown its source—nor spring nor
 stream

Caught the red sunset's lingering
 gleam,

But ceaseless, from its hidden caves,
 Arose that mystic voice of waves.

Yet bosom'd 'midst that savage
 scene,

One chosen spot of gentler mien 488

Gave promise to the pilgrim's eye
 Of shelter from the tempest nigh.

Glad sight ! the ivied cross it bore,
 The sculptured saint that crown'd its
 door ;

Less welcome now were monarch's
 dome,

Than that low cell, some hermit's
 home.

Thither the outcasts bent their way,
 By the last lingering gleam of day,
 When from a cavern'd rock, which
 cast

Deep shadows o'er them as they
 pass'd,

A form, a warrior-form of might,
 As from earth's bosom, sprang to
 sight. 500

His port was lofty—yet the heart
 Shrank from him with recoiling start ;
 His mien was youthful—yet his face
 Had naught of youth's ingenuous
 grace ;

Nor chivalrous, nor tender thought.
 Its traces on his brow had wrought ;
 Yet dwelt no fierceness in his eye,
 But calm and cold severity,
 A spirit haughtily austere,
 Stranger to pity as to fear. 510

It seem'd as pride had thrown a veil
 O'er that dark brow and visage pale,

Leaving these acher naught to guess,
All was so fix'd and passionless.

He spoke—and they who heard
the tone

Felt, deeply felt, all hope was flown.
'I've sought thee far in forest bowers,
'I've sought thee long in peopled
towers,

I've borne the dagger of the UN-
KNOWN

Through scenes explored by me
alone; 520

My search is closed—nor toils, nor
fears,

Repel the servant of the Seers;
We meet—'tis vain to strive or fly,
Albert of Lindheim—thou must die!

Then with clasp'd hands the fair-
hair'd maid

Sank at his feet and wildly pray'd:—
'Stay, stay thee! sheathe that lifted
steel!

Oh! thou art human, and canst feel!
Hear me! if e'er 'twas thine to prove
The blessing of a parent's love; 530
By thine own father's hoary hair,
By her who gave thee being, spare!
Did they not, o'er thy infant years,
Keep watch, in sleepless hopes and
fears!

Young warrior! thou wilt heed my
prayers,
As thou would'st hope for grace to
theirs!

But cold the Avenger's look
remain'd,

His brow its rigid calm maintain'd:
'Maiden! 'tis vain—my bosom ne'er
Was conscious of a parent's care;
The nurture of my infant years 541
Froze in my soul the source of tears;
'Tis not for me to pause or melt,
Or feel as happier hearts have felt.
Away! the hour of fate goes by,
Thy prayers are fruitless—he must
die!

'Rise, Ella! rise,' with steadfast
brow

The father spoke; unshrinking now,

As if from heaven a martyr's strength
Had settled on his soul at length;

'Kneel thou no more, my noble child,
Thou by no taint of guilt defiled;
Kneel not to man!—for mortal
prayer,

Oh! when did mortal vengeance
spare?

Since hope of earthly aid is flown,
Lift thy pure hands to Heaven alone,
And know, to calm thy suffering
heart,

My spirit is resign'd to part,
Trusting in Him, who reads and
knows 559

This guilty breast, with all its woes.
Rise! I would bless thee once again,
Be still, be firm—for all is vain!

And she *was* still—she heard him
not,

Her prayers were hush'd—her pangs
forgot;

All thought, all memory pass'd away,
Silent and motionless she lay.

In a brief death, a blest suspense,
Alike of agony and sense.

She saw not when the dagger gleam'd
In the last red light from the west
that stream'd; 570

She mark'd not when the life-blood's
flow

Came rushing to the mortal blow;
While, unresisting, sank her sire,
Yet gather'd firmness to expire,
Mingling a warrior's courage high,
With a penitent's humility.

And o'er him there the Avenger
stood,

And watch'd the victim's ebbing
blood,

Still calm, as if his faithful hand
Had but obey'd some just command,
Some power, whose stern, yet
righteous will, 581

He deem'd it virtue to fulfil,
And triumph'd, when the palm was
won,

For duty's task austere done.

But a feeling dread, and undefin'd,
A mystic presage of the mind,

With strange and sudden impulse ran
Chill through the heart of the dying
man,

And his thoughts found voice, and
his bosom breath,
And it seem'd as fear suspended
death, 590

And Nature from her terrors drew
Fresh energy, and vigour new.

'Thou said'st thy lonely bosom
ne'er

Was conscious of a parent's care ;
Thou saidst thy lot, in childhood's
years,

Froze in thy soul the source of tears :
The time will come, when thou, with
me,

The judgement-throne of God wilt see.
Oh ! by thy hopes of mercy, then,
By His blest love who died for men,
By each dread rite, and shrine, and
vow, 601

Avenger ! I adjure thee now !
To him who bleeds beneath thy steel,
Thy lineage and thy name reveal,
And haste thee ! for his closing ear
Hath little more on earth to hear—
Haste ! for the spirit, almost flown,
Is lingering for thy words alone.'

Then first a shade, resembling fear,
Pass'd o'er the Avenger's mien
austere ; 610

A nameless awe his features cross'd,
Soon in their haughty coldness lost.

'What wouldst thou ? Ask the
rock and wild,

And bid them tell thee of their child !
Ask the rude winds, and angry skies,
Whose tempests were his lullabies !
His chambers were the cave and
wood,

His fosterers men of wrath and blood ;
Outcasts alike of earth and heaven,
By wrongs to desperation driven !
Who, in their pupil, now could trace
The features of a nobler race ? 622
Yet such was mine !—if one who
cast

A look of anguish o'er the past,

Bore faithful record on the day,
When penitent in death he lay.
But still deep shades my prospects
veil,

He died—and told but half the tale ;
With him it sleeps—I only know
Enough for stern and silent woe,
For vain ambition's deep regret, 631
For hopes deceived, deceiving yet,
For dreams of pride that vainly tell
How high a lot had suited well
The heir of some illustrious line,
Heroes and chieftains of the Rhine !'

Then swift through Albert's bosom
pass'd

One pang, the keenest and the last,
Ere with his spirit fled the fears,
The sorrows, and the pangs of years ;
And, while his grey hairs swept the
dust, 641

Faltering he murmur'd, 'Heaven is
just !

For thee that deed of guilt was done,
By thee avenged, my Son ! my Son !'

The day was closed—the moon-
beam shed

Light on the living and the dead,
And as through rolling clouds it
broke,

Young Ella from her trance awoke—
Awoke to bear, to feel, to know
E'en more than all an orphan's woe.
Oh ! ne'er did moonbeam's light
serene 651

With beauty clothe a sadder scene !
There, cold in death, the father
slept,

There, pale in woe, the daughter
wept !

Yes ! *she* might weep—but one stood
nigh,

With horror in his tearless eye,
That eye which ne'er again shall
close

In the deep quiet of repose ;
No more on earth beholding aught,
Save one dread vision, stamp'd on
thought. 660

But, lost in grief, the Orphan Maid
His deeper woe had scarce survey'd,

Till his wild voice reveal'd a tale,
Which seem'd to bid the Heavens
turn pale !

He call'd her, ' Sister ! ' and the word
In anguish breathed, in terror heard,
Reveal'd enough—all else were weak,
That sound a thousand pangs could
speak. 668

He knelt beside that breathless clay,
Which, fix'd in utter stillness, lay—
Knelt till his soul imbibed each trace,
Each line of that unconscious face ;
Knelt, till his eye could bear no more,
Those marble features to explore ;
Then, starting, turning, as to shun
The image thus by Memory won,
A wild farewell to her he bade,
Who by the dead in silence pray'd,
And, frenzied by his bitter doom,
Fled thence—to find all earth a tomb !

Days pass'd away—and Rhine's
fair shore 681
In the light of summer smiled once
more ;
The vines were purpling on the hill,
And the corn-fields waved in the
sunshine still :

There came a bark up the noble
stream,
With pennons that shed a golden
gleam,
With the flash of arms, and the voice
of song,
Gliding triumphantly along ;
For warrior-forms were glittering
there,
Whose plumes waved light in the
whispering air ; 690
And as the tones of oar and wave
Their measured cadence mingling
gave,
'Twas thus the exulting chorus rose,
While many an echo swell'd the
close :—

From the fields where dead and
dying,
On their battle-bier are lying,
Where the blood unstanch'd is
gushing,
Where the steed unchecked is rushing.

Trampling o'er the noble-hearted,
Ere the spirit yet be parted ; 700
Where each breath of Heaven is
swaying

Knightly plumes and banners play-
ing,

And the clarion's music swelling
Calls the vulture from his dwelling ;
He comes, with trophies worthy of
his line,

The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine !
To his own fair woods, enclosing
Vales in sunny peace reposing,
Where his native stream is laving
Banks, with golden harvests waving,
And the summer light is sleeping
On the grape, through tendrils
peeping ; 712

To the halls where harps are ringing,
Bards the praise of warriors singing,
Graceful footsteps bounding fleetly,
Joyous voices mingling sweetly ;
Where the cheek of mirth is glowing,
And the wine-cup brightly flowing,
He comes, with trophies worthy of
his line, 719

The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine.

He came—he sought his Ella's
bowers,
He traversed Lindheim's lonely
towers ;
But voice and footstep thence had
fled,

As from the dwellings of the dead,
And the sounds of human joy and
woe

Gave place to the moan of the wave
below.

The banner still the rampart crown'd,
But the tall rank grass waved thick
around ;

Still hung the arms of a race gone by,
In the blazon'd halls of their ancestry ;
But they caught no more, at fall of
night, 731

The wavering flash of the torch's
light ;

And they sent their echoes forth no
more,

To the Minnesinger's tuneful lore,

For the hands that touch'd the harp
 were gone,
 And the hearts were cold that loved
 its tone ;
 And the soul of the chord lay mute
 and still,
 Save when the wild wind bade it
 thrill,
 And woke from its depths a dream-
 like moan, 739
 For life, and power, and beauty gone.

The warrior turn'd from that silent
 scene,
 Where a voice of woe had welcome
 been,
 And his heart was heavy with boding
 thought,
 As the forest-paths alone he sought.
 He reach'd a convent's fane, that
 stood
 Deep bosom'd in luxuriant wood ;
 Still, solemn, fair—it seem'd a spot
 Where earthly care might be all
 forgot,
 And sounds and dreams of Heaven
 alone, 749
 To musing spirit might be known.

And sweet e'en then were the
 sounds that rose
 On the holy and profound repose.
 Oh ! they came o'er the warrior's
 breast,
 Like a glorious anthem of the blest ;
 And fear and sorrow died away,
 Before the full, majestic lay.
 He enter'd the secluded fane,
 Which sent forth that inspiring
 strain ; 758
 He gazed—the hallow'd pile's array
 Was that of some high festal day ;
 Wreaths of all hues its pillars bound,
 Flowers of all scents were strew'd
 around ;
 The rose exhaled its fragrant sigh,
 Blest on the altar to smile and
 die ;
 And a fragrant cloud from the cen-
 ser's breath
 Half hid the sacred pomp beneath ;

And still the peal of choral song
 Swell'd the resounding aisles along ;
 Wakening, in its triumphant flow,
 Deep echoes from the graves below.

Why, from its woodland birthplace
 torn, 771
 Doth summer's rose that scene
 adorn ?

Why breathes the incense to the
 sky ?

Why swells the exulting harmony ?
 —And see'st thou not yon form, so
 light,

It seems half floating on the sight,
 As if the whisper of a gale,
 That did but wave its snowy veil,
 Might bear it from the earth afar,
 A lovely, but receding star ? 780
 Know, that devotion's shrine, e'en
 now,

Receives that youthful vestal's vow,
 For this, high hymns, sweet odours
 rise,

A jubilee of sacrifice !
 Mark yet a moment ! from her brow
 Yon priest shall lift the veil of snow,
 Ere yet a darker mantle hide
 The charms to Heaven thus sancti-
 fied ;

Stay thee ! and catch their parting
 gleam,

That ne'er shall fade from memory's
 dream. 790

A moment ! oh ! to Ulric's soul,
 Poised between hope and fear's
 control,

What slow, unmeasured hours went
 by,

Ere yet suspense grew certainty ;
 It came at length—once more that
 face

Reveal'd to man its mournful grace ;
 A sunbeam on its features fell,
 As if to bear the world's farewell ;
 And doubt was o'er—his heart grew
 chill—

'Twas she—though changed—'twas
 Ella still ! 800

Though now her once-rejoicing mien,
 Was deeply, mournfully serene ;

Though clouds her eye's blue lustre
 shaded,
 And the young cheek beneath had
 faded,
 Well, well he knew the form, which
 cast
 Light on his soul through all the
 past !

806

'Twas with him on the battle plain,
 'Twas with him on the stormy main,
 'Twas in his visions, when the shield
 Pillow'd his head on tented field ;
 'Twas a bright beam that led him on
 Where'er a triumph might be won,
 In danger as in glory nigh,
 An angel-guide to victory !

She caught his pale bewilder'd
 gaze

Of grief half lost in fix'd amaze—
 Was it some vain illusion, wrought
 By frenzy of impassion'd thought ?
 Some phantom, such as Grief hath
 power

819

To summon, in her wandering hour ?
 No ! it was he ! the lost, the mourn'd,
 Too deeply loved, too late return'd !
 A fever'd blush, a sudden start,
 Spoke the last weakness of her heart.
 'Twas vanquish'd soon—the hectic
 red
 A moment flush'd her cheek, and
 fled.

Once more serene—her steadfast eye
 Look'd up as to Eternity ;
 Then gaz'd on Ulric with an air,
 That said—the home of Love is
 there !

830

Yes ! *there* alone it smiled for him,
 Whose eye before that look grew dim ;
 Not long 'twas his e'en *thus* to view
 The beauty of its calm adieu ;
 Soon o'er those features, brightly pale,
 Was cast the impenetrable veil ;
 And, if one human sigh were given
 By the pure bosom vow'd to Heaven,
 'Twas lost, as many a murmur'd
 sound

Of grief, 'not loud, but deep,' is
 drown'd,

840

In hymns of joy, which proudly rise,
 To tell the calm untroubled skies,
 That earth hath banish'd care and
 woe,
 And man holds festivals below !

THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERT

CALL it not loneliness, to dwell
 In woodland shade or hermit dell,
 Or the deep forest to explore,
 Or wander Alpine regions o'er ;
 For Nature there all joyous reigns,
 And fills with life her wild domains :
 A bird's light wing may break the
 air,

A wave, a leaf, may murmur there :
 A bee the mountain flowers may seek,
 A chamois bound from peak to
 peak ;

10

An eagle, rushing to the sky,
 Wake the deep echoes with his cry ;
 And still some sound, thy heart to
 cheer,

Some voice, though not of man, is
 near.

But he, whose weary step hath
 traced

Mysterious Afric's awful waste—
 Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath
 view'd,

Can tell thee what is solitude !
 It is, to traverse lifeless plains, 19
 Where everlasting stillness reigns,
 And billowy sands and dazzling sky,
 Seem boundless as infinity !

It is, to sink, with speechless dread,
 In scenes unmeet for mortal tread,
 Sever'd from earthly being's trace,
 Alone, amidst eternal space !

'Tis noon—and fearfully profound,
 Silence is on the desert round ;
 Alone she reigns, above, beneath,
 With all the attributes of death !

No bird the blazing heaven may dare,
 No insect bide the scorching air ;
 The ostrich, though of sun-born race,
 Seeks a more shelter'd dwelling-
 place ;

34

The lion slumbers in his lair,
 The serpent shuns the noontide glare:
 But slowly wind the patient train
 Of camels o'er the blasted plain,
 Where they and man may brave
 alone
 The terrors of the burning zone. 40

Faint not, O pilgrims! though on
 high,
 As a volcano, flame the sky;
 Shrink not, though as a furnace
 glow
 The dark-red seas of sand below;
 Though not a shadow save your
 own,
 Across the dread expanse is thrown;
 Mark! where your feverish lips to
 lave,
 Wide spreads the fresh transparent
 wave!
 Urge your tired camels on, and take
 Your rest beside yon glistening lake;
 Thence, haply, cooler gales may
 spring. 51
 And fan your brows with lighter
 wing.
 Lo! nearer now, its glassy tide,
 Reflects the date-tree on its side—
 Speed on! pure draughts and genial
 air,
 And verdant shade, await you there.
 Oh glimpse of Heaven! to him un-
 known,
 That hath not trod the burning
 zone!
 Forward they press—they gaze dis-
 may'd—
 The waters of the desert fade! 60
 Melting to vapours that elude
 The eye, the lip, they vainly woo'd.¹
 What meteor comes?—a purple
 haze
 Hath half obscured the noontide
 rays: 2
 Onward it moves in swift career,
 A blush upon the atmosphere;

Haste, haste! avert the impending
 doom,
 Fall prostrate! 'tis the dread
 Simoom!
 Bow down your faces—till the blast
 On its red wing of flame hath pass'd,
 Far bearing o'er the sandy wave,
 The viewless Angel of the Grave.

It came—'tis vanish'd—but hath
 left 73
 The wanderers e'en of hope bereft;
 The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,
 Pride, courage, strength, its power
 could tame;
 Faint with despondence, worn with
 toil,
 They sink upon the burning soil,
 Resign'd, amidst those realms of
 gloom,
 To find their deathbed and their
 tomb.³ 80

But onward still!—yon distant
 spot
 Of verdure can deceive you not;
 Yon palms, which tremulously
 seem'd
 Reflected as the waters gleam'd,
 Along the horizon's verge display'd,
 Still rear their slender colonnade—
 A landmark, guiding o'er the plain
 The Caravan's exhausted train.
 Fair is that little Isle of Bliss
 The desert's emerald oasis! 90
 A rainbow on the torrent's wave,
 A gem embosom'd in the grave,
 A sunbeam on a stormy day
 Its beauty's image might convey!
 Beauty, in horror's lap that sleeps.
 While silence round her vigil keeps.
 —Rest, weary pilgrims! calmly laid
 To slumber in the acacia shade:
 Rest, where the shrubs your camels
 bruise,
 Their aromatic breath diffuse; 100

¹ The mirage, or vapour assuming the appearance of water.

² See the description of the Simoom in Bruce's *Travels*.

³ The extreme languor and despondence produced by the Simoom, even when its effects are not fatal, have been described by many travellers.

Where softer light the sunbeams
 pour
 Through the tall palm and sycamore ;
 And the rich date luxuriant spreads
 Its pendant clusters o'er your heads.
 Nature once more, to seal your
 eyes,
 Murmurs her sweetest lullabies ;
 Again each heart the music hails
 Of rustling leaves and sighing gales,
 And oh ! to Afric's child how dear
 The voice of fountains gushing near !
 Sweet be your slumbers ! and your
 dreams 111
 Of waving groves and rippling
 streams !
 Far be the serpent's venom'd coil
 From the brief respite won by
 toil ;
 Far be the awful shades of those
 Who deep, beneath the sands repose—
 The hosts, to whom the desert's
 breath
 Bore swift and stern the call of
 death.
 Sleep ! nor may scorching blast
 invade
 The freshness of the acacia shade,
 But gales of heaven your spirits
 bless, 121
 With life's best balm—Forgetful-
 ness !
 'Till night from many an urn diffuse
 The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath closed—the moon on
 high
 Walks in her cloudless majesty.
 A thousand stars to Afric's heaven
 Serene magnificence have given ;
 Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame
 Shines forth eternally the same.
 Blest be their beams, whose holy
 light 131
 Shall guide the camel's footsteps
 right,
 And lead, as with a track divine,
 The pilgrim to his prophet's shrine !
 —Rise ! bid your Isle of Palms
 adieu !
 Again your lonely march pursue,

While airs of night are freshly blow-
 ing,
 And heavens with softer beauty
 glowing. 138
 —'Tis silence all : the solemn scene
 Wears, at each step, a ruder mien ;
 For giant-rocks, at distance piled,
 Cast their deep shadows o'er the
 wild.
 Darkly they rise—what eye hath
 view'd
 The caverns of their solitude ?
 Away ! within those awful cells
 The savage lord of Afric dwells !
 Heard ye his voice ?—the lion's roar
 Swells as when billows break on
 shore. 148
 Well may the camel shake with fear,
 And the steed pant—his foe is near ;
 Haste ! light the torch, bid watch-
 fires throw
 Far o'er the waste, a ruddy glow ;
 Keep vigil—guard the bright array,
 Of flames that scare him from his
 prey ;
 Within their magic circle press,
 O wanderers of the wilderness !
 Heap high the pile, and by its blaze,
 Tell the wild tales of elder days.
 Arabia's wondrous lore—that dwells
 On warrior deeds, and wizard spells ;
 Enchanted domes, 'mid scenes like
 these, 161
 Rising to vanish with the breeze ;
 Gardens, whose fruits are gems, that
 shed
 Their light where mortal may not
 tread,
 And spirits, o'er whose pearly halls
 The eternal billow heaves and falls.
 —With charms like these, of mystic
 power,
 Watchers ! beguile the midnight
 hour. 168
 —Slowly that hour hath roll'd away,
 And star by star withdraws its ray.
 Dark children of the sun ! again
 Your own rich orient hails his reign.
 He comes, but veil'd—with sanguine
 glare
 Tinging the mists that load the air ;

Sounds of dismay, and signs of flame, The approaching hurricane proclaim. 'Tis death's red banner streams on high— Fly to the rocks for shelter!—fly! Lo! darkening o'er the fiery skies, The pillars of the desert rise! 180 On, in terrific grandeur wheeling, A giant-host, the heavens concealing, They move, like mighty genii forms, Towering immense 'midst clouds and storms. Who shall escape?—with awful force The whirlwind bears them on their course;	They join, they rush resistless on, The landmarks of the plain are gone; The steps, the forms, from earth effaced, Of those who trod the burning waste! All whelm'd, all hush'd!—none left to bear 191 Sad record how they perish'd there! No stone their tale of death shall tell— The desert guards its mysteries well; And o'er the unfathom'd sandy deep, Where low their nameless relics sleep, Oft shall the future pilgrim tread, Nor know his steps are on the dead.
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MARIUS AMONGST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE

['Marius, during the time of his exile, seeking refuge in Africa, had landed at Carthage, when an officer, sent by the Roman governor of Africa, came and thus addressed him:—'Marius, I come from the Praetor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as a public enemy.' Marius, upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length the officer enquired what answer he should carry to the governor. 'Go and tell him,' said the unfortunate man, with a sigh, 'that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.'—See PLUTARCH.]

'Twas noon, and Afric's dazzling sun on high,
With fierce resplendence fill'd the unclouded sky;
No zephyr waved the palm's majestic head,
And smooth alike the seas and deserts spread;
While desolate, beneath a blaze of light,
Silent and lonely as at dead of night,
The wreck of Carthage lay. Her prostrate fanes
Had strew'd their precious marble o'er the plains;
Dark weeds and grass the column had o'ergrown,
The lizard bask'd upon the altar-stone; 10
Whelm'd by the ruins of their own abodes,
Had sunk the forms of heroes and of gods;
While near, dread offspring of the burning day!
Coil'd 'midst forsaken halls, the serpent lay.

There came an exile, long by fate pursued,
To shelter in that awful solitude.
Well did that wanderer's high yet faded mien,
Suit the sad grandeur of the desert-scene;
Shadow'd, not veil'd, by locks of wintry snow,
Pride sat, still mighty, on his furrow'd brow; 20

Time had not quench'd the terrors of his eye,
Nor tamed his glance of fierce ascendancy ;
While the deep meaning of his features told,
Ages of thought had o'er his spirit roll'd,
Nor dimm'd the fire that might not be controll'd ;
And still did power invest his stately form,
Shatter'd, but yet unconquer'd, by the storm.

But slow his step—and where, not yet o'erthrown,
Still tower'd a pillar 'midst the waste alone,
Faint with long toil, his weary limbs he laid, 30
To slumber in its solitary shade.
He slept—and darkly, on his brief repose,
The indignant Genius of the scene arose.
Clouds robed his dim unearthly form, and spread
Mysterious gloom around his crownless head,
Crownless, but regal still. With stern disdain,
The kingly shadow seem'd to lift his chain,
Gazed on the palm, his ancient sceptre torn,
And his eye kindled with immortal scorn !

'And sleep'st thou, Roman ? ' cry'd his voice austere ; 40
' Shall son of Latium find a refuge *here* ?
Awake ! arise ! so speed the hour of Fate,
When Rome shall fall, as Carthage desolate !
Go ! with her children's flower, the free, the brave,
People the silent chambers of the grave ;
So shall the course of ages yet to be,
More swiftly waft the day, avenging me !

' Yes, from the awful gulf of years to come,
I hear a voice that prophesies her doom ;
I see the trophies of her pride decay, 50
And her long line of triumphs pass away,
Lost in the depths of time—while sinks the star
That led her march of heroes from afar !
Lo ! from the frozen forests of the north,
The sons of slaughter pour in myriads forth !
Who shall awake the mighty ?—will thy woe,
City of thrones ! disturb the realms below ?
Call on the dead to hear thee ! let thy cries
Summon their shadowy legions to arise,
Array the ghosts of conquerors on thy walls ! 60
—Barbarians revel in their ancient halls,
And their lost children bend the subject knee,
'Midst the proud tombs and trophies of the free.
Bird of the sun ! dread eagle ! born on high,
A creature of the empyreal—Thou, whose eye
Was lightning to the earth—whose pinion waved
In haughty triumph o'er a world enslaved ;
Sink from thy Heavens ! for glory's noon is o'er,
And rushing storms shall bear thee on no more !

Closed is thy regal course—thy crest is torn,
 And thy plume banish'd from the realms of morn.
 The shaft hath reach'd thee !—rest with chiefs and kings,
 Who conquer'd in the shadow of thy wings ;
 Sleep ! while thy foes exult around their prey,
 And share thy glorious heritage of day !
 But darker years shall mingle with the past,
 And deeper vengeance shall be mine at last.
 O'er the seven hills I see destruction spread,
 And Empire's widow veils with dust her head !
 Her gods forsake each desolated shrine,
 Her temples moulder to the earth, like mine :
 'Midst fallen palaces she sits alone,
 Calling heroic shades from ages gone,
 Or bids the nations 'midst her deserts wait
 To learn the fearful oracles of Fate !

70

80

' Still sleep'st thou, Roman ? Son of Victory, rise !
 Wake to obey the avenging Destinies !
 Shed by thy mandate, soon thy country's blood
 Shall swell and darken Tiber's yellow flood !
 My children's manes call—awake ! prepare
 The feast they claim !—exult in Rome's despair !
 Be thine ear closed against her suppliant cries,
 Bid thy soul triumph in her agonies ;
 Let carnage revel, e'en her shrines among,
 Spare not the valiant, pity not the young !
 Haste ! o'er her hills the sword's libation shed,
 And wreak the curse of Carthage on her head ! '

90

The vision flies—a mortal step is near,
 Whose echoes vibrate on the slumberer's ear ;
 He starts, he wakes to woe—before him stands
 The unwelcome messenger of harsh commands,
 Whose faltering accents tell the exiled chief,
 To seek on other shores a home for grief.
 —Silent the wanderer sat—but on his cheek
 The burning glow far more than words might speak ;
 And, from the kindling of his eye, there broke
 Language, where all the indignant soul awoke,
 Till his deep thought found voice—then, calmly stern,
 And sovereign in despair, he cried, ' Return !
 Tell them who sent thee thither, thou hast seen
 Marius, the exile, rest where Carthage once hath been ! '

100

110

THE MAREMMA

['Nello della Pietra had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy, which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which, then as now, was a district destructive of health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chronicles, indeed, tell us that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits. One was a captain who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino; the second, a gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the House of Este; the third was a woman unknown to the poet, and who, after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words :

Recorditi di me ; che son la Pia,
Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma :
Salsi colui che inanellata pria
Disposando m' avea con la sua gemma.'—*Purgatorio*, cant. 5.

—*Edinburgh Review*, No. lviii.]

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.—*MALHERBE*.

THERE are bright scenes beneath Italian skies,
Where glowing suns their purest light diffuse,
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,
And nature lavishes her warmest hues ;
But trust thou not her smile, her balmy breath,
Away ! her charms are but the pomp of Death !

He, in the vine-clad bowers, unseen is dwelling,
Where the cool shade its freshness round thee throws,
His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swelling,
With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose ;
And the soft sounds that through the foliage sigh,
But woo thee still to slumber and to die.

10

Mysterious danger lurks, a syren, there,
Not robed in terrors, or announced in gloom,
But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,
And veil'd in flowers, that smile to deck thy tomb,
How may we deem, amidst their deep array,
That heaven and earth but flatter to betray ?

Sunshine, and bloom, and verdure ! Can it be,
That these but charm us with destructive wiles ? 20
Where shall we turn, O Nature, if in *thee*
Danger is mask'd in beauty—death in smiles ?
Oh ! still the Circe of that fatal shore,
Where she, the sun's bright daughter, dwelt of yore !

There, year by year, that secret peril spreads,
Disguised in loveliness, its baleful reign,
And viewless blights o'er many a landscape sheds,
Gay with the riches of the south, in vain,
O'er fairy bowers and palaces of state,
Passing unseen, to leave them desolate. 30

And pillar'd halls, whose airy colonnades
Were formed to echo music's choral tone,
Are silent now, amidst deserted shades,¹
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms alone ;
And fountains dash unheard, by lone alcoves,
Neglected temples, and forsaken groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in beauty gloaming,
'Midst the deep shades of plane and cypress rise,
By wave or grot might Fancy linger, dreaming
Of old Arcadia's woodland deities,— 40
Wild visions !—there no sylvan powers convene,—
Death reigns the genius of the Elysian scene.

Ye, too, illustrious hills of Rome ! that bear
Traces of mightier beings on your brow,
O'er you that subtle spirit of the air
Extends the desert of his empire now ;
Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane, and dome,
And makes the Caesars' ruin'd halls his home.

Youth, valour, beauty, oft have felt his power,
His crown'd and chosen victims : o'er their lot
Hath fond affection wept each blighted flower
In turn was loved and mourn'd, and is forgot. 50
But one who perish'd, left a tale of woe,
Meet for as deep a sigh as pity can bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,
Is floating joyous on the summer air,
And there are banquets in her stately halls,
And graceful revels of the gay and fair,
And brilliant wreaths the altar have array'd,
Where meet her noblest youth, and loveliest maid. 60

¹ See Madame de Staël's fine description, in her *Corinne*, of the Villa Borghese, deserted on account of malaria.

To that young bride each grace hath Nature given,
Which glows on Art's divinest dream,—her eye
Hath a pure sunbeam of her native heaven—
Her cheek a tinge of morning's richest dye ;
Fair as that daughter of the south, whose form
Still breathes and charms, in Vinci's colours warm.¹

But is she blest ?—for sometimes o'er her smile
A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is cast ;
And in her liquid glance there seems a-while
To dwell some thought whose soul is with the past ; 70
Yet soon it flies—a cloud that leaves no trace,
On the sky's azure, of its dwelling-place.

Perchance, at times, within her heart may rise
Remembrance of some early love or woe,
Faded, yet scarce forgotten—in her eyes
Wakening the half-form'd tear that may not flow ;
Yet radiant seems her lot as aught on earth,
Where still some pining thought comes darkly o'er our mirth.

The world before her smiles—its changeful gaze
She hath not proved as yet ; her path seems gay 80
With flowers and sunshine, and the voice of praise
Is still the joyous herald of her way ;
And beauty's light around her dwells, to throw
O'er every scene its own resplendent glow.

Such is the young Bianca—graced with all
That nature, fortune, youth, at once can give ;
Pure in their loveliness—her looks recall
Such dreams, as ne'er life's early bloom survive ;
And, when she speaks, each thrilling tone is fraught
With sweetness, born of high and heavenly thought. 90

And he, to whom are breathed her vows of faith
Is brave and noble—child of high descent,
He hath stood fearless in the ranks of death,
'Mid slaughter'd heaps, the warrior's monument :
'And proudly marshal'd his Carroccio's² way,
Amidst the wildest wreck of war's array.

And his the chivalrous, commanding mien,
Where high-born grandeur blends with courtly grace ;
Yet may a lightning glance at times be seen,
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his face, 100
And fierce the spirit kindling in his eye—
But e'en while yet we gaze, its quick, wild flashes die.

¹ An allusion to Leonardo da Vinci's picture of his wife Mona Lisa, supposed to be the most perfect imitation of Nature ever exhibited in painting.—See Vasari in his *Lives of the Painters*.

² See the description of this sort of consecrated war-chariot in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiques*, &c., vol. i, p. 394.

And calmly can Pietra smile, concealing,
 As if forgotten, vengeance, hate, remorse ;
 And veil the workings of each darker feeling,
 Deep in his soul concentrating its force :
 But yet, he loves—O ! who hath loved, nor known
 Affection's power exalt the bosom all its own ?

The days roll on—and still Bianca's lot
 Seems as a path of Eden—thou might'st deem
 That grief, the mighty chastener, had forgot
 To wake her soul from life's enchanted dream ;
 And, if her brow a moment's sadness wear,
 It sheds but grace more intellectual there.

A few short years, and all is changed—her fate
 Seems with some deep mysterious cloud o'ercast.
 Have jealous doubts transform'd to wrath and hate,
 The love whose glow expression's power surpass'd ?
 Lo ! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom
 Is gathering day by day, prophetic of her doom.

O ! can he meet that eye, of light serene,
 Whence the pure spirit looks in radiance forth,
 And view that bright intelligence of mien
 Form'd to express but thoughts of loftiest worth,
 Yet deem that vice within that heart can reign ?
 —How shall he e'er confide in aught on earth again ?

In silence oft, with strange vindictive gaze,
 Transient, yet fill'd with meaning, stern and wild,
 Her features, calm in beauty, he surveys,
 Then turns away, and fixes on her child
 So dark a glance, as thrills a mother's mind
 With some vague fear, scarce own'd, and undefined.

There stands a lonely dwelling, by the wave
 Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's shore,
 Far from all sounds, but rippling seas that lave
 Grey rocks with foliage richly shadow'd o'er,
 And sighing winds, that murmur through the wood,
 Fringing the beach of that Hesperian flood.

Fair is that house of solitude—and fair
 The green Maremma, far around it spread,
 A sun-bright waste of beauty—yet an air
 Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed,
 No human footstep tracks the lone domain,
 The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.

And silent are the marble halls that rise
 'Mid founts, and cypress walks, and olive groves :
 All sleeps in sunshine, 'neath cerulean skies,
 And still around the sea-breeze lightly roves ;
 Yet every trace of man reveals alone,
 That there life once hath flourish'd—and is gone.

There, till around them slowly, softly stealing,
The summer air, deceit in every sigh,
Came fraught with death, its power no sign revealing
Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt, in days gone by ;
And strains of mirth and melody have flow'd
Where stands, all voiceless now, the still abode.

And thither doth her Lord, remorseless, bear
Bianca with her child—his alter'd eye
And brow a stern and fearful calmness wear,
While his dark spirit seals their doom—to die ; 160
And the deep bodings of his victim's heart,
Tell her, from fruitless hope at once to part.

It is the summer's glorious prime—and blending
Its blue transparence with the skies, the deep,
Each tint of Heaven upon its breast descending,
Scarce murmurs as it heaves, in glassy sleep,
And on its wave reflects, more softly bright,
That lovely shore of solitude and light.

Fragrance in each warm southern gale is breathing,
Deck'd with young flowers the rich Maremma glows, 170
Neglected vines the trees are wildly wreathing,
And the fresh myrtle in exuberance blows,
And far around, a deep and sunny bloom
Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the tomb.

Yes ! 'tis *thy* tomb, Bianca ! fairest flower !
The voice that calls thee speaks in every gale,
Which o'er thee breathing with insidious power,
Bids the young roses of thy cheek turn pale,
And, fatal in its softness, day by day,
Steals from that eye some trembling spark away. 180

But sink not yet ; for there are darker woes,
Daughter of Beauty ! in thy spring-morn fading,
Sufferings more keen for thee reserved than those
Of lingering death, which thus thine eye are shading !
Nerve then thy heart to meet that bitter lot ;
'Tis agony—but soon to be forgot !

What deeper pangs maternal hearts can wring,
Than hourly to behold the spoiler's breath
Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of spring,
O'er Infancy's fair cheek the blight of death ? 190
To gaze and shrink, as gathering shades o'er-cast
The pale smooth brow, yet watch it to the last !

Such pangs were thine, young mother !—Thou didst bend
O'er thy fair boy, and raise his drooping head ;
And faint and hopeless, far from every friend,
Keep thy sad midnight-vigils near his bed,
And watch his patient, supplicating eye,
Fix'd upon thee—on thee !—who could'st no aid supply !

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely woe
 Through those dark hours—to thee the wind's low sigh,
 And the faint murmur of the ocean's flow, 200
 Came like some spirit whispering—' He must die !'
 And thou didst vainly clasp him to the breast
 His young and sunny smile so oft with hope had blest.

'Tis past—that fearful trial—he is gone ;
 But thou, sad mourner ! hast not long to weep ;
 The hour of nature's charter'd peace comes on,
 And thou shalt share thine infant's holy sleep.
 A few short sufferings yet—and death shall be
 As a bright messenger from heaven to thee. 210

But ask not—hope not—one relenting thought
 From him who doom'd thee thus to waste away,
 Whose heart, with sullen, speechless vengeance fraught,
 Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow decay ;
 And coldly, sternly, silently can trace
 The gradual withering of each youthful grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall come,
 When thou, bright victim ! on his dreams shalt rise
 As an accusing angel—and thy tomb,
 A martyr's shrine, be hallow'd in his eyes ! 220
 Then shall thine innocence his bosom wring,
 More than thy fancied guilt with jealous pangs could sting.

Lift thy meek eyes to heaven—for all on earth,
 Young sufferer ! fades before thee—Thou art lone—
 Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly on thy birth,
 Thine hour of death is all Affliction's own !
 It is our task to suffer—and our fate
 To learn that mighty lesson, soon or late.

The season's glory fades—the vintage-lay
 Through joyous Italy resounds no more ; 230
 But mortal loveliness hath pass'd away,
 Fairer than aught in summer's glowing store.
 Beauty and youth are gone—behold them such
 As Death hath made them with his blighting touch !

The summer's breath came o'er them—and they died !
 Softly it came to give luxuriance birth,
 Call'd forth young nature in her festal pride,
 But bore to them their summons from the earth !
 Again shall blow that mild, delicious breeze,
 And wake to life and light all flowers—but these. 240

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy virtues telling,
 O lost and loveliest one ! adorns thy grave ;
 But o'er that humble cypress-shaded dwelling
 The dew-drops glisten, and the wild-flowers wave—
 Emblems more meet, in transient light and bloom,
 For thee, who thus didst pass in brightness to the tomb !

Mellow, and sweet, and faint.

Mellow, and sweet, and faint,
As if some spirit's touch had given
The soul of sound to harp of heaven
To soothe a dying saint ! 73

Is it the mermaid's distant shell,
Warbling beneath the moonlit
wave ?

—Such witching tones might lure
full well

The seaman to his grave !

Sure from no mortal touch ye rise,
Wild, soft, aerial melodies !

—Is it the song of woodland-fay
From sparry grot, or haunted
bower ? 81

Hark ! floating on, the magic lay
Draws near yon ivied tower !

Now nearer still, the listening ear
May catch sweet harp notes, faint,
yet clear ;

And accents low, as if in fear,
Thus murmur, half suppress'd :—
'Awake ! the moon is bright on
high,

The sea is calm, the bark is nigh,
The world is hush'd to rest !

Then sinks the voice—the strain is
o'er, 91

Its last low cadence dies along the
shore.

Fair Bertha hears the expected
song.

Swift from her tower she glides along;
No echo to her tread awakes,
Her fairy step no slumber breaks,
And, in that hour of silence deep,
While all around the dews of sleep
O'erpower each sense, each eyelid
steep,

Quick throbs her heart with hope
and fear, 100

Her dark eye glistens with a tear.
Half-wavering now, the varying
cheek

And sudden pause, her doubts
bespeak,

The lip now flush'd, now pale as
death,

The trembling frame, the fluttering
breath !

Oh ! in that moment, o'er her soul,
What struggling passions claim
control !

Fear, duty, love, in conflict high,
By turns have won the ascendancy ;
And as, all tremulously bright,
Streams o'er her face the beam of
night, 11

What thousand mix'd emotions play
O'er that fair face, and melt away :
Like forms whose quick succession
gleams

O'er fancy's rainbow-tinted dreams ;
Like the swift glancing lights that
rise

'Midst the wild cloud of stormy skies,
And traverse ocean o'er ;

So in that full, impassion'd eye
The changeful meanings rise and die,
Just seen—and then no more !

But oh ! too short that pause—again
Thrills to her heart that witching
strain :— 123

'Awake ! the midnight moon is
bright,

Awake ! the moments wing their
flight,

Haste ! or they speed in vain !'

O, call of love ! thy potent spell,
O'er that weak heart prevails too
well ;

The 'still small voice' is heard no
more

That pleaded duty's cause before,
And fear is hush'd, and doubt is
gone, 131

And pride forgot, and reason flown !
Her cheek, whose colour came and
fled,

Resumes its warmest, brightest red,
Her step its quick elastic tread,

Her eye its beaming smile !
Through lonely court and silent hall,
Flits her light shadow o'er the
wall,

And still that low, harmonious call
Melts on her ear the while !

Though love's quick ear alone could
tell 141

The words its accents faintly swell :—

'Awake, while yet the lingering
night
And stars and seas befriend our
flight,
O! haste, while all is well!'

The halls, the courts, the gates, are
past,
She gains the moonlit beach at
last.

Who waits to guide her trembling
feet? ¹⁴⁸

Who flies the fugitive to greet?

He, to her youthful heart endear'd
By all it e'er had hoped and feared,
Twined with each wish, with every
thought,

Each day-dream fancy e'er had
wrought,

Whose tints portray, with flattering
skill,

What brighter worlds alone fulfil!

—Alas! that aught so fair should
fly,

Thy blighting wand, Reality!

A chieftain's mien her Osbert bore,
A pilgrim's lowly robes he wore,
Disguise that vainly strove to hide
Bearing and glance of martial pride;
For he in many a battle scene, ¹⁶²
On many a rampart-breach had been;
Had sternly smiled at danger nigh,
Had seen the valiant bleed and die,
And proudly rear'd on hostile tower,
'Midst falchion-clash, and arrowy
shower,

Britannia's banner high!

And though some ancient feud had
taught

His Bertha's sire to loathe his
name, ¹⁷⁰

More noble warrior never fought,
For glory's prize, or England's
fame.

And well his dark, commanding eye,
And form and step of stately
grace,

Accorded with achievements high,
Soul of emprise and chivalry,

Bright name, and generous race!

His cheek, embrown'd by many a
sun, ¹⁷⁸

Tells a proud tale of glory won,
Of vigil, march, and combat rude,
Valour, and toil, and fortitude!
E'en while youth's earliest blushes
threw

Warm o'er that cheek, their vivid
hue,

His gallant soul, his stripling-form,
Had braved the battle's rudest
storm;

When England's conquering archers
stood,

And dyed thy plain, Poitiers, with
blood,

When shiver'd axe, and cloven
shield,

And shatter'd helmet, strew'd the
field,

And France around her King in vain
Had marshal'd valour's noblest
train; ¹⁹¹

In that dread strife, his lightning
eye

Had flash'd with transport keen and
high,

And 'midst the battle's wildest tide
Throbb'd his young heart with hope
and pride.

Alike that fearless heart could brave
Death on the war-field or the wave;
Alike in tournament or fight, ¹⁹⁸
That ardent spirit found delight!

Yet oft, 'midst hostile scenes afar,

Bright o'er his soul a vision came,
Rising, like some benignant star,
On stormy seas, or plains of war,

To soothe, with hopes more dear
than fame,

The heart that throbb'd to
Bertha's name!

And 'midst the wildest rage of fight,
And in the deepest calm of night,
To her his thoughts would wing their
flight,

With fond devotion warm;
Oft would those glowing thoughts
portray ²¹⁰

Some home, from tumults far away,
Graced with that angel form!

And now his spirit fondly deems
Fulfill'd its loveliest, dearest dreams!

Who, with pale cheek, and locks of
snow,

In minstrel garb, attends the
chief?

The moonbeam on his thoughtful
brow

Reveals a shade of grief.

Sorrow and time have touch'd his
face,

With mournful yet majestic grace,
Soft as the melancholy smile

Of sunset on some ruin'd pile!

—It is the bard, whose song had
power

To lure the maiden from her tower;
The bard whose wild, inspiring lays,

E'en in gay childhood's earliest days,
First woke, in Osbert's kindling

breast

The flame that will not be repress,
The pulse that throbs for praise!

Those lays had banish'd from his eye,
The bright, soft tears of infancy

Had soothed the boy to calm repose,
Had hush'd his bosom's earliest

woes;

And when the light of thought
awoke,

When first young reason's day-
spring broke,

More powerful still, they bade arise
His spirit's burning energies!

Then the bright dream of glory
warm'd,

Then the loud pealing war-song
charm'd,

The legends of each martial line,

The battle-*tales* of Palestine;

And oft, since then, *his* deeds had
proved

Themes of the lofty lays he loved!

Now, at triumphant love's command,

Since Osbert leaves his native land,

Forsaking glory's high career

For her, than glory far more dear;

Since hope's gay dream, and meteor
ray,

To distant regions points his way,

That there Affection's hands may
dress

A fairy bower for happiness;

That fond, devoted bard, though
now,

Time's wintry garland wreathes his
brow.

Though quench'd the sunbeam of his
eye,

And fled his spirit's buoyancy;

And strength and enterprise are
past,

Still follows constant to the last!

Though his sole wish was but to die
'Midst the calm scenes of days gone

by;

And all that hallows and endears

The memory of departed years—

Sorrow, and joy, and time, have
twined

To those loved scenes his pensive
mind;

Ah! what can tear the links apart

That bind his chieftain to his heart?

What smile but *his* with joy can
light

The eye obscured by age's night?

Last of a loved and honour'd line,

Last tie to earth in life's decline,

Till death its lingering spark shall
dim,

That faithful eye must gaze on him!

Silent and swift, with footstep light,

Haste on those fugitives of night,

They reach the boat—the rapid oar

Soon wafts them from the wooded
shore.

The bark is gain'd—a gallant few,

Vassals of Osbert, form its crew;

The pennant, in the moonlight
beam,

With soft suffusion glows;

From the white sail a silvery gleam

Falls on the wave's repose;

Long shadows undulating play,

From mast and streamer, o'er the
bay;

But still so hush'd the summer-air,

They tremble, 'midst that scene so
fair,

Lest morn's first beam behold them
there

—Wake, viewless wanderer ! breeze
of night,

From river-wave, or mountain-
height,

Or dew-bright couch of moss and
flowers, ²⁸⁹

By haunted spring, in forest bowers ;
Or dost thou lurk in pearly cell,

In amber grot, where mermaids
dwell,

And cavern'd gems their lustre
throw

O'er the red sea-flowers' vivid glow ?
Where treasures, not for mortal

gaze,
In solitary splendour blaze ;

And sounds, ne'er heard by mortal
ear,

Swell through the deep's unfathom'd
sphere ?

What grove of that mysterious
world

Holds thy light wing in slumber
furl'd ? ³⁰⁰

Awake ! o'er glittering seas to rove,
Awake ! to guide the bark of love !

Swift fly the midnight hours, and
soon

Shall fade the bright propitious
moon ;

Soon shall the waning stars grow
pale,

E'en now—but lo ! the rustling sail
Swell to the new-sprung ocean gale !

The bark glides on—their fears
are o'er,

Recedes the bold romantic shore,
Its features mingling fast ; ³¹⁰

Gaze, Bertha, gaze, thy lingering
eye

May still each lovely scene descry
Of years for ever past !

There wave the woods, beneath
whose shade,

With bounding step, thy childhood
play'd ;

'Midst ferny glades, and mossy
lawns,

Free as their native birds and fawns ;

Listening the sylvan sounds, that
float

On each low breeze, 'midst dells
remote ;

The ringdove's deep, melodious
moan, ³²⁰

The rustling deer in thickets lone ;
The wild-bee's hum, the aspen's

sigh,
The wood-stream's plaintive har-

mony.

Dear scenes of many a sportive
hour,

There thy own mountains darkly
tower !

'Midst their grey rocks no glen so
rude

But thou hast loved its solitude !
No path so wild but thou hast

known
And traced its rugged course alone !

The earliest wreath that bound thy
hair ³³⁰

Was twined of glowing heath-flowers
there.

There, in the day-spring of thy years,
Undimm'd by passions or by tears,

Oft, while thy bright, enraptured
eye

Wandered o'er ocean, earth, or sky,
While the wild breeze that round

thee blew,
Tinged thy warm cheek with richer

hue ;
Pure as the skies that o'er thy head

Their clear and cloudless azure
spread ;

Pure as that gale, whose light wing
drew ³⁴⁰

Its freshness from the mountain
dew ;

Glow'd thy young heart with feelings
high,

A heaven of hallow'd ecstasy !
Such days were thine ! ere love had

drawn
A cloud o'er that celestial dawn !

As the clear dews in morning's beam,
With soft reflected colouring stream,

Catch every tint of eastern gem,
To form the rose's diadem ;

But vanish when the noontide hour
Glow's fiercely on the shrinking
flower ; 351

Thus in thy soul each calm delight,
Like morn's first dewdrops, pure
and bright,
Fled swift from passion's blighting
fire,
Or linger'd only to expire !

Spring, on thy native hills again,
Shall bid neglected wild-flowers
rise,
And call forth, in each grassy glen,
Her brightest emerald dyes !

There shall the lonely mountain-rose,
Wreath of the cliffs, again disclose ;
'Midst rocky dells, each well-known
stream 362

Shall sparkle in the summer beam ;
The birch, o'er precipice and cave,
Its feathery foliage still shall wave ;
The ash 'midst rugged clefts unveil
Its coral clusters to the gale,
And autumn shed a warmer bloom
O'er the rich heath and glowing
broom. 369

But thy light footstep there no more
Each path, each dingle shall explore ;
In vain may smile each green recess,
—Who now shall pierce its loneliness ?

The stream through shadowy glens
may stray,
—Who now shall trace its glistening
way ?

In solitude, in silence deep,
Shrined 'midst her rocks, shall echo
sleep,

No lute's wild swell again shall rise
To wake her mystic melodies.

All soft may blow the mountain air,
—It will not wave thy graceful hair !
The mountain-rose may bloom and
die, 382

—It will not meet thy smiling eye !
But like those scenes of vanish'd days
Shall others ne'er delight ;
Far lovelier lands shall meet thy
gaze,

Yet seem not half so bright !

O'er the dim woodlands' fading hue,
Still gleams yon Gothic pile on high ;
Gaze on, while yet 'tis thine to view
That home of infancy ! 391

Heed not the night-dew's chilling
power,
Heed not the sea-wind's coldest hour,
But pause, and linger on the deck,
Till of those towers no trace, no
speck,

Is gleaming o'er the main ;
For when the mist of morn shall rise,
Blending the sea, the shore, the skies,
That home, once vanish'd from thine
eyes,

Shall bless them ne'er again !
There the dark tales and songs of
yore 401

First with strange transport
thrill'd thy soul,

E'en while their fearful, mystic lore
From thy warm cheek the life-
bloom stole ;

There, while thy father's raptured
ear

Dwelt fondly on a strain so dear,
And in his eye the trembling tear
Reveal'd his spirit's trance ;

How oft, those echoing halls along,
Thy thrilling voice has swell'd the
song, 410

Tradition wild of other days,
Or troubadour's heroic lays,
Or legend of romance !

Oh ! many an hour has there been
thine,

That memory's pencil oft shall
dress

In softer shades, and tints that shine
In mellow'd loveliness !

While thy sick heart, and fruitless
tears,

Shall mourn, with fond and deep
regret,

The sunshine of thine early years,
Scarce deem'd so radiant—till it
set ! 421

The cloudless peace, unprized till
gone,

The bliss, till vanish'd, hardly
known !

On rock and turret, wood and hill,
The fading moonbeams linger still;
Still, Bertha, gaze on yon grey
tower,

At evening's last and sweetest hour,
While varying still, the western skies
Flush'd the clear seas with rainbow-
dyes,

Whose warm suffusions glow'd and
pass'd, ⁴³⁰

Each richer, lovelier, than the last;
How oft, while gazing on the deep,
That seem'd a heaven of peace to
sleep,

As if its wave, so still, so fair,
More frowning mien might never wear,
The twilight calm of mental rest
Would steal in silence o'er thy
breast,

And wake that dear and balmy sigh
That softly breathes the spirit's
harmony!

—Ah! ne'er again shall hours to thee
be given, ⁴⁴⁰

Of joy on earth—so near allied to
Heaven!

Why starts the tear to Bertha's eye?
Is not her long-loved Osbert nigh?
Is there a grief his voice, his smile,
His words, are fruitless to beguile?
—Oh! bitter to the youthful heart

That scarce a pang, a care, has
known,

The hour when first from scenes we
part,

Where life's bright spring has
flown!

Forsaking, o'er the world to roam,
That little shrine of peace—our
home! ⁴⁵¹

E'en if delighted fancy throw
O'er that cold world her brightest
glow,

Painting its untried paths with
flowers

That will not live in earthly bowers;
(Too frail, too exquisite, to bear
One breath of life's ungenial air;)
E'en if such dreams of hope arise,
As Heaven alone can realize;

Cold were the breast that would not
heave ⁴⁶⁰

One sigh, the home of youth to
leave;

Stern were the heart that would not
swell

To breathe life's saddest word—
farewell!

Though earth has many a deeper woe,
Though tears, more bitter far, must
flow,

That hour, whate'er our future lot,
That first fond grief, is ne'er forgot!

Such was the pang of Bertha's heart,
The thought, that bade the tear-
drop start;

And Osbert by her side ⁴⁷⁰
Heard the deep sigh, whose bursting
swell

Nature's fond struggle told too well;
And days of future bliss portray'd,
And love's own eloquence essay'd,

To soothe his plighted bride!
Of bright Arcadian scenes he tells,
In that sweet land to which they
fly;

The vine-clad rocks, the fragrant
dells

Of blooming Italy. ⁴⁷⁹

For he had roved a pilgrim there,
And gazed on many a spot so fair,
It seem'd like some enchanted grove,
Where only peace, and joy, and love,
Those exiles of the world, might rove,

And breathe its heavenly air;
And, all unmix'd with ruder tone,
Their 'wood-notes wild' be heard
alone!

Far from the frown of stern control,
That vainly would subdue the soul,
There shall their long-affianced
hands, ⁴⁹⁰

Be join'd in consecrated bands,
And in some rich, romantic vale,
Circled with heights of Alpine
snow,

Where citron-woods enrich the gale,
And scented shrubs their balm ex-
hale,

And flowering myrtles blow;

And 'midst the mulberry boughs on
high,
Weaves the wild vine her tapestry :
On some bright streamlet's emerald
side,
Where cedars wave, in graceful
pride, ⁵⁰⁰
Bosom'd in groves, their home shall
rise,
A shelter'd bower of Paradise !

Thus would the lover soothe to rest
With tales of hope her anxious
breast ;

Nor vain that dear enchanting lore,
Her soul's bright visions to restore,
And bid gay phantoms of delight
Float, in soft colouring, o'er her sight.
—Oh ! youth, sweet May-morn, fled
so soon, ⁵⁰⁹

Far brighter than life's loveliest noon,
How oft thy spirit's buoyant power
Will triumph, e'en in sorrow's hour
Prevailing o'er regret !

As rears its head the elastic flower
Though the dark tempest's recent
shower

Hang on its petals yet !

Ah ! not so soon can hope's gay
smile

The aged bard to joy beguile ;
Those silent years that steal away
The cheek's warm rose, the eye's
bright ray, ⁵²⁰

Win from the mind a nobler prize,
E'en all its buoyant energies !
For him the April days are past,

When grief was but a fleeting
cloud ;

No transient shade will sorrow cast,
When age the spirit's might has
bow'd !

And, as he sees the land grow dim,
That native land, now lost to him,
Fix'd are his eyes, and clasp'd his
hands,

And long in speechless grief he stands.

So desolately calm his air, ⁵³¹

He seems an image, wrought to bear
The stamp of deep, though hush'd
despair ;

Motion and life no sign bespeaks
Save that the night-breeze, o'er his
cheeks,

Just waves his silvery hair !
Nought else could teach the eye to
know

He was no sculptured form of woe !

Long gazing o'er the dark'ning flood,
Pale in that silent grief he stood ;
Till the cold moon was waning fast,
And many a lovely star had died,
And the grey heavens deep shadows
cast ⁵⁴³

Far o'er the slumbering tide ;
And robed in one dark solemn hue,
Arose the distant shore to view.

Then, starting from his trance of
woe,

Tears, long suppress'd, in freedom
flow,

While thus his wild and plaintive
strain

Blends with the murmur of the main.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL

Thou setting moon ! when next
thy rays ⁵⁵¹

Are trembling on the shadowy
deep,

The land, now fading from my
gaze,

These eyes in vain shall weep ;
And wander o'er the lonely sea.

And fix their tearful glance on
thee,

On thee ! whose light so softly
gleams

Through the green oak that fringe
my native streams.

But, 'midst those ancient groves,
no more

Shall I thy quivering lustre hail,
Its plaintive strain my harp must
pour ⁵⁶¹

To swell a foreign gale ;
The rocks, the woods, whose
echoes woke,

When its full tones their stillness
broke,

Deserted now, shall hear alone,
The brook's wild voice, the wind's
mysterious moan.

And oh ! ye fair, forsaken halls,
Left by your lord to slow
decay,
Soon shall the trophies on your
walls

Be mouldering fast away !
There shall no choral songs
resound, 571

There shall no festal board be
crown'd ;

But ivy wreath the silent gate,
And all be hush'd, and cold, and
desolate.

No banner from the stately tower
Shall spread its blazon'd folds
on high,

There the wild brier and summer
flower,

Unmark'd, shall wave and die.
Home of the mighty ! thou art
lone, 579

The noonday of thy pride is gone,
And, 'midst thy solitude profound,
A step shall echo like unearthly
sound !

From thy cold hearths no festal
blaze

Shall fill the hall with ruddy
light,

Nor welcome, with convivial rays,
Some pilgrim of the night ;

But there shall grass luxuriant
spread,

As o'er the dwellings of the dead ;
And the deep swell of every blast
Seem a wild dirge for years of gran-
deur past. 590

And I—my joy of life is fled,
My spirit's power, my bosom's
glow,
The raven locks that graced my
head

Wave in a wreath of snow !
And where the star of youth arose,
I deem'd life's lingering ray should
close,

And those loved trees my tomb
o'ershade,
Beneath whose arching bowers my
childhood play'd.

Vain dream ! that tomb in distant
earth

Shall rise, forsaken and forgot :
And thou, sweet land, that gav'st
me birth, 601

A grave must yield me not !
Yet, haply he for whom I leave
Thy shores, in life's dark winter-
eve,

When cold the hand, and closed
the lays,

And mute the voice he loved to
praise,

O'er the hush'd harp one tear may
shed,

And one frail garland o'er the min-
strel's bed !

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

'Twas night in Babylon : yet many a beam,
Of lamps far glittering from her domes on high,
Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream
With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky,
Whose azure knows no cloud : each whisper'd sigh
Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace bowers,
Bore deepening tones of joy and melody,
O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers ;
And the glad city's voice went up from all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall, 10
Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band,
High at the stately midnight festival,
Belshazzar sat enthroned. There luxury's hand
Had shower'd around all treasures that expand
Beneath the burning East ; all gems that pour
The sunbeams back ; all sweets of many a land,
Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore ;
But mortal pride look'd on, and still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught, 20
A loftier theme may swell the exulting strain !
The lord of nations spoke,—and forth were brought
The spoils of Salem's devastated fane.
Thrice holy vessels !—pure from earthly stain,
And set apart, and sanctified to Him,
Who deign'd within the oracle to reign,
Reveal'd, yet shadow'd ; making noonday dim,
To that most glorious cloud between the cherubim.

They came, and louder peal'd the voice of song,
And pride flash'd brighter from the kindling eye,
And He who sleeps not heard the elated throng, 30
In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy
The Rock of Zion !—Fill the nectar high,
High in the cups of consecrated gold !
And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,
And bid the censers of the temple hold
Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old !

Peace !—is it but a phantom of the brain,
Thus shadow'd forth, the senses to appal,
Yon fearful vision ?—Who shall gaze again
To search its cause ?—Along the illumined wall, 40
Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all.
Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human hand,
O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall,
In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,
Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant land !

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,
And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low,
And fitful starts !—the wine, in triumph pour'd,
Untasted foams, the song hath ceased to flow,
The waving censor drops to earth—and lo ! 50
The king of men, the ruler, girt with mirth,
Trembles before a shadow !—Say not so !
—The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight,
Shrinks from the dread Unknown, the avenging Infinite !

' But haste ye !—bring Chaldea's gifted seers,
 The men of prescience !—haply to *their* eyes,
 Which track the future through the rolling spheres,
 Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies.
 They come—the readers of the midnight skies,
 They that gave voice to visions—but in vain ! 60
 Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies,
 It hath no language 'midst the starry train,
 Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,
 And other inspiration !—one of those
 Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,
 And sat, and wept, where Babel's river flows.
 His eye was bright, and yet the pale repose
 Of his pure features half o'eraw'd the mind,
 Telling of inward mysteries—joys and woes 70
 In lone recesses of the soul enshrined ;
 Depths of a being seal'd and sever'd from mankind.

Yes !—what was earth to him, whose spirit pass'd
 Time's utmost bounds ?—on whose unshrinking sight
 Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast
 Their full resplendence ?—Majesty and might
 Were in his dreams ;—for him the veil of light
 Shrouding Heaven's inmost sanctuary and throne,
 The curtain of the unutterably bright
 Was raised !—to him, in fearful splendour shown, 80
 Ancient of Days ! e'en Thou mad'st thy dread presence known.

He spoke :—the shadows of the things to come
 Pass'd o'er his soul :—' O King, elate in pride !
 God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom—
 The one, the living, God by thee defied !
 He, in whose balance earthly lords are tried,
 Hath weigh'd, and found thee wanting. 'Tis decreed
 The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,
 The stranger to thy throne of power succeed !
 Thy days are full—they come,—the Persian and the Mede ! ' 90

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round—
 A breathless pause !—the hush of hearts that beat,
 And limbs that quiver :—Is there not a sound,
 A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet ?
 —'Twas but some echo in the crowded street,
 Of far-heard revelry ; the shout, the song.
 The measured dance to music wildly sweet,
 That speeds the stars their joyous course along—
 Away ; nor let a dream disturb the festal throng !

Peace yet again ! Hark ! steps in tumult flying, 100
 Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle-field !
 The shouts of hosts exulting or defying,
 The press of multitudes that strive or yield !
 And the loud startling clash of spear and shield,
 Sudden as earthquake's burst ; and, blent with these,
 The last wild shriek of those whose doom is seal'd
 In their full mirth ;—all deepening on the breeze,
 As the long stormy roll of far-advancing seas !

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast is swelling,
 Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning every cry ; 110
 And, lo ! the spoiler in the regal dwelling,
 Death—bursting on the halls of revelry !
 Ere on their brows one fragile rose-leaf die,
 The sword hath raged through joy's devoted train ;
 Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,
 Red flames, like banners, wave from dome and fane ;
 Empire is lost and won—Belshazzar with the slain.¹

¹ As originally written, the following additional stanzas (afterwards omitted) concluded this poem :

<p>Fallen is the golden city!—in the dust, Spoil'd of her crown, disrariantled of her state, She that hath made the strength of towers her trust, Weeps by her dead, supremely desolate ! She that beheld the nations at her gate, Thronging in homage, shall be call'd no more Lady of kingdoms ! Who shall mourn her fate ? Her guilt is full, her march of triumph o'er— What widow'd land shall now <i>her</i> widow- hood deplore ?</p> <p>Sit thou in silence ! Thou that wert enthroned On many waters !—thou, whose au- gurs read The language of the planets, and disown'd The Mighty Name it blazons :—veil thy head, Daughter of Babylon !—the sword is red From thy destroyer's harvest, and the yoke Is on thee, O most proud !—for thou hast said, ' I am, and none beside ! ' The Eternal spoke : Thy glory was a spoil, thine idol-gods were broke !</p>	<p>But go thou forth, O Israel !—wake ! rejoice ! Be clothed with strength, as in thine ancient day ! Renew the sound of harps, the exulting voice, The mirth of timbrels !—loose the chain, and say God hath redeem'd his people !— from decay Thesilent and the trampled shall arise ! —Awake !—put on thy beautiful array, O long-forsaken Zion !—to the skies Send up on every wind thy choral melodies !</p> <p>And lift thy head !—Behold thy sons returning, Redeem'd from exile, ransom'd from the chain, Light hath revisited the house of mourning ; She that on Judah's mountains wept in vain, Because her children were not—dwells again, Girt with the lovely !—through thy streets, once more, City of God ! shall pass the bridal train, And the bright lamps their festive radiance pour, And the triumphal hymns thy joy of youth restore !</p>
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X

All still, all voiceless !—and the billow's roar
 Alone replies !—Alike *their* soul is gone
 Who shared the funeral-feast on Oeta's shore,
 And *theirs* that o'er the field of Ascalon
 Swell'd the crusader's hymn !—Then gird thou on
 Thine armour, Eastern Queen ! and meet the hour
 Which waits thee ere the day's fierce work is done
 With a strong heart ; so may thy helmet tower
 Unshiver'd through the storm, for generous hope is power ! 90

XI

But linger not,—array thy men of might !
 The shores, the seas, are peopled with thy foes.
 Arms through thy cypress groves are gleaming bright,
 And the dark huntsmen of the wild, repose
 Beneath the shadowy marble porticoes
 Of thy proud villas. Nearer and more near,
 Around thy walls the sons of battle close ;
 Each hour, each moment, hath its sound of fear,
 Which the deep grave alone is charter'd not to hear !

XII

Away ! bring wine, bring odours, to the shade 100
 Where the tall pine and poplar blend on high !
 Bring roses, exquisite, but soon to fade !
 Snatch every brief delight,—since we must die !—
 Yet is the hour, degenerate Greeks ! gone by,
 For feast in vine-wreath'd bower, or pillar'd hall ;
 Dim gleams the torch beneath yon fiery sky,
 And deep and hollow is the tambour's call,
 And from the startled hand the untasted cup will fall.

XIII

The night—the glorious Oriental night,
 Hath lost the silence of her purple heaven, 110
 With its clear stars ! The red artillery's light,
 Athwart her worlds of tranquil splendour driven,
 To the still firmament's expanse hath given
 Its own fierce glare, wherein each cliff and tower
 Starts wildly forth ; and now the air is riven
 With thunder-bursts, and now dull smoke-clouds lower,
 Veiling the gentle moon, in her most hallow'd hour.

XIV

Sounds from the waters, sounds upon the earth,
 Sounds in the air, of battle ! Yet with these 120
 A voice is mingling, whose deep tones give birth
 To Faith and Courage ! From luxurious ease
 A gallant few have started ! O'er the seas,
 From the Seven Towers, their banner waves its sign,
 And Hope is whispering in the joyous breeze,
 Which plays amidst its folds. That voice was *thine* ;
 Thy soul was on that band, devoted Constantine.

XV

Was Rome thy parent ? Didst thou catch from *her*
 The fire that lives in thine undaunted eye ?
 —That city of the throne and sepulchre
 Hath given proud lessons how to reign and die ! 130
 Heir of the Caesars ! did that lineage high,
 Which, as a triumph to the grave, hath pass'd
 With its long march of sceptred imagery,
 The heroic mantle o'er thy spirit cast ?
 —Thou ! of an eagle-race the noblest and the last !

XVI

Vain dreams ! upon that spirit hath descended
 Light from the living Fountain, whence each thought
 Springs pure and holy ! In that eye is blended
 A spark, with Earth's triumphal memories fraught,
 And, far within, a deeper meaning, caught 140
 From worlds unseen. A hope, a lofty trust,
 Whose resting-place on buoyant wing is sought
 (Though through its veil, seen darkly from the dust),
 In realms where Time no more hath power upon the just.

XVII

Those were proud days, when on the battle plain,
 And in the sun's bright face, and 'midst the array
 Of awe-struck hosts, and circled by the slain,
 The Roman cast his glittering mail away,
 And while a silence, as of midnight, lay
 O'er breathless thousands at his voice who started, 150
 Call'd on the unseen, terrific powers that sway
 The heights, the depths, the shades ; then, fearless-hearted,
 Girt on his robe of death, and for the grave departed !

XVIII

But then, around him as the javelins rush'd,
 From earth to heaven swell'd up the loud acclaim ;
 And, ere his heart's last free libation gush'd,
 With a bright smile the warrior caught his name
 Far-floating on the winds ! And Victory came,
 And made the hour of that immortal deed
 A life, in fiery feeling ! Valour's aim 160
 Had sought no loftier guerdon. Thus to bleed,
 Was to be Rome's high star !—He died—and had his meed.

XIX

But praise—and dearer, holier praise, be theirs,
 Who, in the stillness and the solitude
 Of hearts press'd earthwards by a weight of cares
 Uncheer'd by Fame's proud hope, the ethereal food
 Of restless energies, and only view'd
 By Him whose eye, from His eternal throne,
 Is on the soul's dark places ; have subdued
 And vow'd themselves with strength till then unknown, 170
 To some high martyr-task, in secret and alone.

XX

Theirs be the bright and sacred names, enshrined
 Far in the bosom ! for their deeds belong,
 Not to the gorgeous faith which charm'd mankind
 With its rich pomp of festival and song,
 Garland, and shrine, and incense-bearing throng ;
 But to that Spirit, hallowing, as it tries
 Man's hidden soul in whispers, yet more strong
 Than storm or earthquake's voice ; for *thence* arise
 All that mysterious world's unseen sublimities.

180

XXI

Well might *thy* name, brave Constantine ! awake
 Such thought, such feeling !—But the scene again
 Bursts on my vision, as the day-beams break
 Through the red sulphurous mists : the camp, the plain,
 The terraced palaces, the dome-capt fane,
 With its bright cross fix'd high in crowning grace ;
 Spears on the ramparts, galleys on the main,
 And, circling all with arms, that turban'd race.
 The sun, the desert, stamp'd in each dark haughty face.

XXII

Shout, ye seven hills ! Lo ! Christian pennons streaming
 Red o'er the waters ! Hail, deliverers, hail !
 Around your billowy wake the radiance gleaming,
 Is Hope's own smile ! They crowd the swelling sail,
 On, with the foam, the sunbeam and the gale,
 Borne, as a victor's car ! The batteries pour
 Their clouds and thunders ; but the rolling veil
 Of smoke floats up the exulting winds before !
 —And oh ! the glorious burst of that bright sea and shore !

190

XXIII

The rocks, waves, ramparts, Europe's, Asia's coast,
 All throng'd ! one theatre for kingly war !
 A monarch girt with his barbaric host,
 Points o'er the beach his flashing scimitar !
 Dark tribes are tossing javelins from afar,
 Hands waving banners o'er each battlement,
 Decks, with their serried guns, array'd to bar
 The promised aid : but hark ! a shout is sent
 Up from the noble barks !—the Moslem line is rent !

200

XXIV

On, on through rushing flame, and arrowy shower,
 The welcome prows have cleft their rapid way ;
 And, with the shadows of the vesper hour,
 Furl'd their white sails, and anchor'd in the bay.
 Then were the streets with song and torch-fire gay,
 Then the Greek wines flow'd mantling in the light
 Of festal halls—and there was joy !—the ray
 Of dying eyes, a moment wildly bright,
 The sunset of the soul, ere lost to mortal sight !

210

XXV

For vain that feeble succour ! Day by day
 The imperial towers are crumbling, and the sweep
 Of the vast engines, in their ceaseless play,
 Comes powerful, as when Heaven unbinds the deep ! 220
 —Man's heart is mightier than the castled steep,
 Yet will it sink when earthly hope is fled ;
 Man's thoughts work darkly in such hours, and sleep
 Flies far ; and in *their* mien, the walls who tread,
 Things by the brave untold, may fearfully be read !

XXVI

It was a sad and solemn task, to hold
 Their midnight-watch on that beleaguer'd wall !
 As the sea-wave beneath the bastions roll'd,
 A sound of fate was in its rise and fall ;
 The heavy clouds were as an empire's pall, 230
 The giant-shadows of each tower and fane
 Lay like the grave's ; a low mysterious call
 Breathed in the wind, and, from the tented plain,
 A voice of omens rose with each wild martial strain.

XXVII

For they might catch the Arab chargers neighing,
 The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy song ;
 Might almost hear the Soldan's banner swaying,
 The watch-word mutter'd in some eastern tongue.
 Then flash'd the gun's terrific light along
 The marble streets, all stillness—not repose ; 240
 And boding thoughts came o'er them, dark and strong ;
 For heaven, earth, air, speak auguries to those
 Who see their number'd hours fast pressing to the close.

XXVIII

But strength is from the mightiest ! There is one
 Still in the breach, and on the rampart seen,
 Whose cheek shows paler with each morning sun,
 And tells in silence, how the night hath been,
 In kingly halls, a vigil : yet serene
 The ray set deep within his thoughtful eye ;
 And there is that in his collected mien, 250
 To which the hearts of noble men reply,
 With fires, partaking not this frame's mortality !

XXIX

Yes ! call it not of lofty minds the fate,
 To pass o'er earth in brightness, but alone ;
 High power was made their birthright, to create
 A thousand thoughts responsive to their own !
 A thousand echoes of their spirit's tone
 Start into life, where'er their path may be,
 Still following fast ; as when the wind hath blown
 O'er Indian groves, a wanderer wild and free, 260
 Kindling and bearing flames afar from tree to tree !

XXX

And it is thus with thee ! thy lot is cast
 On evil days, thou Caesar ! yet the few
 That set their generous bosom to the blast
 Which rocks thy throne—the fearless and the true,
 Bear hearts wherein thy glance can still renew
 The free devotion of the years gone by,
 When from bright dreams the ascendant Roman drew
 Enduring strength ! States vanish—ages fly—
 But leave one task unchanged—to suffer and to die !

270

XXXI

These are our nature's heritage. But thou,
 The crown'd with empire ! thou wert call'd to share
 A cup more bitter. On thy fever'd brow
 The semblance of that buoyant hope to wear
 Which long had pass'd away ; alone to bear
 The rush and pressure of dark thoughts, that came
 As a strong billow in their weight of care ;
 And, with all this, to smile ! for earth-born frame
 These are stern conflicts, yet they pass, unknown to fame !

XXXII

Her glance is on the triumph, on the field,
 On the red scaffold ; and where'er, in sight
 Of human eyes, the human soul is steel'd
 To deeds that seem as of immortal might,
 Yet are proud nature's ! But her meteor-light
 Can pierce no depths, no clouds ; it falls not where
 In silence, and in secret, and in night,
 The noble heart doth wrestle with despair,
 And rise more strong than death from its unwitness'd prayer.

280

XXXIII

Men have been firm in battle : they have stood
 With a prevailing hope on ravaged plains,
 And won the birthright of their hearths with blood,
 And died rejoicing, 'midst their ancient fanes,
 That so their children, undefiled with chains,
 Might worship there in peace. But they that stand
 When not a beacon o'er the wave remains,
 Link'd but to perish with a ruin'd land,
 Where Freedom dies with them—call *these* a martyr-band !

290

XXXIV

But the world heeds them not. Or if, perchance,
 Upon their strife it bend a careless eye,
 It is but as the Roman's stoic glance
 Fell on that stage where man's last agony
 Was made *his* sport, who, knowing *one* must die,
 Reck'd not *which* champion ; but prepared the strain,
 And bound the bloody wreath of victory,
 To greet the conqueror ; while, with calm disdain,
 The vanquish'd proudly met the doom he met in vain.

300

XXXV

The hour of Fate comes on ! and it is fraught
 With *this* of Liberty, that now the need
 Is past to veil the brow of anxious thought,
 And clothe the heart, which still beneath must bleed, 310
 With Hope's fair-seeming drapery. We are freed
 From tasks like these by misery ; one alone
 Is left the brave, and rest shall be thy meed,
 Prince, watcher, wearied one ! when thou hast shown
 How brief the cloudy space which parts the grave and throne.

XXXVI

The signs are full. They are not in the sky,
 Nor in the many voices of the air,
 Nor the swift clouds. No fiery hosts on high
 Toss their wild spears : no meteor-banners glare,
 No comet fiercely shakes its blazing hair ; 320
 And yet the signs are full : too truly seen
 In the thinn'd ramparts, in the pale despair
 Which lends one language to a people's mien,
 And in the ruin'd heaps where walls and towers have been !

XXXVII

It is a night of beauty : such a night
 As, from the sparry grot or laurel-shade,
 Or wave in marbled cavern rippling bright,
 Might woo the nymphs of Grecian fount and glado
 To sport beneath its moonbeams, which pervade 330
 Their forest-haunts ; a night, to rove alone
 Where the young leaves by vernal winds are sway'd,
 And the reeds whisper, with a dreamy tone
 Of melody, that seems to breathe from worlds unknown ;

XXXVIII

A night, to call from green Elysium's bowers
 The shades of elder bards ; a night, to hold
 Unseen communion with the inspiring powers
 That made deep groves their dwelling place of old ;
 A night, for mourners, o'er the hallow'd mould,
 To strew sweet flowers ; for revellers to fill
 And wreath the cup ; for sorrows to be told 340
 Which love hath cherish'd long—vain thoughts ! be still !
 It is a night of fate, stamp'd with Almighty Will !

XXXIX

It *should* come sweeping in the storm, and rending
 The ancient summits in its dread career !
 And with vast billows wrathfully contending,
 And with dark clouds o'ershadowing every sphere !
 But He, whose footstep shakes the earth with fear,
 Passing to lay the sovereign cities low
 Alike in His omnipotence is near,
 When the soft winds o'er Spring's green pathway blow, 350
 And when His thunders cleave the monarch-mountain's brow.

XL

The heavens in still magnificence look down
 On the hush'd Bosphorus, whose ocean-stream
 Sleeps, with its paler stars : the snowy crown
 Of far Olympus, in the moonlight-gleam
 Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan's dream
 Throng'd it with gods, and bent the adoring knee !
 —But that is past—and now the One Supreme
 Fills not alone *those* haunts ; but earth, air, sea,
 And Time, which presses on, to finish his decree. 360

XLI

Olympus, Ida, Delphi ! ye, the thrones
 And temples of a visionary might,
 Brooding in clouds above your forest-zones,
 And mantling thence the realms beneath with night :
 Ye have look'd down on battles ! Fear, and Flight,
 And arm'd Revenge, all hurrying past below !
 But there is yet a more appalling sight
 For earth prepared, than e'er, with tranquil brow,
 Ye gazed on from your world of solitude and snow !

XLII

Last night a sound was in the Moslem camp, 370
 And Asia's hills re-echoed to a cry
 Of savage mirth !—Wild horn, and war-steeds' tramp,
 Blent with the shout of barbarous revelry,
 The clash of desert-spears ! Last night the sky
 A hue of menace and of wrath put on,
 Caught from red watch-fires, blazing far and high,
 And countless, as the flames, in ages gone,
 Streaming to heaven's bright queen from shadowy Lebanon !

XLIII

But all is stillness now. May this be sleep
 Which wraps those eastern thousands ? Yes, perchance 380
 Along yon moonlit shore and dark-blue deep.
 Bright are their visions with the Hour's glance,
 And they behold the sparkling fountains dance
 Beneath the bowers of paradise, that shed
 Rich odours o'er the faithful ; but the lance,
 The bow, the spear, now round the slumberers spread,
 Ere Fate fulfil such dreams, must rest beside the dead.

XLIV

May this be sleep, this hush ?—A sleepless eye
 Doth hold its vigil 'midst that dusky race !
 One that would scan the abyss of destiny, 390
 E'en now is gazing on the skies, to trace,
 In those bright worlds, the burning isles of space,
 Fate's mystic pathway : they the while, serene,
 Walk in their beauty ; but Mohammed's face
 Kindles beneath their aspect, and his mien,
 All fired with stormy joy, by that soft light is seen.

XLV

Oh ! wild presumption of a conqueror's dream,
 To gaze on those pure altar-fires, enshrined
 In depths of blue infinitude, and deem
 They shine to guide the spoiler of mankind
 O'er fields of blood !—But with the restless mind
 It hath been ever thus ! and they that weep
 For worlds to conquer, o'er the bounds assign'd
 To human search, in daring pride would sweep,
 As o'er the trampled dust wherein they soon must sleep.

400

XLVI

But ye ! that beam'd on Fate's tremendous night,
 When the storm burst o'er golden Babylon,
 And ye, that sparkled with your wonted light
 O'er burning Salem, by the Roman won ;
 And ye, that calmly view'd the slaughter done
 In Rome's own streets, when Alaric's trumpet-blast
 Rang through the Capitol ; bright spheres ! roll on !
Still bright, though empires fall ; and bid man cast
 His humbled eyes to earth, and commune with the past.

410

XLVII

For it hath mighty lessons ! from the tomb,
 And from the ruins of the tomb, and where,
 'Midst the wreck'd cities in the desert's gloom,
 All tameless creatures make their savage lair,
Thence comes its voice, that shakes the midnight air,
 And calls up clouds to dim the laughing day,
 And thrills the soul ;—yet bids us not despair,
 But make one rock our shelter and our stay,
 Beneath whose shade all else is passing to decay !

420

XLVIII

The hours move on. I see a wavering gleam
 O'er the hush'd waters tremulously fall,
 Pour'd from the Caesar's palace : now the beam
 Of many lamps is brightening in the hall,
 And from its long arcades and pillars tall
 Soft graceful shadows undulating lie
 On the wave's heaving bosom, and recall
 A thought of Venice, with her moonlight sky,
 And festal seas and domes, and fairy pageantry.

430

XLIX

But from that dwelling floats no mirthful sound !
 The swell of flute and Grecian lyre no more,
 Wafting an atmosphere of music round,
 Tells the hush'd seaman, gliding past the shore,
 How monarchs revel there !—Its feasts are o'er—
 Why gleam the lights along its colonnade ?
 —I see a train of guests in silence pour
 Through its long avenues of terraced shade,
 Whose stately founts and bowers for joy alone were made !

440

L

In silence, and in arms !—With helm—with sword—
 These are no marriage-garments !—Yet e'en now
 Thy nuptial feast should grace the regal board,
 Thy Georgian bride should wreath her lovely brow
 With an imperial diadem !—but thou,
 O fated prince ! art call'd, and these with thee,
 To darker scenes ; and thou hast learn'd to bow
 Thine Eastern sceptre to the dread decree,
 And count it joy enough to perish—being free !

450

LI

On through long vestibules, with solemn tread,
 As men, that in some time of fear and woe,
 Bear darkly to their rest the noble dead,
 O'er whom by day their sorrows may not flow,
 The warriors pass : their measured steps are slow,
 And hollow echoes fill the marble halls,
 Whose long-drawn vistas open as they go
 In desolate pomp ; and from the pictured walls,
 Sad seems the light itself which on their armour falls !

LII

And they have reach'd a gorgeous chamber, bright
 With all we dream of splendour ; yet a gloom
 Seems gather'd o'er it to the boding sight,
 A shadow that anticipates the tomb !
 Still from its fretted roof the lamps illumine
 A purple canopy, a golden throne ;
 But it is empty !—Hath the stroke of doom
 Fallen there already ?—Where is He, the One,
 Born that high seat to fill, supremely and alone ?

460

LIII

Oh ! there are times whose pressure doth efface
 Earth's vain distinctions !—when the storm beats loud,
 When the strong towers are tottering to their base,
 And the streets rock,—who mingle in the crowd ?
 —Peasant and chief, the lowly and the proud,
 Are in that throng !—Yes, life hath many an hour
 Which makes us kindred, by one chast'ning bow'd,
 And feeling but, as from the storm we cower,
 What shrinking weakness feels before unbounded power !

470

LIV

Yet then that Power, whose dwelling is on high,
 Its loftiest marvels doth reveal, and speak,
 In the deep human heart more gloriously,
 Than in the bursting thunder !—Thence the weak,
 They that seem'd form'd, as flower-stems, but to break
 With the first wind, have risen to deeds, whose name
 Still calls up thoughts that mantle to the cheek,
 And thrills the pulse !—Aye, strength no pangs could tame
 Hath look'd from woman's eye upon the sword and flame !

480

LV

And this is of such hours !—That throne is void,
 And its lord comes uncrown'd. Behold him stand,
 With a calm brow, where woes have not destroy'd
 The Greek's heroic beauty, 'midst his band,
 The gather'd virtue of a sinking land. 490
 Alas ! how scanty !—Now is cast aside
 All form of princely state ; each noble hand
 Is press'd by turns in his : for earthly pride
 There is no room in hearts where earthly hope hath died !

LVI

A moment's hush—and then he speaks—he speaks !
 But not of hope ! *that* dream hath long gone by :
 His words are full of memory—as he seeks,
 By the strong names of Rome and Liberty,
 Which yet are living powers that fire the eye, 500
 And rouse the heart of manhood ; and by all
 The sad yet grand remembrances that lie
 Deep with earth's buried heroes ; to recall
 The soul of other years, if but to grace their fall !

LVII

His words are full of faith !—And thoughts, more high
 Than Rome e'er knew, now fill his glance with light ;
 Thoughts which give nobler lessons how to die
 Than e'er were drawn from Nature's haughty might !
 And to that eye, with all the spirit bright,
 Have theirs replied in tears, which may not shame 510
 The bravest in such moments !—'Tis a sight
 To make all earthly splendours cold and tame,
 —That generous burst of soul, with its electric flame !

LVIII

They weep—those champions of the Cross—they weep,
 Yet vow themselves to death !—Aye, 'midst that train
 Are martyrs, privileged in tears to steep
 Their lofty sacrifice !—The pang is vain,
 And yet its gush of sorrow shall not stain
 A warrior's sword.—Those men are strangers here—
 The homes they never may behold again 520
 Lie far away, with all things blest and dear,
 On laughing shores, to which their barks no more shall steer !

LIX

Know'st thou the land where bloom the orange bowers ?
 Where, through dark foliage, gleam the citron's dyes ?
 —It is their own. They see their fathers' towers,
 'Midst its Hesperian groves in sunlight rise :
 They meet in soul, the bright Italian eyes,
 Which long and vainly shall explore the main
 For their white sails' return : the melodies
 Of that sweet land are floating o'er their brain— 530
 Oh ! what a crowded world one moment may contain !

LX

Such moments come to thousands !—few may die
 Amidst their native shades. The young, the brave,
 The beautiful, whose gladdening voice and eye
 Made summer in a parent's heart, and gave
 Light to their peopled homes ; o'er land and wave
 Are scatter'd fast and far, as rose-leaves fall
 From the deserted stem. They find a grave
 Far from the shadow of the ancestral hall,
 A lonely bed is theirs, whose smiles were hope to all !

540

LXI

But life flows on, and bears us with its tide,
 Nor may we, lingering, by the slumberers dwell,
 Though they were those once blooming at our side
 In youth's gay home !—Away ! what sound's deep swell
 Comes on the wind ?—It is an empire's knell,
 Slow, sad, majestic, pealing through the night !
 For the last time speaks forth the solemn bell,
 Which calls the Christians to their holiest rite,
 With a funereal voice of solitary might.

LXII

Again, and yet again !—A startling power
 In sounds like these lives ever ; for they bear,
 Full on remembrance, each eventful hour,
 Chequering life's crowded path. They fill the air
 When conquerors pass, and fearful cities wear
 A mien like joy's ; and when young brides are led
 From their paternal homes ; and when the glare
 Of burning streets on midnight's cloud waves red,
 And when the silent house receives its guest—the dead.

550

LXIII

But to those tones what thrilling soul was given,
 On that last night of empire !—As a spell
 Whereby the life-blood to its source is driven,
 On the chill'd heart of multitudes they fell.
 Each cadence seem'd a prophecy, to tell
 Of sceptres passing from their line away,
 An angel-watcher's long and sad farewell,
 The requiem of a faith's departing sway,
 A throne's, a nation's dirge, a wail for earth's decay.

560

LXIV

Again, and yet again !—from yon high dome,
 Still the slow peal comes awfully ; and they
 Who never more, to rest in mortal home,
 Shall throw the breastplate off at fall of day,
 The imperial band, in close and arm'd array,
 As men that from the sword must part no more,
 Take through the midnight streets their silent way,
 Within their ancient temple to adore,
 Ere yet its thousand years of Christian pomp are o'er.

570

LXV

It is the hour of sleep : yet few the eyes
 O'er which forgetfulness her balm hath shed
 In the beleaguer'd city. Stillness lies
 With moonlight, o'er the hills and waters spread,
 But not the less, with signs and sounds of dread,
 The time speeds on. No voice is raised to greet
 The last brave Constantine ; and yet the tread
 Of many steps is in the echoing street,
 And pressure of pale crowds, scarce conscious why they meet.

530

LXVI

Their homes are luxury's yet : why pour they thence
 With a dim terror in each restless eye ?
 Hath the dread car which bears the pestilence,
 In darkness, with its heavy wheels roll'd by,
 And rock'd their palaces, as if on high
 The whirlwind pass'd ?—From couch and joyous board
 Hath the fierce phantom beckon'd them to die ?
 —No !—what are these ?—for them a cup is pour'd
 More dark with wrath ;—*Man* comes—the spoiler and the sword.

590

LXVII

Still, as the monarch and his chieftains pass
 Through those pale throngs, the streaming torchlight throws
 On some wild form, amidst the living mass,
 Hues, deeply red like lava's, which disclose
 What countless shapes are worn by mortal woes !
 Lips bloodless, quivering limbs, hands clasp'd in prayer,
 Starts, tremblings, hurryings, tears ; all outward shows
 Betokening inward agonies, were there :
 —Greeks ! Romans ! all but such as image brave despair !

600

LXVIII

But high above that scene, in bright repose,
 And beauty borrowing from the torches' gleams
 A mien of life, yet where no life-blood flows,
 But all instinct with loftier being seems,
 Pale, grand, colossal ; lo ! the embodied dreams
 Of yore !—Gods, heroes, bards, in marble wrought,
 Look down, as powers, upon the wild extremes
 Of mortal passion !—Yet 'twas man that caught,
 And in each glorious form enshrined immortal thought !

610

LXIX

Stood ye not thus amidst the streets of Rome ?
 That Rome which witness'd, in her sceptred days,
 So much of noble death ?—When shrine and dome,
 'Midst clouds of incense, rung with choral lays,
 As the long triumph pass'd, with all its blaze
 Of regal spoil, were ye not proudly borne,
 O sovereign forms ! concent'ring all the rays
 Of the soul's lightnings ?—did ye not adorn
 The pomp which earth stood still to gaze on, and to mourn ?

620

LXX

Hath it been thus ?—Or did ye grace the halls
 Once peopled by the mighty ?—Haply there,
 In your still grandeur, from the pillar'd walls
 Serene ye smiled on banquets of despair,
 Where hopeless courage wrought itself to dare
 The stroke of its deliverance, 'midst the glow
 Of living wreaths, the sighs of perfumed air,
 The sound of lyres, the flower-crown'd goblet's flow :
 —Behold again !—high hearts make nobler offerings now ! 630

LXXI

The stately fane is reach'd—and at its gate
 The warriors pause ; on life's tumultuous tide
 A stillness falls, while he whom regal state
 Hath mark'd from all, to be more sternly tried
 By suffering, speaks :—each ruder voice hath died,
 While his implores forgiveness !—' If there be
 One 'midst your throngs, my people ! whom, in pride
 Or passion, I have wrong'd ; such pardon, free
 As mortals hope from Heaven, accord that man to me !'

LXXII

But all is silence ; and a gush of tears 640
 Alone replies !—He hath not been of those
 Who, fear'd by many, pine in secret fears
 Of all ; the environ'd but by slaves and foes,
 To whom day brings not safety, night repose,
 For they have *heard the voice cry, 'Sleep no more !'*
 Of them he hath not been, nor such as close
 Their hearts to misery, till the time is o'er,
 When it speaks low and kneels the oppressor's throne before !

LXXIII

He hath been loved—but who may trust the love 650
 Of a degenerate race ?—in other mould
 Are cast the free and lofty hearts, that prove
 Their faith through fiery trials.—Yet behold,
 And call him not forsaken !—Thoughts untold
 Have lent his aspect calmness, and his tread
 Moves firmly to the shrine.—What pomps unfold
 Within its precincts !—Isles and seas have shed
 Their gorgeous treasures there, around the imperial dead.

LXXIV

'Tis a proud vision—that most regal pile
 Of ancient days !—The lamps are streaming bright
 From its rich altar, down each pillar'd aisle, 660
 Whose vista fades in dimness ; but the sight
 Is lost in splendours, as the wavering light
 Develops, on those walls, the thousand dyes
 Of the vein'd marbles, which array their height,
 And from yon dome, the lodestar of all eyes,
 Pour such an iris-glow as emulates the skies.

LXXV

But gaze thou not on these ; though heaven's own hues,
 In their soft clouds and radiant tracery vie ;
 Though tints, of sun-born glory, may suffuse
 Arch, column, rich mosaic : pass thou by 670
 The stately tombs, where eastern Caesars lie,
 Beneath their trophies ; pause not here ; for know,
 A deeper source of all sublimity
 Lives in man's bosom, than the world can show,
 In nature or in art—above, around, below.

LXXVI

Turn thou to mark (though tears may dim thy gaze)
 The steel-clad group before yon altar-stone :
 Heed not though gems and gold around it blaze ;
 Those heads unhelm'd, those kneeling forms alone,
 Thus bow'd, look glorious here. The light is thrown 680
 Full from the shrine on one, a nation's lord,
 A sufferer !—but his task shall soon be done—
 E'en now, as Faith's mysterious cup is pour'd,
 See to that noble brow, peace, not of earth, restored !

LXXVII

The rite is o'er. The band of brethren part,
 Once—and *but* once—to meet on earth again !
 Each, in the strength of a collected heart,
 To dare what man may dare—and know 'tis vain !
 The rite is o'er : and thou, majestic fane !—
 The glory is departed from thy brow !— 690
 Be clothed with dust !—the Christian's farewell strain
 Hath died within thy walls ; thy Cross must bow ;
 Thy kingly tombs be spoil'd ; thy golden shrines laid low !

LXXVIII

The streets grow still and lonely—and the star,
 The last bright lingerer in the path of morn,
 Gleams faint ; and in the very lap of war,
 As if young Hope with twilight's ray were born,
 While the city sleeps :—her throngs, o'erworn
 With fears and watchings, to their homes retire ;
 Nor is the balmy air of dayspring torn 700
 With battle-sounds ; the winds in sighs expire,
 And quiet broods in mists that veil the sunbeam's fire.

LXXIX

The city sleeps !—aye ! on the combat's eve,
 And by the scaffold's brink, and 'midst the swell
 Of angry seas, hath Nature won reprieve
 Thus from her cares. The brave have slumber'd well,
 And e'en the fearful, in their dungeon-cell,
 Chain'd between life and death !—Such rest be thine,
 For conflicts wait thee still !—Yet who can tell
 In that brief hour, how much of heaven may shine 710
 Full on thy spirit's dream ?—Sleep, weary Constantine !

LXXX

Doth the blast rise ?—the clouded east is red,
 As if a storm were gathering ; and I hear
 What seems like heavy raindrops, or the tread,
 The soft and smother'd step of those that fear
 Surprise from ambush'd foes. Hark ! yet more near
 It comes, a many-toned and mingled sound ;
 A rustling, as of winds, where boughs are sear,
 A rolling, as of wheels that shake the ground
 From far ; a heavy rush, like seas that burst their bound ! 720

LXXXI

Wake, wake ! They come from sea and shore, ascending
 In hosts your ramparts ! Arm ye for the day !
 Who now may sleep amidst the thunders rending,
 Through tower and wall, a path for their array ?
 Hark ! how the trumpet cheers them to the prey,
 With its wild voice, to which the seas reply,
 And the earth rocks beneath their engines' sway,
 And the far hills repeat their battle-cry,
 Till that fierce tumult seems to shake the vaulted sky !

LXXXII

They fail not now, the generous band, that long 730
 Have ranged their swords around a falling throne ;
 Still in those fearless men the walls are strong,
 Hearts, such as rescue empires, are their own !
 —Shall those high energies be vainly shown ?
 No ! from their towers the invading tide is driven
 Back, like the Red Sea waves, when God had blown
 With His strong winds !—the dark-brow'd ranks are riven—
 Shout, warriors of the Cross !—for victory is of Heaven !

LXXXIII

Stand firm !—Again the Crescent host is rushing,
 And the waves foam, as on the galleys sweep, 740
 With all their fires and darts, though blood is gushing
 Fast o'er their sides, as rivers to the deep.
 Stand firm !—there yet is hope, the ascent is steep,
 And from on high no shaft descends in vain ;
 —But those that fall swell up the mangled heap,
 In the red moat, the dying and the slain,
 And o'er that fearful bridge the assailants mount again !

LXXXIV

Oh ! the dread mingling, in that awful hour,
 Of all terrific sounds !—the savage tone
 Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal, the shower 750
 Of hissing darts, the crash of walls o'erthrown,
 The deep dull tambour's beat—man's voice alone
 Is there unheard ! Ye may not catch the cry
 Of trampled thousands—prayer, and shriek, and moan,
 All drown'd, as that fierce hurricane sweeps by,
 But swell the unheeded sum earth pays for victory !

LXXXV

War-clouds have wrapt the city !—through their dun,
 O'erloaded canopy, at times a blaze,
 As of an angry storm-presaging sun,
 From the Greek fire shoots up ; and lightning rays 760
 Flash, from the shock of sabres, through the haze,
 And glancing arrows cleave the dusky air !
 —Aye ! *this* is in the compass of our gaze,—
 But fearful things, unknown, untold, are there,
 Workings of wrath and death, and anguish, and despair !

LXXXVI

Woe, shame and woe !—A chief, a warrior flies,
 A red-cross champion, bleeding, wild, and pale !
 —O God ! that nature's passing agonies
 Thus, o'er the spark which dies not, should prevail !
 Yes ! rend the arrow from thy shatter'd mail, 770
 And stanch the blood-drops, Genoa's fallen son !
 Fly swifter yet ! the javelins pour as hail !
 —But there are tortures which thou canst not shun,
 The spirit is *their* prey—thy pangs are but begun !

LXXXVII

Oh, happy in their homes, the noble dead !
 The seal is set on their majestic fame ;
 Earth has drunk deep the generous blood they shed,
 Fate has no power to dim their stainless name !
They may not, in one bitter moment, shame
 Long glorious years ; from many a lofty stem 780
 Fall graceful flowers, and eagle-hearts grow tame.
 And stars drop, fading, from the diadem ;
 But the bright *past* is theirs—there is no change for *them* !

LXXXVIII

Where art thou, Constantine ?—where death is reaping
 His sevenfold harvest !—where the stormy light,
 Fast as the artillery's thunderbolts are sweeping,
 Throws meteor-bursts o'er battle's noonday-night !
 Where the towers rock and crumble from their height,
 As to the earthquake, and the engines ply,
 Like red Vesuvio ; and where human might 790
 Confronts all this, and still brave hearts beat high,
 While scimitars ring loud on shivering panoply.

LXXXIX

Where art thou, Constantine ?—where Christian blood
 Hath bathed the walls in torrents, and in vain !
 Where faith and valour perish in the flood,
 Whose billows, rising o'er their bosoms, gain
 Dark strength each moment : where the gallant slain
 Around the banner of the Cross lie strew'd,
 Thick as the vine-leaves on the autumnal plain ;
 Where all, save one high spirit, is subdued, 800
 And through the breach press on the o'erwhelming multitude.

XC

Now is he battling 'midst a host alone,
 As the last cedar stems awhile the sway
 Of mountain-storms, whose fury hath o'erthrown
 Its forest-brethren in their green array !
 And he hath cast his purple robe away,
 With its imperial bearings ; that his sword
 An iron ransom from the chain may pay,
 And win, what haply fate may yet accord,
 A soldier's death—the all now left an empire's lord ! 810

XCI

Search for him now where bloodiest lie the files
 Which once were men, the faithful and the brave !
 Search for him now where loftiest rise the piles
 Of shatter'd helms and shields, which could not save ;
 And crest and banners, never more to wave
 In the free winds of heaven ! He is of those
 O'er whom the host may rush, the tempest rave,
 And the steeds trample, and the spearmen close,
 Yet wake them not !—so deep their long and last repose !

XCII

Woe to the vanquish'd !—thus it hath been still 820
 Since Time's first march !—Hark, hark, a people's cry !
 Aye, now the conquerors in the streets fulfil
 Their task of wrath ! In vain the victims fly ;
 Hark ! now each piercing tone of agony
 Blends in the city's shriek ! The lot is cast.
 Slaves, 'twas your *choice* thus, rather thus, to die,
 Than where the warrior's blood flows warm and fast,
 And roused and mighty hearts beat proudly to the last !

XCIII

Oh ! well doth freedom battle ! Men have made,
 E'en 'midst their blazing roofs, a noble stand, 830
 And on the floors, where once their children play'd,
 And by the hearths, round which their household band
 At evening met ; aye, struggling hand to hand,
 Within the very chambers of their sleep,
 There have they taught the spoilers of the land,
 In chainless hearts what fiery strength lies deep,
 To guard free homes !—but ye !—kneel, tremblers ! kneel, and weep !

XCIV

'Tis eve—the storm hath died, the valiant rest
 Low on their shields ; the day's fierce work is done,
 And blood-stain'd seas, and burning towers attest 840
 Its fearful deeds. An empire's race is run !
 Sad, 'midst his glory, looks the parting sun
 Upon the captive city. Hark ! a swell
 (Meet to proclaim barbaric war-fields won)
 Of fierce triumphal sounds, that wildly tell
 The Soldan comes within the Caesars' halls to dwell !

XCV

Yes ! with the peal of cymbal and of gong,
 He comes,—the Moslem treads those ancient halls !
 But all is stillness there, as death had long
 Been lord alone within those gorgeous walls. 850
 And half that silence of the grave appals
 The conqueror's heart. Aye, thus with triumph's hour,
 Still comes the boding whisper, which recalls
 A thought of those impervious clouds that lower
 O'er grandeur's path, a sense of some far mightier Power !

XCVI

' The owl upon Afrasiab's towers hath sung
 Her watch-song, and around the imperial throne
 The spider weaves his web ! ' Still darkly hung
 That verse of omen, as a prophet's tone,
 O'er his flush'd spirit. Years on years have flown 860
 To prove its truth : kings pile their domes in air,
 That the coil'd snake may bask on sculptured stone,
 And nations clear the forest, to prepare
 For the wild fox and wolf more stately dwellings there !

XCVII

But thou ! that on thy ramparts proudly dying,
 As a crown'd leader in such hours should die,
 Upon thy pyre of shiver'd spears art lying,
 With the heavens o'er thee for a canopy,
 And banners for thy shroud ! No tear, no sigh,
 Shall mingle with thy dirge ; for thou art now 870
 Beyond vicissitude ! Lo ! rear'd on high,
 The Crescent blazes, while the Cross must bow ;
 But where no change can reach, there, Constantine, art thou !

XCVIII

' After life's fitful fever thou sleep'st well ! '
 We may not mourn thee ! Sceptred chiefs, from whom
 The earth received her destiny, and fell
 Before them trembling—to a sterner doom
 Have oft been call'd. For them the dungeon's gloom,
 With its cold starless midnight, hath been made
 More fearful darkness, where, as in a tomb, 880
 Without a tomb's repose, the chain hath weigh'd
 Their very soul to dust, with each high power decay'd.

XCIX

Or in the eye of thousands they have stood,
 To meet the stroke of death ; but not like thee !
 From bonds and scaffolds hath appeal'd *their* blood,
 But thou didst fall unfetter'd, arm'd, and free,
 And kingly to the last !—And if it be,
 That, from the viewless world, whose marvels none
 Return to tell, a spirit's eye can see
 The things of earth ; still may'st thou hail the sun 890
 Which o'er thy land shall dawn, when freedom's fight is won !

C

And the hour comes, in storm ! A light is glancing
 Far through the forest-god's Arcadian shades !
 —'Tis not the moonbeam, tremulously dancing,
 Where lone Alpheus bathes his haunted glades ;
 A murmur, gathering power, the air pervades,
 Round dark Cithaeron, and by Delphi's steep ;
 —'Tis not the song and lyre of Grecian maids,
 Nor pastoral reed that lulls the vales to sleep,
 Nor yet the rustling pines, nor yet the sounding deep !

900

CI

Arms glitter on the mountains, which, of old,
 Awoke to freedom's first heroic strain,
 And by the streams, once crimson, as they roll'd
 The Persian helm and standard to the main ;
 And the blue waves of Salamis again
 Thrill to the trumpet ; and the tombs reply,
 With their ten thousand echoes, from each plain,
 Far as Plataea's, where the mighty lie,
 Who crown'd so proudly there the bowl of liberty !

CII

Bright land, with glory mantled o'er by song !
 Land of the vision-peopled hills, and streams,
 And fountains, whose deserted banks along,
 Still the soft air with inspiration teems ;
 Land of the graves, whose dwellers shall be themes
 To verse for ever ; and of ruin'd shrines,
 That scarce look desolate beneath such beams,
 As bathe in gold thine ancient rocks and pines ?
 —When shall thy sons repose in peace beneath their vines ?

910

CIII

Thou wert not made for bonds, nor shame, nor fear !
 —Do the hoar oaks and dark-green laurels wave
 O'er Mantinea's earth ?—doth Pindus rear
 His snows, the sunbeam, and the storm to brave ?
 And is there yet on Marathon a grave ?
 And doth Eurotas lead his silvery line
 By Sparta's ruins ?—And shall man, a slave,
 Bow'd to the dust, amid such scenes repine ?
 —If e'er a soil was mark'd for freedom's step—'tis thine !

920

CIV

Wash from that soil the stains, with battle-showers !
 —Beneath Sophia's dome the Moslem prays,
 The Crescent gleams amidst the olive-bowers,
 In the Comneni's halls the Tartar sways :
 But not for long !—the spirit of those days,
 When the three hundred made their funeral pile
 Of Asia's dead, is kindling, like the rays
 Of thy rejoicing sun, when first his smile
 Warms the Parnassian rock, and gilds the Delian isle

930

CV

If then 'tis given thee to arise in might,
 Trampling the scourge, and dashing down the chain,
 Pure be thy triumphs, as thy name is bright !
 The cross of victory should not know a stain !
 So may that faith once more supremely reign,
 Through which we lift our spirits from the dust !
 And deem not, e'en when virtue dies in vain,
 She dies forsaken ; but repose our trust
 On Him whose ways are dark, unsearchable—but just.

940

GREEK SONGS

I. THE STORM OF DELPHI¹

FAR through the Delphian shades
 An Eastern trumpet rung !
 And the startled eagle rush'd on
 high,
 With a sounding flight through the
 fiery sky ;
 And banners, o'er the shadowy
 glades,
 To the sweeping winds were
 flung.

Banners, with deep-red gold
 All waving as a flame,
 And a fitful glance from the bright
 spear-head
 On the dim wood-paths of the moun-
 tain shed,¹⁰
 And a peal of Asia's war-notes
 told
 That in arms the Persian came.

He came with starry gems
 On his quiver and his crest ;
 With starry gems, at whose heart
 the day
 Of the cloudless orient burning lay,
 And they cast a gleam on the
 laurel-stems,
 As onward his thousands
 press'd.

But a gloom fell o'er their way,
 And a heavy moan went by !
 A moan, yet not like the wind's low
 swell,²¹
 When its voice grows wild amidst
 cave and dell,
 But a mortal murmur of dismay,
 Or a warrior's dying sigh !

A gloom fell o'er their way .
 'Twas not the shadow cast
 By the dark pine boughs, as they
 cross'd the blue
 Of the Grecian heavens with their
 solemn hue ;—
 The air was fill'd with a mightier
 sway—
 But on the spearmen pass'd !

And hollow to their tread³¹
 Came the echoes of the ground,
 And banners droop'd, as with dews
 o'erborne,
 And the wailing blast of the battle
 horn
 Had an alter'd cadence, dull and
 dead,
 Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain,
 When the steep defiles were
 pass'd !

¹ See the account cited from Herodotus, in MITFORD's *Greece*.

And afar the crown'd Parnassus rose,
To shine through heaven with his
radiant snows, 40
And in golden light the Delphian
fane

Before them stood at last !

In golden light it stood,
'Midst the laurels gleaming lone,
For the Sun-god yet, with a lovely
smile,
O'er its graceful pillars look'd awhile
Though the stormy shade on
cliff and wood
Grew deep round its mountain-
throne.

And the Persians gave a shout !
But the marble-walls replied,
With a clash of steel and a sullen
roar 51
Like heavy wheels on the ocean-
shore,
And a savage trumpet's note
peal'd out,
Till their hearts for terror died !

On the armour of the god,
Then a viewless hand was laid ;
There were helm and spear, with a
clanging din,
And corslet brought from the shrine
within,
From the inmost shrine of the
dread abode, 59
And before its front array'd.

And a sudden silence fell
Through the dim and loaded air !
On the wild-bird's wing, and the
myrtle spray,
And the very founts, in their silvery
way,
With a weight of sleep came down
the spell,
Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon !
'Twas not by song or lyre ;
For the Delphian maids had left
their bowers,

And the hearths were lone in the
city's towers, 70
But there burst a sound through
the misty noon—
That battle-noon of fire !

It burst from earth and heaven !
It roll'd from crag and cloud !
For a moment of the mountain-
blast,
With a thousand stormy voices
pass'd,
And the purple gloom of the sky
was riven,
When the thunder peal'd aloud.

And the lightnings in their play
Flash'd forth, like javelins
thrown ; 80
Like sun-darts wing'd from the silver
bow,
They smote the spear and the tur-
ban'd brow,
And the bright gems flew from the
crests like spray,
And the banners were struck
down !

And the massy oak-boughs crash'd
To the fire-bolts from on high,
And the forest lent its billowy roar,
While the glorious tempest onward
bore,
And lit the streams, as they foam'd
and dash'd, 89
With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rush'd the Delphian men
On the pale and scatter'd host ;
Like the joyous burst of a flashing
wave,
They rush'd from the dim Corycian
cave,
And the singing blast o'er wood
and glen
Roll'd on, with the spears they
toss'd.

There were cries of wild dismay,
There were shouts of warrior-
glee,

There were savage sounds of the
tempest's mirth,
That shook the realm of their eagle-
birth;

But the mount of song, when they
died away,

Still rose, with its temple, free!

And the Paean swell'd ere long,

Io Paean! from the fane;

Io Paean! for the war-array,
On the crown'd Parnassus riven that
day!

—Thou shalt rise as free, thou
mount of song!

With thy bounding streams
again.

II. THE BOWL OF LIBERTY

BEFORE the fiery sun,
The sun that looks on Greece with
cloudless eye,

In the free air, and on the war-field
won,

Our fathers crown'd the Bowl of
Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,
The tombs of heroes! with the
solemn skies,
And the wide plain around, where
patriot-blood

Had steep'd the soil in hues of sacri-
fice.

They call'd the glorious dead,
In the strong faith which brings the
viewless nigh,

And pour'd rich odours o'er their
battle-bed,
And bade them to their rite of
Liberty.

They call'd them from the shades,
The golden-fruited shades, where
minstrels tell

How sober light the immortal clime
pervades,

And music floats o'er meads of
Asphodel.

Then fast the bright-red wine¹
Flow'd to *their* names who taught
the world to die,

And made the land's green turf a
living shrine,
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of
Liberty.

So the rejoicing earth
Took from her vines again the blood
she gave,
And richer flowers to deck the tomb
drew birth
From the free soil thus hallow'd to
the brave.

We have the battle-fields,
The tombs, the names, the blue
majestic sky,
We have the founts the purple
vintage yields;
—When shall *we* crown the Bowl of
Liberty?

III. THE VOICE OF SCIO

A VOICE from Scio's isle—
A voice of song, a voice of old
Swept far as cloud or billow roll'd,
And earth was hush'd the while—

The souls of nations woke!
Where lies the land whose hills
among,
That voice of Victory hath not rung.
As if a trumpet spoke?

To sky, and sea, and shore,
Of those whose blood, on Ilion's
plain,
Swept from the rivers to the main,
A glorious tale it bore.

Still, by our sun-bright deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them, in its rushing
way,
The sons of battle sleep.

¹ For an account of this ceremony, anciently performed in commemoration of the battle of Plataea, see POTTER'S *Antiquities of Greece*, i, 389.

And kings their turf have crown'd !
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave
Brought garlands there : so rest the
brave,

Who thus their bard have found !

A voice from Scio's isle, ²¹
A voice as deep hath risen again
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Where'er our sun may smile !

Let not its tones expire !
Such power to waken earth and
heaven,
And might and vengeance, ne'er was
given

To mortal song or lyre !

Know ye not whence it comes ?
—From ruin'd hearths, from burning
fanes, ³⁰
From kindred blood on yon red plains,
From desolated homes !

'Tis with us through the night !
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—
Hear it, ye heavens ! when swords
flash high,
O'er the mid-waves of fight !

IV. THE SPARTANS' MARCH

['The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle,' says Thucydides, 'because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging-step was made to the "Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur.'—CAMPBELL on the *Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks*.]

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dress'd the vines ;
Sunlight was on Cithaeron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and
flowers,

Eurotas wander'd by.

When a sound arose from Sparta's
towers

Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain
To the woodland-goddess pour'd ?
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane ¹¹
Strike the full sounding chord ?

But helms were glancing on the
stream,

Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious
beam

To the morn of a fearful day !

And the mountain-echoes of the land
Swell'd through the deep-blue
sky ;

While to soft strains moved forth
a band

Of men that moved to die. ²⁰

They march'd not with the trumpet's
blast,

Nor bade the horn peal out,
And the laurel groves, as on they
pass'd,

Rung with no battle shout !

They ask'd no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high ;
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan
lyre

For the sons of liberty !

And still sweet flutes, their path
around

Sent forth Aeolian breath ; ³⁰

They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death !

So moved they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan
shield,

Or on it proudly borne !

V. THE URN AND SWORD

THEY sought for treasures in the
tomb,

Where gentler hands were wont to
spread

Fresh boughs and flowers of purple
bloom,

And sunny ringlets, for the dead.¹

¹ See POTTER'S *Grecian Antiquities*, ii, 234.

They scatter'd far the greensward
 heap,
 Where once those hands the bright
 wine pour'd ;
 —What found they in the home of
 sleep ?—
 A mouldering urn, a shiver'd sword !

An urn, which held the dust of
 one
 Who died when hearths and shrines
 were free ;
 A sword, whose work was proudly
 done
 Between our mountains and the
 sea.

And these are treasures !—undis-
 may'd,
 Still for the suffering land we trust,
 Wherein the past its fame hath
 laid,
 With freedom's sword, and valour's
 dust

VI. THE MYRTLE-BOUGH

Still green, along our sunny shore
 The flowering myrtle waves,
 As when its fragrant boughs of yore
 Were offered on the graves ;
 The graves, wherein our mighty men
 Had rest, unviolated then.

Still green it waves ! as when the
 hearth
 Was sacred through the land ;
 And fearless was the banquet's mirth
 And free the minstrel's hand ;
 And guests, with shining myrtle
 crowned,
 Sent the wreathed lyre and wine-cup
 round.

Still green ! as when on holy ground
 The tyrant's blood was poured :—
 Forget ye not what garlands bound
 The young deliverer's sword !—
 Though earth may shroud Harmo-
 dius now,
 We still have sword and myrtle-
 bough !

LAYS OF MANY LANDS

The following pieces may so far be considered a series, as each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern* ; the execution is, however, different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.

MOORISH BRIDAL SONG

[It is a custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal-song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home.—See the *Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli*, by the Sister-in-law of Mr. Tully.]

THE citron-groves their fruit and flowers were strewing
 Around a Moorish palace, while the sigh
 Of low sweet summer-winds, the branches wooing
 With music through their shadowy bowers went by ;
 Music and voices, from the marble halls,
 Through the leaves gleaming, and the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal-song came swelling,
 To blend with fragrance in those southern shades,
 And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,
 Bright lamps, and dancing steps, and gem-crown'd maids : 10
 And thus it flow'd ;—yet something in the lay
 Belong'd to sadness, as it died away.

' The bride comes forth ! her tears no more are falling
 To leave the chamber of her infant years ;
 Kind voices from a distant home are calling ;
 She comes like day-spring—she hath done with tears ;
 Now must her dark eye shine on other flowers,
 Her soft smile gladden other hearts than ours !—
 Pour the rich odours round !

' We haste ! the chosen and the lovely bringing ; 20
 Love still goes with her from her place of birth ;
 Deep, silent joy within her soul is springing,
 Though in her glance the light no more is mirth !
 Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years ;
 Her sisters weep—but she hath done with tears !—
 Now may the timbrel sound !'

Know'st thou for *whom* they sang the bridal numbers ?—
 One, whose rich tresses were to wave no more !
 One, whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,
 Nor Love's own sigh, to rose-tints might restore ! 30
 Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread. --
 Weep for the young, the beautiful,—the dead !

THE BIRD'S RELEASE

[The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the description of Virginia's funeral.—See *Paul and Virginia*.]

Go forth, for she is gone !
 With the golden light of her wavy hair,
 She is gone to the fields of the viewless air ;
 She hath left her dwelling lone !

Her voice hath pass'd away !
 It hath pass'd away like a summer breeze,
 When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
 Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free !
 With thy radiant wing, and thy glancing eye,
 Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
 And what is our grief to thee ? 10

Is it aught even to her we mourn ?
 Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed ?
 Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
 Or float, on the light wind borne ?

We know not—but she is gone !
 Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
 And the smile of her eye from the festal throng ;—
 She hath left her dwelling lone !

20

When the waves at sunset shine,
 We may hear thy voice amidst thousands more,
 In the scented woods of our glowing shore ;
 But we shall not know 'tis thine !

Even so with the loved one flown !
 Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
 Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
 Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain !
 We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
 Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers ;
 But thou wilt not be lured again.

30

Even thus may the summer pour
 All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
 And the glorious earth like a bride be dress'd,
 But it wins *her* back no more !

THE SWORD OF THE TOMB

A NORTHERN LEGEND

[The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in *Starkøther*, a tragedy by the Danish poet Oehlenschläger. The sepulchral fire here alluded to, and supposed to guard the ashes of deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the departed spirit were supposed by the Scandinavian mythologists to be the consequence of any profanation of the sepulchre.—See OEHLENSCHLÄGER'S *Plays*.]

' VOICE of the gifted elder time !
 Voice of the charm and the Runic rhyme !
 Speak ! from the shades and the depths disclose
 How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal foes ;
 Voice of the buried past !

' Voice of the grave ! 'tis the mighty hour,
 When night with her stars and dreams hath power.
 And my step hath been soundless on the snows,
 And the spell I have sung hath laid repose
 On the billow and the blast.'

10

Then the torrents of the North,
 And the forest pines were still,
 While a hollow chant came forth
 From the dark sepulchral hill.

'There shines no sun 'midst the hidden dead ;
But where the day looks not the brave may tread ;
There is heard no song, and no mead is pour'd ;
But the warrior may come to the silent board,
In the shadow of the night.

'There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb,
And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's doom ;
But soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might !'

20

Then died the solemn lay,
As a trumpet's music dies,
By the night-wind borne away
Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir-trees rock'd to the wailing blast,
As on through the forest the warrior pass'd—
Through the forest of Odin, the dim and old—
The dark place of visions and legends, told
By the fires of Northern pine.

30

The fir-trees rock'd, and the frozen ground
Gave back to his footsteps a hollow sound ;
And it seem'd that the depths of those awful shades,
From the dreary gloom of their long arcades,
Gave warning, with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic knows,
To call wild shape and tone
From the grey wood's tossing boughs,
When Night is on her throne.

40

The pines closed o'er him with deeper gloom,
As he took the path to the monarch's tomb :
The Pole-star shone, and the heavens were bright
With the arrowy streams of the Northern light ;
But his road through dimness lay !

He pass'd, in the heart of that ancient wood,
The dark shrine stain'd with the victim's blood ;
Nor paused till the rock, where a vaulted bed
Had been hewn of old for the kingly dead,
Arose on his midnight way.

50

Then first a moment's chill
Went shuddering through his breast,
And the steel-clad man stood still
Before that place of rest.

But he cross'd at length, with a deep-drawn breath,
The threshold-floor of the hall of Death,
And look'd on the pale mysterious fire
Which gleam'd from the urn of his warrior-sire 60
With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding strain
Like an omen rose on his soul again,
—'Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!'

But the gleaming sword and shield
Of many a battle-day
Hung o'er that urn, reveal'd
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray ; 70

With a faded wreath of oak-leaves bound,
They hung o'er the dust of the far-renown'd,
Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning voice
Had call'd to the banquet where gods rejoice,
And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew near,
And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear,
—'Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!'

And many a Saga's rhyme,
And legend of the grave,
That shadowy scene and time
Call'd back, to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm—and the flame grew dim,
And the sword in its light seem'd to wave and swim,
And his faltering hand could not grasp it well—
From the pale oak-wreath, with a clash it fell
Through the chamber of the dead !

The deep tomb rang with the heavy sound, 90
And the urn lay shiver'd in fragments round ;
And a rush, as of tempests, quench'd the fire,
And the scatter'd dust of his warlike sire
Was strewn on the Champion's head.

One moment—and all was still
In the slumberer's ancient hall,
When the rock had ceas'd to thrill
With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading, one by one,
The clouds were just tinged by the early sun, 100
When there stream'd through the cavern a torch's flame,
And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came
To seek him in the tomb.

Stretch'd on his shield, like the steel-girt slain,
By moonlight seen on the battle-plain,
In a speechless trance lay the warrior there ;
But he wildly woke when the torch's glare
Burst on him through the gloom.

' The morning wind blows free,
And the hour of chase is near : 110
Come forth, come forth with me !
What do'st thou, Sigurd, here ? '

' I have put out the holy sepulchral fire,
I have scatter'd the dust of my warrior-sire !
It burns on my head, and it weighs down my heart ;
But the winds shall not wander without their part
To strew o'er the restless deep !

' In the mantle of death he was here with me now—
There was wrath in his eye, there was gloom on his brow ;
And his cold still glance on my spirit fell 120
With an icy ray and a withering spell—
Oh ! chill is the house of sleep ! '

' The morning wind blows free,
And the reddening sun shines clear ;
Come forth, come forth with me !
It is dark and fearful here ! '

' He is there, he is there, with his shadowy frown !
But gone from his head is the kingly crown -
The crown from his head, and the spear from his hand -
They have chased him far from the glorious land 130
Where the feast of the gods is spread !

' He must go forth alone on his phantom steed,
He must ride o'er the grave-hills with stormy speed ;
His place is no longer at Odin's board,
He is driven from Valhalla without his sword ;
But the slayer shall avenge the dead ! '

That sword its fame had won
By the fall of many a crest ;
But its fiercest work was done
In the tomb, on Sigurd's breast ! 140

VALKYRIUR SONG

[The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And, lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile.—See MALLET'S *Northern Antiquities*, HERBERT'S *Helga*, &c.]

Tremblingly flash'd the inconstant
meteor light,
Showing thin forms like virgins of this
earth;
Save that all signs of human joy or
grief,
The flush of passion, smile, or tear, had
seem'd
On the fix'd brightness of each dazzling
check
Strange and unnatural. MILMAN.

THE sea-king woke from the troubled
sleep
Of a vision-haunted night,
And he look'd from his bark o'er the
gloomy deep,
And counted the streaks of light;
or the red sun's earliest ray
Was to rouse his bands that day
To the stormy joy of fight!

But the dreams of rest were still on
earth,
And the silent stars on high,
And there waved not the smoke of
one cabin hearth 10
'Midst the quiet of the sky;
And along the twilight bay,
In their sleep the hamlets lay,
For they knew not the Norse were
nigh!

The Sea-king look'd o'er the brooding
wave:

He turn'd to the dusky shore,
And there seem'd, through the arch
of a tide-worn cave,
A gleam, as of snow, to pour;
And forth, in watery light, 10
Moved phantoms, dimly white,
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side;
And the forms, as they grew more
clear,
Seem'd each on a tall pale steed to
ride,

And a shadowy crest to rear,
And to beckon with faint hand
From the dark and rocky strand,
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
Before the unearthly train, 30
For he knew Valhalla's daughters
well,

The Choosers of the slain!
And a sudden rising breeze
Bore, across the moaning seas,
To his ear their thrilling strain.

'There are songs in Odin's
Hall

For the brave ere night to fall
Doth the great sun hide his
ray?—

He must bring a wrathful day!
Sleeps the falchion in its
sheath?— 40

Swords must do the work of
death!

Regner!—Sea-king!—*thee* we
call!—

There is joy in Odin's Hall.

'At the feast and in the song,
Thou shalt be remember'd
long!

By the green isles of the flood,
Thou hast left thy track in
blood!

On the earth and on the sea,
There are those will speak of thee!

'Tis enough, — the war-gods call,—

There is mead in Odin's Hall!

'Regner! tell thy fair-hair'd bride

She must slumber at thy side!

Tell the brother of thy breast

Even for him thy grave hath rest!

Tell the raven steed which bore thee,

When the wild wolf fled before thee,

He too with his lord must fall,—
There is room in Odin's Hall!

Lo! the mighty sun looks forth—

Arm! thou leader of the north!

Lo! the mists of twilight fly,—

We must vanish, thou must die!

By the sword and by the spear,

By the hand that knows not fear,

Sea-king! nobly shalt thou fall!

There is joy in Odm's Hall!

There was arming heard on land and wave,

When afar the sunlight spread,
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave

With the mists of morning fled;

But at eve, the kingly hand

Of the battle axe and brand

Lay cold on a pile of dead!

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS

A SWISS TRADITION

(The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsman call them the Three Tells, and say that they lie there in their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liber-

ties of the land.—See *Quarterly Review*, No. 44.

The Grütli, where the confederates held their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of the Forest-cantons, here called the Forest-sea.]

On! enter not yon shadowy cave,

Seek not the bright spars there,

Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave

With freshness fill the air:

For there the Patriot Three,

In the garb of old array'd,

By their native Forest-sea,

On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore

Beneath the midnight sky,

And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore

In the name of liberty!

Now silently they sleep

Amidst the hills they freed;

But their rest is only deep

Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,

Nor the Lammereyger's cry,

Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,

Nor the Lauwine thundering by!

And the Alpine herdsman's lay,

To a Switzer's heart so dear!

On the wild wind floats away,

No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown

Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,

When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone

Through their eagles' lonely sky;

When the spear-heads light the lakes,

When trumpets loose the snows,

When the rushing war-steed shakes

The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
 In the burning hamlet's light ;—
Then from the cavern of the dead
 Shall the sleepers wake in might !
 With a leap, like Tell's proud
 leap
 When away the helm he
 flung,
 And boldly up the steep
 From the flashing billow
 sprung !¹ 40

They shall wake beside their Forest-
 sea,
 In the ancient garb they wore
 When they link'd the hands that
 made us free,
 On the Grütli moonlight shore ;
 And their voices shall be
 heard,
 And be answer'd with a
 shout.
 Till the echoing Alps are
 stirr'd,
 And the signal-fires blaze
 out.

And the land shall see such deeds
 again
 As those of that proud day, 50
 When Winkelried, on Sempach's
 plain,
 Through the serried spears made
 way ;
 And when the rocks came
 down
 On the dark Morgarten dell,
 And the crowned casques,²
 o'erthrown,
 Before our fathers fell !

For the Kùhreihen's³ notes must
 never sound
 In a land that wears the chain,
 And the vines on freedom's holy
 ground
 Untrampled must remain ! 60

And the yellow harvests wave
 For no stranger's hand to
 reap,
 While within their silent cave
 The men of Grütli sleep !

SWISS SONG

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT
BATTLE

[The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient battles with much solemnity ; assembling in the open air on the fields where their ancestors fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated. They afterwards walk in procession to chapels, always erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where masses are sung for the souls of the departed.—See PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.]

Look on the white Alps round !
 If yet they gird a land
 Where Freedom's voice and step
 are found,
 Forget ye not the band,—
 The faithful band, our sires, who fell
 Here in the narrow battle dell !
 If yet, the wilds among,
 Our silent hearts may burn,
 When the deep mountain-horn
 hath rung, 9
 And home our steps may turn,—
 Home !—home !—if still that name
 be dear,
 Praise to the men who perish'd here !
 Look on the white Alps round !
 Up to their shining snows
 That day the stormy rolling sound,
 The sound of battle, rose !
 Their caves prolong'd the trumpet's
 blast,
 Their dark pines trembled as it
 pass'd !

¹ The point of rock on which Tell leaped from the boat of Gessler is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensprung*.

² *Crowned Helmets*, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in SIMOND'S *Switzerland*.

³ The Kùhreihen—the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*.

They saw the princely crest,
 They saw the knightly spear,
 The banner and the mail-clad
 breast,²¹
 Borne down, and trampled here!
 They saw—and glorying there they
 stand,
 Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,
 The brethren of the glen!
 By them no steel array was worn,
 They stood as peasant-men!
 They left the vineyard and the field,
 To break an empire's lance and
 shield!³⁰

Look on the white Alps round!
 If yet, along their steep,
 Our children's fearless feet may
 bound,
 Free as the chamois leaps:

Teach them in song to bless the band
 Amidst whose mossy graves we
 stand!

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
 When winter stars gleam cold,
 The glorious tales of elder days
 May proudly yet be told,⁴⁰
 Forget not then the shepherd race,
 Who made the hearth a holy
 place!

Look on the white Alps round
 If yet the Sabbath-bell
 Comes o'er them with a gladden-
 ing sound.
 Think on the battle dell!
 For blood first bathed its flowery
 sod,
 That chainless hearts might worship
 God!

THE MESSENGER BIRD

[Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.—See PICART'S *Ceremonies and Religious Customs*.]

Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird!
 Thou art come from the spirits' land:
 Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
 And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
 In the light of that summer shore,
 And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
 They are there—and they weep no more!

And we know they have quenched their fever's thirst
 From the Fountain of youth ere now,¹
 For *there* must the stream in its freshness burst
 Which none may find below!

10

¹ An expedition was actually undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the sixteenth century, with a view of discovering a wonderful fountain, believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Lucayo Isles, and to possess the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters.—See ROBERTSON'S *History of America*.

And we know that they will not be lured to earth
 From the land of deathless flowers,
 By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,
 Though their hearts were once with ours :

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
 And bent with us the bow,
 And heard the tales of our fathers' days,
 Which are told to others now !

20

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain !
 Can those who have loved forget ?
 We call—and they answer not again—
 Do they love—do they love us yet ?

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,
 And the father of his child ?
 And the chief, of those that were wont to share
 His wandering through the wild ?

We call them far through the silent night,
 And they speak not from cave or hill ;
 We know, thou bird ! that their land is bright,
 But say, do they love there still ?

30

THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA

[An early traveller mentions people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers.—*PICART'S Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*

'J'ai passé moi-même,' says Chateaubriand in his *Souvenirs d'Amérique*, 'chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait à pleurer à la vue d'un voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des amis partis pour la Contrée des Ames, et depuis long-temps en voyage.']

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
 We look'd for the youth of the sunny glance
 Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance !
 The light of his eye was a joy to see,
 The path of his arrows a storm to flee !
 But there came a voice from a distant shore :
 He was call'd—he is found 'midst his tribe no more !
 He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
 But we look for him still—he will yet return !
 His brother sat with a drooping brow
 In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough :
 We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,
 For we heard a step—but the step was thine.

10

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
 We look'd for the maid of the mournful song—
 Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long !
 We told her the youth of her love was gone,
 And she went forth to seek him—she pass'd alone ;
 We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
 From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill. 20
 The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
 The winter is white on his lonely head,
 He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
 He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back !
 We look'd for her eye on the feast to shine,
 For her breezy step—but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
 We look'd for the chief who hath left the spear
 And the bow of his battles forgotten here !
 We look'd for the hunter, whose bride's lament 30
 On the wind of the forest at eve is sent :
 We look'd for the first-born, whose mother's cry
 Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky !—
 Where are they ?—thou'rt seeking some distant coast—
 O ask of them, stranger !—send back the lost !
 Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams,
 Tell them our lives but of them are dreams !
 Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,
 And to watch for a step—but the step was thine !

THE ISLE OF FOUNTS

AN INDIAN TRADITION

[The river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land ; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth : they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game ; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labrynths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive

pursuit, and to return ; which, after a number of difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of so charming a country ; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot.]—BERTRAM'S *Travels through North and South Carolina*, &c.

The additional circumstances in *The Isle of Founts* are merely imaginary.]

Son of the stranger ! wouldst thou
 take
 O'er yon blue hills thy lonely
 way,
 To reach the still and shining lake
 Along whose banks the west
 winds play ?—

Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain
Isle!

Lull but the mighty serpent king,¹
Midst the grey rocks, his old
domain;
Ward but the cougar's deadly
spring,—
Thy step that lake's green shore
may gain;
And the bright Isle, when all is
pass'd,
Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow
streams,
Clear as within thine arrow's
flight,
The Isle of Founts, the Isle of
dreams,
Floats on the wave in golden
light;
And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

And breathings from their sunny
flowers,
Which are not of the things that
die,
And singing voices from their
bowers,
Shall greet thee in the purple
sky;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that
rise
From the deep chambers of the
earth?
The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave
birth?²

Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the
waves.
30

The emerald waves!—they take
their hue
And image from that sunbright
shore;
But wouldst thou launch thy light
canoe,
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid
oar,—
Before thee, hadst thou morning's
speed,
The dreamy land should still recede!

Yet on the breeze thou still
wouldst hear
The music of its flowering shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its
glades;
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play!

But woe for him who sees them
burst
With their bright spray-showers
to the lake!
Earth has no spring to quench the
thirst
That semblance in his soul shall
wake,
For ever pouring through his dreams,
The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lip shall
burn,
Parch'd with the fever's agony!
From the blue mountains to the
main
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

¹ The Cherokees believe that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the 'bright old inhabitants'. They represent them as snakes of an enormous size, and which possess the power of drawing to them every living creature that comes within the reach of their eyes. Their heads are said to be crowned with a carbuncle of dazzling brightness.—See Notes to LEYDEN'S *Scenes of Infancy*.

² The stones on the banks of the Oronoco, called by the South American missionaries *Laxas de Musica*, and alluded to in a former note.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
 Back from their long and weary
 quest ;—
 Had they not seen the untrodden
 shore,
 And could they 'midst our wilds
 find rest ?
 The lightning of their glance was fled,
 They dwelt amongst us as the dead !
 They lay beside our glittering rills,
 With visions in their darken'd
 eye, ⁶²
 Their joy was not amidst the hills
 Where elk and deer before us fly;
 Their spears upon the cedar hung,
 Their javelins to the wind were flung.
 They bent no more the forest-bow,
 They arm'd not with the war-
 rior-band,
 The moons waned o'er them dim
 and slow—
 They left us for the spirits' land !
 Beneath our pines yon greensward
 heap ⁷¹
 Shows where the restless found their
 sleep.
 Son of the stranger ! if at eve
 Silence be 'midst us in thy place,
 Yet go not where the mighty leave
 The strength of battle and of
 chase !
 Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
 Oh ! seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

THE BENDED BOW

[It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow* ; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.— See the *Cambrian Antiquities*.]

THERE was heard the sound of a
 coming foe,
 There was sent through Britain a
 bended bow ;
 And a voice was pour'd on the free
 winds far,
 As the land rose up at the sign of war.

' Heard you not the battle-horn?—
 Reaper ! leave thy golden corn !
 Leave it for the birds of heaven,
 Swords must flash, and spears be
 riven !
 Leave it for the winds to shed—
 Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red !'

And the reaper arm'd, like a free-
 man's son ; ¹¹
 And the bended bow and the voice
 pass'd on.

' Hunter ! leave the mountain-
 chase !
 Take the falchion from its place !
 Let the wolf go free to-day,
 Leave him for a nobler prey !
 Let the deer ungall'd sweep by,—
 Arm thee ! Britain's foes are nigh !

And the hunter arm'd ere the chase
 was done ;
 And the bended bow and the voice
 pass'd on. ²⁰

Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast !
 Stay not till the song hath ceased
 Though the mead be foaming
 bright,
 Though the fires give ruddy light,
 Leave the hearth, and leave the
 hall—
 Arm thee ! Britain's foes must
 fall.'

And the chieftain arm'd, and the
 horn was blown ;
 And the bended bow and the voice
 pass'd on.

' Prince ! thy father's deeds are
 told, ²⁹
 In the bower and in the hold !
 Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
 Where the minstrel's harp is
 strung !
 Foes are on thy native sea—
 Give our bards a tale of thee !'

And the prince came arm'd, like a
 leader's son ;
 And the bended bow and the voice
 pass'd on.

'Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
 He must learn the battle's joy.
 Sister! bring the sword and spear,
 Give thy brother words of cheer!
 Maiden! bid thy lover part, 41
 Britain calls the strong in heart!'
 And the bended bow and the voice
 pass'd on;
 And the bards made song for a battle
 won.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

[It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.]

THE bark that held a prince went
 down,
 The sweeping waves roll'd on;
 And what was England's glorious
 crown
 To him that wept a son?
 He lived—for life may long be borne
 Ere sorrow break its chain;
 Why comes not death to those who
 mourn?—
 He never smiled again!
 There stood proud forms around his
 throne,
 The stately and the brave; 10
 But which could fill the place of one,
 That one beneath the wave?
 Before him pass'd the young and
 fair,
 In pleasure's reckless train;
 But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright
 hair—
 He never smiled again!
 He sat where festal bowls went round,
 He heard the minstrel sing,
 He saw the tourney's victor crown'd,
 Amidst the knightly ring: 20
 A murmur of the restless deep
 Was blent with every strain,
 A voice of winds that would not
 sleep—
 He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the
 trace
 Of vows once fondly pour'd,
 And strangers took the kinsman's
 place
 At many a joyous board;
 Graves, which true love had bathed
 with tears, 20
 Were left to heaven's bright rain,
 Fresh hopes were born for other
 years—
 He never smiled again!

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER
OF HIS FATHER

[The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.]

TORCHES were blazing clear,
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a king lay stately on his bier
 In the church of Fontevraud.
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,
 And warriors slept beneath,
 And light, as noon's broad light was
 flung
 On the settled face of death.
 On the settled face of death
 A strong and ruddy glare, 10
 Though dimm'd at times by the
 censor's breath,
 Yet it fell still brightest there:
 As if each deeply furrow'd trace
 Of earthly years to show,—
 Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
 Had surely closed in woe!
 The marble floor was swept
 By many a long dark stole,
 As the kneeling priests, round him
 that slept, 19
 Sang mass for the parted soul:

And solemn were the strains they
 pour'd
 Through the stillness of the
 night,
 With the cross above, and the crown
 and sword,
 And the silent king in sight.
 There was heard a heavy clang,
 As of steel-girt men the tread,
 And the tombs and the hollow pave-
 ment rang
 With a sounding thrill of dread ;
 And the holy chant was hush'd awhile,
 As, by the torch's flame, 30
 A gleam of arms up the sweeping
 aisle
 With a mail-clad leader came.
 He came with haughty look,
 An eagle-glance and clear ;
 But his proud heart through its
 breastplate shook.
 When he stood beside the bier !
 He stood there still with a drooping
 brow,
 And clasp'd hands o'er it
 raised ;—
 For his father lay before him low,
 It was Cœur de Lion gazed ! 40
 And silently he strove
 With the workings of his breast ;
 But there's more in late repentant
 love
 Than steel may keep suppress'd !
 And his tears brake forth, at last, like
 rain,—
 Men held their breath in awe,
 For his face was seen by his warrior-
 train,
 And he reck'd not that they saw.
 He look'd upon the dead,
 And sorrow seem'd to lie, 50
 A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.
 He stoop'd—and kiss'd the frozen
 cheek,
 And the heavy hand of clay,
 Till bursting words—yet all too
 weak—
 Gave his soul's passion way.

' Oh, father ! is it vain,
 This late remorse and deep ?
 Speak to me, father ! once again,
 I weep—behold, I weep ! 60
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !
 Were but this work undone,
 I would give England's crown, my
 sire !
 To hear thee bless thy son.

' Speak to me ! mighty grief
 Ere now the dust hath stirr'd !
 Hear me, but hear me !—father,
 chief,
 My king ! I *must* be heard !—
 Hush'd, hush'd—how is it that I
 call,
 And that thou answerest not ?
 When was it thus, woe, woe for
 all 71
 The love my soul forgot !

' Thy silver hairs I see,
 So still, so sadly bright !
 And father, father ! but for me
 They had not been so white !
 I bore thee down, high heart ! at
 last,
 No longer couldst thou strive ;—
 Oh ! for one moment of the past,
 To kneel and say—' Forgive ! '

' Thou wert the noblest king,
 On royal throne e'er seen ; 82
 And thou didst wear in knightly
 ring,
 Of all, the stateliest mien ;
 And thou didst prove, where spears
 are proved,
 In war, the bravest heart—
 Oh ! over the renown'd and loved
 Thou wert—and *there* thou art !

' Thou that my boyhood's guide
 Didst take fond joy to be !— 90
 The times I've sported at thy side,
 And climb'd thy parent knee !
 And there before the blessed shrine,
 My sire ! I see thee lie,—
 How will that sad still face of thine
 Look on me till I die ! '

THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR
THE FALLEN TREE

[' Here (at Brereton in Cheshire) is one thing incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself have heard, by many persons, and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days.'—CAMDEN'S *Britannia*.]

YES ! I have seen the ancient oak
On the dark deep water east,
And it was not fell'd by the wood-
man's stroke,

Or the rush of the weeping blast :
For the axe might never touch that
tree,

And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief

By an arrow in the light,

And the old woods shook, to their
loftiest leaf,

At the crashing of its might !

And the startled deer to their coverts
drew,

And the spray of the lake as a foun-
tain's flew !

'Tis fallen ! but think thou not
I weep

For the forest's pride o'erthrown ;

An old man's tears lie far too deep
To be pour'd for this alone !

But by that sign too well I know
That a youthful head must soon be
low !

A youthful head, with its shining
hair,

And its bright quick-flashing
eye—

Well may I weep ! for the boy is
fair,

Too fair a thing to die !

But on his brow the mark is set—
Oh ! could my life redeem him yet !

He bounded by me as I gazed

Alone on the fatal sign,

And it seem'd like sunshine when
he raised

His joyous glance to mine !

With a stag's fleet step he bounded
by,

So full of life—but he must die ! 30

He must, he must ! in that deep
dell,

By that dark water's side,

'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree
fell

But an heir of his fathers died.

And he—there's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice—yet he must die !

I've borne him in these arms, that
now

Are nerveless and unstrung ;

And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung ? 40

I must !—yon green oak, branch and
crest,

Lies floating on the dark lake's
breast !

The noble boy !—how proudly
sprung

The falcon from his hand !

It seem'd like youth to see *him*
young,

A flower in his father's land !

But the hour of the knell and the
dirge is nigh,

For the tree hath fall'n, and the
flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain !—I tell thee,
some 40

Are warn'd by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them

home,

Or a voice on the winds by night ;

And they must go !—and he too, he—
Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree !

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

[It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted, that the sound of his phantom

horses and hounds was heard by the Duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.]

THY rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,

If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savage horn from the mountain tower,

As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd,

And the roar of the stormy chase went by,

Through the dark unquiet sky !
The stag sprung up from his mossy bed

When he caught the piercing sounds,

And the oak-boughs crash'd to his antler'd head,

As he flew from the viewless hounds ;

And the falcon soar'd from her craggy height,

Away through the rushing night !

The banner shook on its ancient hold,
And the pine in its desert place,

As the cloud and tempest onward roll'd

With the din of the trampling race ;

And the glens were fill'd with the laugh and shout,

And the bugle, ringing out !

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,

At the castle's festive board, 20
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell

Of the harp's triumphal chord ;
And the Minnesinger's¹ thrilling lay
In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stay'd,

And the hermit dropp'd his beads,
And a trembling ran through the forest-shade,

At the neigh of the phantom steeds,

And the church-bells peal'd to the rocking blast

As the Wild Night-Huntsman pass'd. 30

The storm hath swept with the chase away,

There is stillness in the sky ;
But the mother looks on her son to-day,

With a troubled heart and eye,
And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care

'Midst the gleam of her golden hair !

The Rhine flows bright ; but its waves crelong

Must hear a voice of war,
And a clash of spears our hills among,

And a trumpet from afar ; 40
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,

For the Huntsman hath gone by !

BRANDENBURG HARVEST-SONG²

FROM THE GERMAN OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

THE corn, in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain ;
The sickle's gleam is bright ;
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
Our harvest lay !—
Alas ! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day !

Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue,— 10
How o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew !

On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,—
We know its cause too well,
She is no more !

¹ Minnesinger, *love-singer*,—the wandering minstrels of Germany were so called in the Middle Ages.

² For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.

THE SHADE OF THESEUS

AN ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION

KNOW ye not when our dead
From sleep to battle sprung ?—
When the Persian charger's tread
On their covering greensward
rung.

When the trampling march of foes
Had crush'd our vines and flowers,
When jewel'd crests arose
Through the holy laurel bowers ;

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon. 12

There was one, a leader crown'd,
And arm'd for Greece that day ;
But the falchions made no sound
On his gleaming war-array.
In the battle's front he stood,
With his tall and shadowy crest ;
But the arrows drew no blood,
Though their path was through his
breast. 20

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,

When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash
Where the boldest deeds were
done ;

But it smote without a clash :
The stroke was heard by none !
His voice was not of those 29
That swell'd the rolling blast,
And his steps fell hush'd like snows—
'Twas the shade of Theseus pass'd !

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,
With a fiery charge he bore ;
And the Mede left many a bow
On the sounding ocean-shore. 40
And the foaming waves grew red,
And the sails were crowded fast,
When the sons of Asia fled,
As the shade of Theseus pass'd !

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE

Where is the summer, with her golden sun ?—
That festal glory hath not pass'd from earth :
For me alone the laughing day is done !
Where is the summer with her voice of mirth ?
—Far in my own bright land !

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and die
On the green hills ?—the founts, from sparry caves
Through the wild places bearing melody ?
The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves ?
—Far in my own bright land ! 10

Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining,
The virgin-dances, and the choral strains ?
Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining
The Spring's first roses for their sylvan fanes ?
—Far in my own bright land !

Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs,
 The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades ?
 The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,
 And the pine forests, and the olive shades ?
 —Far in my own bright land !

20

Where the deep haunted grotts, the laurel bowers,
 The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams ?—
 Oh ! that my life were as a southern flower's !
 I might not languish then by these chill streams,
 Far from my own bright land !

GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR MYRIOLOGUE

[*Les Chants Funébres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches prennent le nom particulier de Myriologia, comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaintes. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mère, ses filles, ses sœurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et la bouche, en épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, la douleur qu'elle ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là elles changent de vêtements, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la cérémonie nuptiale, avec cette différence, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendants. Ces apprêts terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deuil ; toutes se rangent en cercle autour du mort, et leur douleur s'exhale de nouveau, et, comme la première fois, sans règle et sans contrainte. A ces plaintes spontanées succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce : ce sont les *Myriologues*. Ordinairement c'est la plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première ; après elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisins. Les *Myriologues* sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poésie.*—*Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, par C. FAURIER.]

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young,
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother sung.—
 'Ianthis ! dost thou sleep ?—Thou sleep'st !—but this is not the rest,
 The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillow'd on my breast !
 I lull'd thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis ! my sweet son !
 As in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have done !—
 How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now ?
 And that I die not, seeking death on thy pale glorious brow ?

'I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave !
 I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave !
 Though mournfully thy smile is fix'd, and heavily thine eye
 Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie ;
 And fast is bound the springing step, that seem'd on breezes borne,
 When to thy couch I came and said,—“ Wake, hunter, wake ! 'tis morn ! ”
 Yet art thou lovely still, my flower ! untouch'd by slow decay,—
 And I, the wither'd stem, remain—I would that grief might slay !

19

'Oh! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be!
 I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee!
 I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high;—
 A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die! 20
 That thou must die, my fearless one! where swords were flashing red.—
 Why doth a mother live to say—My first-born and my dead?
 They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won—
 Speak *thou*, and I will hear! my child, Ianthis! my sweet son!'

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young,
 A fair-hair'd bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung.—
 Ianthis! look'st thou not on *me*?—Can love indeed be fled?
 When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head?
 I would that I had follow'd thee, Ianthis, my beloved!
 And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved! 30
 That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side—
 It would have been a blessed thing together had we died!

'But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword?
 Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?
 Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,
 Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine?
 And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
 Fast gushing like a mountain-spring!—and couldst thou thus depart?
 Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath?—
 Oh! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death! 40

Yes! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
 And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread
 But not where noble blood flow'd forth, where sounding javelins flew—
 Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu?
 What now can breathe of gladness more,—what scene, what hour, what tone?
 The blue skies fade with all their lights; they fade, since thou art gone!
 Even *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmoved—
 Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis! my beloved!'

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young,
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung. 50

Ianthis! brother of my soul!—oh! where are now the days
 That laugh'd among the deep green hills, on all our infant plays?
 When we two sported by the streams, or track'd them to their source,
 And like a stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless course!—
 I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
 I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend!

'I come with flowers—for Spring is come! Ianthis! art thou *here*?
 I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier!
 Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown—but oh! more meet *they*
 seem,

The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream! 60
 More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low—
 Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow:
 The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send,—
 Woe! that it smiles, and not for thee!—my brother and my friend!'

THE PARTING SONG

[This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his *Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.]

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home
Such as to early thought gives images,
The longest treasured, and most oft recall'd,
And brightest kept, of love ;—a mountain home,
That, with the murmur of its rocking pines
And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart
Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,
And half-unconscious prayer ;—a Grecian home,
With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,
And, through the dimness of its olive shades,
Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam
Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.
And this was what he left !—Yet many leave
Far more :—the glistening eye, that first from theirs
Call'd out the soul's bright smile ; the gentle hand
Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps
To where the violets lay ; the tender voice
That earliest taught them what deep melody
Lives in affection's tones.—*He left not these.*
Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part
With all a mother's love !—a bitterer grief
Was 'his—to part *unloved* !—of her unloved
That should have breath'd upon his heart, like spring
Fostering its young faint flowers !

10

20

Yet had he friends,
And they went forth to cheer him on his way
Unto the parting spot ;—and she too went,
That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.
The parting spot was reach'd :—a lone deep glen,
Holy, perchance, of yore, for cave and fount
Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes ; and above,
The silence of the blue still upper heaven
Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore
Their crowning snows.—Upon a rock he sprung,
The unloved one, for his home to gaze
Through the wild laurels back ; but then a light
Broke on the stern proud sadness of his eye,
A sudden quivering light, and from his lips
A burst of passionate song.

30

' Farewell, farewell !

I hear thee, O thou rushing stream !—thou 'rt from my native dell,
Thou 'rt bearing thence a mournful sound—a murmur of farewell !

40

And fare thee well—flow on, my stream !—flow on, thou bright and free !
 I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me ;
 But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood's loving years,
 And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my tears !
 The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known :
 The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept alone !

' I see thee once again, my home ! thou 'rt there amidst thy vines,
 And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.
 It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through thy groves,
 The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves !— 50
 The hour *the mother* loves !—for *me* beloved it hath not been ;
 Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smilest, a blessed scene !
 Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come—
 Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home ?

' Not as the dead !—no, not the dead !—We speak of *them*—we keep
Their names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep !
 We hallow even the lyre they touch'd, we love the lay they sung,
 We pass with softer step the place *they* fill'd our band among !
 But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth
 No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth ! 60
 I go !—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell
 When mine is a forgotten voice.—Woods, mountains, home, farewell !

' And farewell, mother !—I have borne in lonely silence long,
 But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong !
 And I will speak ! though but the wind that wanders through the sky,
 And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and rolling streams reply.
 Yes ! I will speak !—within my breast whate'er hath seem'd to be,
 There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gush'd for thee !
 Brightly it would have gush'd, but thou, my mother ! thou hast thrown
 Back on the forests and the wilds what should have been thine own ! 70

' Then fare thee well ! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,
 Since thou hast sons of statelier mien and fairer brow than mine !
 Forgive me that thou couldst not love !—it may be, that a tone
 Yet from my burning heart may pierce through thine, when I am gone !
 And thou, perchance, may'st weep for him on whom thou ne'er hast
 smiled,

And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected child !
 Might but my spirit *then* return, and 'midst its kindred dwell,
 And quench its thirst with love's free tears !—'Tis all a dream—farewell !'

' Farewell !'—the echo died with that deep word ;
 Yet died not so the late repentant pang 80
 By the strain quicken'd in the mother's breast !
 There had pass'd many changes o'er her brow,
 And cheek, and eye ; but into one bright flood
 Of tears at last all melted ; and she fell
 On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,
 ' Return, return, my son !'—The echo caught
 A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,
 Murmuring—' Return, my son !'—

THE SULIOTE MOTHER

[It is related, in a French life of Ali Pasha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into the mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.]

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky :
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

' Dost thou see them, boy ?—through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foeman's armour shines ?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest ?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast,
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy ?
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy ! ' 10

For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son :
They had heap'd high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

' They have cross'd the torrent, and on they come,
Woe for the mountain hearth and home !
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe ! to sleep,
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep ! ' 20

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirr'd,
As cliff and hollow rang.

' Hark ! they bring music, my joyous child !
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild ?
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armèd sire ?—
Still !—be thou still !—there are brave men low—
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now ! ' 30

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swell'd the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

' Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth ?—
Boy ! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—

Free, and how cherish'd, my warrior's son !
 He too hath bless'd thee, as I have done !
 Ay, and unchain'd must his loved ones be—
 Freedom, young Suliote ! for thee and me !'

49

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
 And fast the fair child bore :—
 A veil upon the wind was flung
 A cry—and all was o'er !

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD

[The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.—See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.]

'Tis hard to lay into the earth
 A countenance so benign ! a form that walk'd
 But yesterday so stately o'er the earth !' WILSON.

COME near !—ere yet the dust
 Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
 Look on your brother ; and embrace him now,
 In still and solemn trust !
 Come near !—once more let kindred lips be press'd
 On his cold cheek ; then bear him to his rest !

Look yet on this young face !
 What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
 Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
 Gladdening its hearth and race ?
 Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impress'd—
 Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest !

10

Ye weep, and it is well !
 For tears befit earth's partings !—Yesterday,
 Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
 And sunshine seem'd to dwell
 Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd !—
 Now gaze ! and bear the silent unto rest !

Look yet on him whose eye
 Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth !
 Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,

20

The beings born to die ?—
 But not where death has power may love be bless'd—
 Come near ! and bear ye the beloved to rest !

How may the mother's heart
 Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again ?
 The Spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
 The lovely must depart !
 Is he not gone, our brightest and our best ?
 Come near ! and bear the early-call'd to rest !

30

Look on him ! *is he laid*
 To slumber from the harvest or the chase ?—
 Too still and sad the smile upon his face ;
 Yet that, even that must fade :
 Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest.
 Come near ! and bear the mortal to his rest !

His voice of mirth hath ceased
 Amidst the vineyards ! there is left no place
 For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
 At the gay bridal-feast !
 Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast. '
 Come near ! weep o'er him ! bear him to his rest.

40

Yet mourn ye not as they
 Whose spirit's light is quenched ! For him the past
 Is sealed : he may not fall, he may not cast
 His birthright's hope away !
 All is not *here* of our beloved and blessed.—
 Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest !

NATIONAL LYRICS

THE THEMES OF SONG

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and
 hope,
 And melancholy fear subdued by faith.
 WORDSWORTH.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a
 theme ?

—Where'er, for freedom shed,
 Brave blood hath dyed some ancient
 stream,

Amidst the mountains, red,

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
 Bears record to the faith

Of love—deep, holy, fervent love,
 Victor o'er fear and death.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow
 Too soon hath been struck down,
 Or a bright virgin head laid low, 11
 Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a spire points up to heaven,
 Through storm and summer air,
 Telling, that all around have striven
 Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a blessed home hath been,
 That now is home no more :

A place of ivy, darkly green,
 Where laughter's light is o'er. 20

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,
 Some nameless greensward heap,
 A bird may sing, a wild-flower wave,
 A star its vigil keep.

Or where a yearning heart of old,
 A dream of shepherd men,
 With forms of more than earthly
 mould
 Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be
 found—

We die, we pass away ; 30
 But faith, love, pity—these are
 bound
 To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that
 glows,
 The tear from hidden springs,
 The thorn and glory of the rose—
 These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream
 To the deep sea hath gone :
 Yet not the less, like youth's bright
 dream,
 The exhaustless flood rolls on 40

RHINE SONG OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY

TO THE AIR OF 'AM RHEIN! AM RHEIN!'

[“I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight, which had been witnessed by a friend of his!—the crossing of the Rhine, at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. “At the first gleam of the river,” he said, “they all burst forth into the national chant, *Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*” They were two days passing over; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time—for each band renewed it while crossing; and even the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, “*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*”’—*Manuscript Letter.*]

SINGLE VOICE

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
I see the bright flood shine, I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march, with every banner waving—
Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine! Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS

The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial river!
Be glory on thy track, be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—
We bear thee freedom back, we bear thee freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE

Hail! hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
Even as my mother's song; even as my mother's song; 10
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong! And heart and arm grew strong!

CHORUS

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Pour'd out by sons of thine, pour'd out by sons of thine,
Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine! Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE

Home!—Home!—thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
Thy path is by my home, thy path is by my home:
Even now my children count the hours till meeting,
O ransom'd ones, I come! O ransom'd ones, I come! 20

CHORUS

Go, tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never,
Sound on by hearth and shrine, sound on by hearth and shrine!
Sing through the hills that thou art free for ever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine! Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

A SONG OF DELOS

[The Island of Delos was considered of such peculiar sanctity by the ancients, that they did not allow it to be desecrated by the events of birth or death. In the following poem, a young priestess of Apollo is supposed to be conveyed from its shores during the last hours of a mortal sickness, and to bid the scenes of her youth farewell in a sudden flow of unpremeditated song.]

Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce nature,
Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon tombeau ;
L'air est si parfumé ! la lumière est si pure !
Aux regards d'un Mourant le soleil est si beau !

LAMARTINE.

A SONG was heard of old—a low, sweet song,
On the blue seas by Delos : from that isle,
The Sun-god's own domain, a gentle girl,
Gentle—yet all inspired of soul, of mien,
Lit with a life too perilously bright,
Was borne away to die. How beautiful
Seems this world to the dying !—but for *her*,
The child of beauty and of poesy,
And of soft Grecian skies—oh ! who may dream
Of all that from *her* changeful eye flash'd forth,
Or glanced more quiveringly through starry tears,
As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane
Colour'd with loving light—she gazed her last,
Her young life's last, that hour ! From her pale brow
And burning cheek she threw the ringlets back,
And bending forward—as the spirit sway'd
The reed-like form still to the shore beloved,
Breathed the swan-music of her wild farewell
O'er dancing waves :—‘ Oh ! linger yet,’ she cried,

10

‘ Oh ! linger, linger on the oar,
Oh ! pause upon the deep !
That I may gaze yet once, once more,
Where floats the golden day o'er fane and steep ;
Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet shore,
—Oh ! linger, linger on the parting oar !

20

‘ I see the laurels fling back showers
Of soft light still on many a shrine ;
I see the path to haunts of flowers
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming line ;
I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—
Mine is too low to reach that joyous throng !

30

‘ Oh ! linger, linger on the oar
Beneath my native sky !
Let my life part from that bright shore
With day's last crimson—gazing let me die !
Thou bark, glide slowly !—slowly should be borne
The voyager that never shall return.

' A fatal gift hath been thy dower,
 Lord of the Lyre ! to me ;
 With song and wreath from bower to bower,
 Sisters went bounding like young Oreads free ;
 While I, through long, lone, voiceless hours apart,
 Have lain and listen'd to my beating heart.

40

' Now, wasted by the inborn fire,
 I sink to early rest ;
 The ray that lit the incense-pyre,
 Leaves unto death its temple in my breast.
 —O sunshine, skies, rich flowers ! too soon I go,
 While round me thus triumphantly ye glow !

' Bright isle ! might but thine echoes keep
 A tone of my farewell,
 One tender accent, low and deep,
 Shrined 'midst thy founts and haunted rocks to dwell !
 Might my last breath send music to thy shore !
 —Oh ! linger, seamen, linger on the oar !'

50

ANCIENT GREEK CHANT OF VICTORY

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade.
 BYRON.

Io ! they come, they come !
 Garlands for every shrine !
 Strike lyres to greet them home ;
 Bring roses, pour ye wine !

Swell, swell the Dorian flute
 Through the blue, triumphant sky !
 Let the cittern's tone salute
 The sons of victory.

With the offering of bright blood
 They have ransom'd hearth and
 tomb,
 Vineyard, and field, and flood ;—
 Io ! they come, they come !

Sing it where olives wave,
 And by the glittering sea,
 And o'er each hero's grave—
 Sing, sing, the land is free !

Mark ye the flashing oars,
 And the spears that light the deep ?
 How the festal sunshine pours
 Where the lords of battle sweep !

19

Each hath brought back his shield ;—
 Maid, greet thy lover home !
 Mother, from that proud field,
 Io ! thy son is come !

Who murmur'd of the dead ?
 Hush, boding voice ! We know
 That many a shining head
 Lies in its glory low.

Breathe not those names to-day !
 They shall have their praise ere-
 long,
 And a power all hearts to sway,
 In ever-burning song.

30

But now shed flowers, pour wine,
 To hail the conquerors home !
 Bring wreaths for every shrine—
 Io ! they come, they come !

NAPLES

A SONG OF THE SYREN

Then gentle winds arose,
 With many a mingled close
 Of wild Aeolian sound and mountain odour keen ;
 Where the clear Baian ocean
 Welters with air-like motion
 Within, above, around its bowers of starry green.

SHELLEY.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,
 Bright city of the waves !—her magic song
 Still with a dreamy sense of ecstasy
 Fills thy soft Summer air :—and while my glance
 Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay
 Floats thus o'er fancy's ear ; and thus to thee,
 Daughter of sunshine ! doth the Syren sing.

' Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
 Thine is the laugh of the golden day,
 The golden day, and the glorious night,
 And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light !
 —Forget, forget, that thou art not free !
 Queen of the Summer sea.

10

' Favour'd and crown'd of the earth and sky !
 Thine are all voices of melody,
 Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower,
 Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower ;
 Hark ! how they melt o'er thy glittering sea ;
 —Forget that thou art not free !

' Let the wine flow in thy marble halls !
 Let the lute answer thy fountain falls !
 And deck thy feasts with the myrtle bough,
 And cover with roses thy glowing brow !
 Queen of the day and the Summer sea,
 Forget that thou art not free !'

20

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves
 Dance to her chant. But sternly, mournfully,
 O city of the deep ! from Sybil grots
 And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore
 Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
 Murmuring—'*Thou art not free !*'

30

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS

A BALLAD OF FRANCE

[The Chevalier D'Assas, called the French Decius, fell nobly whilst reconnoitring a wood, near Closterkamp, by night. He had left his regiment, that of Auvergne, at a short distance, and was suddenly surrounded by an ambuscade of the enemy, who threatened him with instant death if he made the least sign of their vicinity. With their bayonets at his breast, he raised his voice and, calling aloud 'A moi, Auvergne! ces sont les ennemis!' fell, pierced with mortal blows.]

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades
A soldier went by night;
No moonbeam pierced the dusky
glades,
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round
The youth all cheerly pass'd;
Uncheck'd by aught of boding sound
That mutter'd in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely
hour?
—In his far home, perchance;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France:

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne,
Or murmur of the Seine.

—Hush! hark!—did stealing steps
go by,
Came not faint whispers near?
No! the wild wind hath many a sigh,
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again!—and from his
hand,
What grasp hath wrench'd the
blade?

—Oh! single 'midst a hostile band,
Young soldier! thou 'rt betray'd!

'Silence!' in undertones they cry—
'No whisper—not a breath!
The sound that warns thy comrades
nigh
Shall sentence thee to death.'

—Still, at the bayonet's point he
stood,
And strong to meet the blow;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing
blood,
'Arm, arm, Auvergne! the foe!'

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
He heard their tumults grow;
And sent his dying voice through
all—
'Auvergne, Auvergne! the foe!'

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE
CONQUEROR

AT CAEN IN NORMANDY—1087

['At the day appointed for the king's interment, Prince Henry, his third son, the Norman prelates, and a multitude of clergy and people, assembled in the Church of St. Stephen, which the Conqueror had founded. The mass had been performed, the corpse was placed on the bier, and the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric on the deceased, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed,—"He whom you have praised was a robber. The very land on which you stand is mine. By violence he took it from my father; and, in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him in it." The speaker was Asceline Fitz Arthur, who had often, but fruitlessly, sought reparation from the justice of William. After some debate, the prelates called him to them, paid him sixty shillings for the grave, and promised that he should receive the full value of his land. The

ceremony was then continued, and the body of the king deposited in a coffin of stone.—LINGARD, ii, 98.]

LOWLY upon his bier

The royal conqueror lay;
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing stream'd,
Altar and tomb the while
Through mists of incense gleam'd.

And, by the torches' blaze,
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lower'd him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose :—

'Forbear ! forbear !' it cried,
'In the holiest name forbear !
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber *there* !

'By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud
shrine ;

By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine ;

'By the house e'en here o'erthrown,
On my brethren's native spot ;
Hence ! with his dark renown
Cumber our birthplace not !

'Will my sire's unransom'd field,
O'er which your censers wave, 30
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave ?

'The tree before him fell
Which we cherish'd many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier.

'The land that I have till'd
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes fill'd,
And it shall not give him rest !

'Each pillar's massy bed 41
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—
Away ! bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries.'

—Shame glow'd on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far ! 50
And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star !

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had
riven :

Oh ! who shall number those
That were but heard in heaven ?

WELSH MELODIES

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS

THE HARP OF WALES

INSCRIBED TO THE RUTHIN WELSH LITERARY SOCIETY

HARP of the mountain-land ! sound forth again,
As when the foaming Hirlas horn was crown'd,
And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,
And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round :
Wake with the spirit and the power of yore !
Harp of the ancient hills ! be heard once more !

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Roman came
 O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars :
 Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame ;
 The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores : 10
 All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
 Ring out, thou Harp ! he could not silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease !—The Saxon pass'd,
 His banners floated on Eryri's gales ;
 But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
 E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales !
Thine was the voice that cheer'd the brave and free ;
 They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years !—They saw the valiant fall,
 The rank weeds gathering round the chieftain's board, 20
 The hearth left lonely in the ruin'd hall—
 Yet power was *thine*—a gift in every chord !
 Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
 Thou noble Harp ! thy tones are not to cease !

DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS

By the dread and viewless powers	Know ye Mona's awful spells ?
Whom the storms and seas obey,	She the rolling orbs can stay !
From the Dark Isle's ¹ mystic bowers,	She the mighty grave compels 11
Romans ! o'er the deep away !	Back to yield its fetter'd prey !
Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom	Fear ye not the lightning-stroke ?
O'er our shadowy coast which	Mark ye not the fiery sky ?
broods ?	Hence !—around our central oak
By the altar and the tomb,	Gods are gathering — Romans,
Shun these haunted solitudes !	fly !

THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN²

WHERE are they, those green fairy islands, reposing
 In sunlight and beauty, on ocean's calm breast ?
 What spirit, the things which are hidden disclosing,
 Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of rest ?
 Oh ! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages,
 The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith ;
 But the land hath been sad for her warriors and sages,
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed, is Death.

Ynys Dywyll, or the Dark Island, an ancient name for Anglesey.

² The 'Green Islands of Ocean', or 'Green Spots of the Floods', called in the *Triads* 'Gwerddonau Llioni' (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales), were supposed to be the abode of the Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this paradise of their own. Gafran, a distinguished British chieftain of the fifth century, went on a voyage, with his family, to discover these islands ; but they were never heard of afterwards. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madog, were

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory
 Who steer'd for those distant green spots on the wave ? 10
 To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,
 In the fields of their country they found not a grave.
 Perchance they repose where the Summer-breeze gathers,
 From the flowers of each vale, immortality's breath ;
 But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers—
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed, is Death.

THE SEA-SONG OF GAFRAN¹

WATCH ye well ! The moon is	Now the rush-strewn halls are
shrouded	ringing,
On her bright throne ;	Steps are bounding, bards are
Storms are gathering, stars are	singing,
clouded,	—Ay ! the hour to all is bringing
Waves make wild moan.	Peace, joy, or praise :—
'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,	Save to us, our night-watch keeping,
And gay songs and wine-cups	Storm-winds to brave,
flowing ;	While the very sea-bird sleeping,
But of winds, in darkness blowing	Rests in its cave ! 20
O'er seas unknown !	Think of us when hearths are beam-
	ing,
In the dwellings of our fathers,	10 Think of us when mead is streaming,
Round the glad blaze,	Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming
Now the festive circle gathers,	On the dark wave !
With harps and lays ;	

THE HIRLAS HORN

FILL high the blue *hirlas*,² that shines like the wave³
 When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea ;
 And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,
 The dragons of battle, the sons of the free !
 To those from whose spears, in the shock of the fight,
 A beam, like heaven's lightning,⁴ flash'd over the field ;
 To those who came rushing as storms in their might,
 Who have shiver'd the helmet, and cloven the shield ;
 The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,
 When lances were red from the harvest of war. 10

called the three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain.—See W. O. PUGHE's *Cambrian Biography* ; also *Cambro-Briton*, i, 124.

¹ See previous note.

² *Hirlas*, from *hir*, long, and *glas*, blue or azure.

³ 'Fetch the horn, that we may drink together, whose gloss is like the waves of the sea ; whose green handles show the skill of the artist, and are tipped with gold.'—From the *Hirlas* of OWAIN CYFEILLIOG.

⁴ 'Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war, the horrid din of arms, their furious onset, loud as in the Battle of Bangor, where fire flashed out of their spears.'—From the same.

Fill high the blue hirlas ! O cup-bearer, fill

For the lords of the field, in their festival's hour,
And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill,

That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its power :
Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth horn
Of honour and mirth,¹ for the conflict is o'er ;

And round let the golden-tipp'd hirlas be borne,
To the lion-defenders of Gwynedd's fair shore,
Who rush'd to the field where the glory was won,
As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

20

Fill higher the hirlas ! forgetting not those

Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled !
Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,

Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead !
While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,

While regal *Eryri* with snow shall be crown'd—
So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,

And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound.
The free winds of Maelor² shall swell with their name,
And Owain's rich hirlas be fill'd to their fame.

30

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night ;³
I weep, for the grave has extinguish'd its light ;
The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more !

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill !
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been !

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there !
Oh ! where are the warriors who circled its board ?
—The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was pour'd !

10

¹ Fill, then, the yellow-lipped horn—badge of honour and mirth.—*From the same.*

² Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division.

³ The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy, this night,
Without fire, without bed—
I must weep awhile, and then be silent.

The Hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,
Since he that own'd it is no more—
Ah Death ! it will be but a short time he will leave me.

The Hall of Cynddylan it is not easy this night,
On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,
Without its lord, without company,
Without the circling feasts !
See OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
 Since he is departed whose smile made it bright !
 I mourn ; but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
 The pathway is short to the grave of my chief !

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN

[Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief of the times of Arthur, was prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant, and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons, is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies and other poems of Llywarch Hen*.]

THE bright hours return, and the blue sky is ringing
 With song, and the hills are all mantled with bloom ;
 But fairer than aught which the summer is bringing,
 The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb !
 Oh ! why should I live to hear music resounding,
 Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave ?
 Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps surrounding ?
 —My sons ! they but clothe the green turf of your grave !

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I linger,
 My spirit all wrapt in the past as a dream ! 10
 Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,¹
 Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad beam ;
 Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping !
 —Oh grave ! why refuse to the aged thy bed,
 When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,
 When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead !

Fair were ye, my sons ! and all-kingly your bearing,
 As on to the fields of your glory ye trode !
 Each prince of my race the bright golden chain wearing,
 Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the sod ! 20
 I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,
 Which rouses ye not ! O, my lovely ! my brave !
 When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds are bounding,
 I turn from heaven's light, for it smiles on your grave !³

¹ 'What I loved when I was a youth is hateful to me now.'

² Four and twenty sons to me have been,
 Wearing the golden chain, and leading princes.

OWEN'S *Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.

The golden chain, as a badge of honour, worn by heroes, is frequently alluded to in the works of the ancient British bards.

³ Hardly has the snow covered the vale,
 When the warriors are hastening to the battle ;
 I do not go, I am hinder'd by infirmity.

OWEN'S *Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.

GRUFYDD'S FEAST

[Grufydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd*, *Powys*, the *Deheubarth*, *Glamorgan*, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors; with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song; thus patronising the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honourable gifts.—See *Cambrian Biography*.]

LET the yellow mead shine for the sons of the brave,
By the bright festal torches around us that wave !
Set open the gates of the prince's wide hall,
And hang up the chief's ruddy spear on the wall !

There is peace in the land we have battled to save :
Then spread ye the feast, bid the wine-cup foam high,¹
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die !

Let the horn, whose loud blast gave the signal for fight,
With the bee's sunny nectar now sparkle in light,²
Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be crown'd, 10
For the strong hearts, in combat that leap'd at its sound !

Like the billow's dark swell, was the path of their might,
Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-cup on high,
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die !

And wake ye the children of song from their dreams,
On Maelor's wild hills, and by Dyfed's fair streams !³
Bid them haste with those strains of the lofty and free
Which shall float down the waves of long ages to be.

Sheath the sword which hath given them unperishing themes,
And pour the bright mead : let the wine-cup foam high, 20
That those may rejoice who have fear'd not to die !

THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA

WHEN the last flush of eve is dying
On boundless lakes, afar that shine ;
When winds amidst the palms are sighing,
And fragrance breathes from every pine :⁴
When stars through cypress-boughs are gleaming,
And fire-flies wander bright and free,
Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,
My thoughts, wild Cambria ! dwell with thee !

¹ Wine, as well as mead, is frequently mentioned in the poems of the ancient British bards.

² The horn was used for two purposes, to sound the alarm in war, and to drink the mead at feasts.

³ Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint. Dyfed (said to signify a land abounding with streams of water), the modern Pembrokeshire.

⁴ The aromatic odour of the pine has frequently been mentioned by travellers.

Alone o'er green savannas roving,
 Where some broad stream in silence flows, 10
 Or through the eternal forests moving,
 One only home my spirit knows !
 Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted !
 To thee on sleep's light wing I fly ;
 But happier, could the weary-hearted
 Look on his own blue hills, and die !

THE MONARCHY OF BRITAIN

[The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh Princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country, and while it was preparing for battle, or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbennaeth Prydain*, the monarchy of Britain. It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained.—See JONES'S *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.]

Sons of the Fair Isle ! ¹ forget not the time,
 Ere spoilers had breath'd the free winds of your clime !
 All that its eagles behold in their flight
 Was yours from the deep to each storm-mantled height !
 Though from your race that proud birthright be torn,
 Unquench'd is the spirit for monarchy born.
 Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,
 The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.
 Ages may roll ere your children regain
 The land for which heroes have perish'd in vain. 10
 Yet in the sound of your name shall be power,
 Around her still gathering till glory's full hour.
 Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,
 Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep !
 Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,
 Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle !

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY

A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the Ancient Britons, is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect :

Their God they shall worship,
 Their language they shall retain
 Their land they shall lose,
 Except wild Wales.]

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
 O Cambria ! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin sung !
 The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
 The clouds which mantle things unseen, away before me roll,

¹ Ynys Prydain, the ancient name of Britain, signifies the Fair or Beautiful Island.

A light, the depths revealing, hath o'er my spirit pass'd,
A rushing sound from days to be, swells fitful in the blast,
And tells me that for ever shall live the lofty tongue,
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand was strung.

Green island of the mighty !¹ I see thine ancient race
Driven from their fathers' realm, to make the rocks their dwelling-place !
I see from Uthyr's² kingdom the sceptre pass away, 11
And many a line of bards, and chiefs, and princely men decay.
But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign forms,
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er the storms,
So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty tongue,
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand was strung !

OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR-SONG

Saw ye the blazing star ?³
The heavens look down on freedom's
war,
Bright on the dragon crest⁴
And light her touch on high !
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,
When warriors meet to die !

Let earth's pale tyrants read despair,
And vengeance, in its flame ;
Hail ye, my bards ! the omen fair
Of conquest and of fame, 10
And swell the rushing mountain-air
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,
Mark'd ye how each majestic height
Burn'd in its awful beams ?
Red shone the eternal snows,
And all the land, as bright it rose,
Was full of glorious dreams !

Oh ! eagles of the battle !⁵ rise !
The hope of Gwynedd wakes !⁶
It is your banner in the skies 21
Through each dark cloud which
breaks,
And mantles, with triumphal dyes,
Your thousand hills and lakes !

A sound is on the breeze,
A murmur, as of swelling seas !
The Saxon on his way !
Lo ! spear, and shield, and lance,
From Deva's waves, with lightning
glance,
Reflected to the day ! 30

But who the torrent-wave compels
A conqueror's chain to bear ?
Let those who wake the soul that
dwells
On our free winds, beware !
The greenest and the loveliest dells
May be the lion's lair !

¹ *Ynys y Cedeirn*, or Isle of the Mighty, an ancient name given to Britain.

² Uther Pendragon, King of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.

³ The year 1402 was ushered in with a comet or blazing star, which the bards interpreted as an omen favourable to the cause of Glyndwr. It served to infuse spirit into the minds of a superstitious people; the first success of their chieftain confirmed this belief, and gave new vigour to their actions.—See PENNANT.

⁴ *Owen Glyndwr* styled himself the *Dragon*; a name he assumed in imitation of *Uther*, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearances of a star with a dragon beneath, which Uther used as his badge; and on that account it became a favourite one with the Welsh.—PENNANT.

⁵ 'Bring the horn to Tudwrou, the *Eagle of Battles*.'—See *The Hirlas Horn*, a poem by OWAIN CYFEILLIOG. The eagle is a very favourite image with the ancient Welsh poets.

⁶ GWYNEDD (pronounced Gwyneth), North Wales.

Of us <i>they</i> told, the seers And monarch-bards of elder years, Who walk'd on earth, as powers! And in their burning strains, 40 A spell of might and mystery reigns, To guard our mountain-towers !	—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay: ¹ Before his gifted sight, The march of ages pass'd away With hero-footsteps bright, But proudest in that long array Was Glyndwr's path of light !
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PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL

WHY lingers my gaze where the last hues of day,
 On the hills of my country, in loveliness sleep ?
 Too fair is the sight for a wand'rer, whose way
 Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep !
 Fall, shadows of twilight ! and veil the green shore,
 That the heart of the mighty may waver no more !

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land
 Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne ?
 Be hush'd, be forgotten ! for ne'er shall the hand
 Of minstrel with melody greet my return. 10
 —No ! no !—let your echoes still float on the breeze,
 And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas !

'Tis not for the land of my sires, to give birth
 Unto bosoms that shrink when their trial is nigh ;
 Away ! we will bear over ocean and earth
 A name and a spirit that never shall die.
 My course to the winds, to the stars, I resign ;
 But my soul's quenchless fire, O my country ! is thine.

CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH

[Caswallon (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons (as recorded in the Triads), for the purpose of opposing Caesar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Caesar they considered as a cause of triumph ; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating that event by feasting and public rejoicing.—See <i>Cambrian Biography</i> .]	From the glowing southern regions, Where the sun-god makes his dwelling, Came the Roman's crested legions, O'er the deep, round Britain swelling ; The wave grew dazzling as he pass'd, With light from spear and helmet cast, And sounds in every rushing blast Of a conqueror's march were telling.
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¹ Merlin, or Merddin Emrys, is said to have composed his prophecies on the future lot of the Britons, amongst the mountains of Snowdon. Many of these, and other ancient prophecies, were applied by Glyndwr to his own cause, and assisted him greatly in animating the spirit of his followers.

But his eagle's royal pinion, 9
 Bowing earth beneath its glory,
 Could not shadow with dominion
 Our wildseas and mountains hoary!
 Back from their cloudy realm it flies,
 To float in light through softer skies;
 Oh! chainless winds of heaven arise!
 Bear a vanquish'd world the story!
 Lords of earth! to Rome returning,
 Tell, how Britain combat wages,
 How CASWALLON'S soul is burning
 When the storm of battle rages!
 And ye that shrine high deeds in
 song, 21
 O holy and immortal throng!
 The brightness of his name prolong,
 As a torch to stream through ages!

HOWEL'S SONG

[Howel ab Einion Llygliw was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.]

PRESS on, my steed! I hear the
 swell¹
 Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,
 Sweet floating from the holy dell
 O'er woods and waters round.
 Perchance the maid I love, e'en now,
 From *Dinas Brân's* majestic brow,
 Looks o'er the fairy world below,
 And listens to the sound!
 I feel her presence on the scene!
 The summer air is more serene, 10
 The deep woods wave in richer green,
 The wave more gently flows!

¹ 'I have rode hard, mounted on a fine high-bred steed, upon thy account, O thou with the countenance of cherry-flower bloom. The speed was with eagerness, and the strong, long-hamm'd steed of Alban reached the summit of the high land of Brân.'

² 'My loving heart sinks with grief without thy support, O thou that hast the whiteness of the curling waves! . . . I know that this pain will avail me nothing towards obtaining thy love, O thou whose countenance is bright as the flowers of the hawthorn!'—Howel's *Ode to Myfanwy*.

³ Yr Wyddfa, the Welsh name of Snowdon, said to mean the *conspicuous place*, or *object*.

O fair as Ocean's curling foam!²
 Lo! with the balmy hour I come,
 The hour that brings the wand'rer
 home,
 The weary to repose!
 Haste! on each mountain's dark'n-
 ing crest 29
 The glow hath died, the shadows rest,
 The twilight-star on Deva's breast
 Gleams tremulously bright;
 Speed for Myfanwy's bower on high!
 Though scorn may wound me from
 her eye,
 Oh! better by the sun to die,
 Than live in rayless night!

THE MOUNTAIN-FIRES

['The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November eve, is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury Plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Elwed*, or New Year.'—See *The Ambro-Briton*.]

When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.]

LIGHT the hills! till heaven is
 glowing
 As with some red meteor's rays!
 Winds of night, though rudely
 glowing,
 Shall but fan the beacon-blaze.
 Light the hills till flames are streaming
 From Yr Wyddfa's³ sovereign
 steep,
 To the waves round Mona gleaming,
 Where the Roman track'd the
 deep!

Be the mountain watch - fires
 heighen'd, 9
 Pile them to the stormy sky !
 Till each torrent-wave is brighten'd,
 Kindling as it rushes by.
 Now each rock, the mist's high
 dwelling,
 Towers in reddening light sub-
 lime ;
 Heap the flames ! around them
 telling
 Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,
 Many a solemn vigil kept,
 When, in ages long departed, 19
 O'er the noble dead they wept.
 In the winds we hear their voices,
 — 'Sons ! though yours a
 brighter lot,
 When the mountain-land rejoices,
 Be her mighty unforgot !'

ERYRI WEN

['Snowdon was held as sacred by the ancient Britons as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon.' —PENNANT.]

THEIRS was no dream, O Monarch-
 hill,
 With heaven's own azure crown'd !
 Who call'd thee—what thou shalt
 be still,
 White Snowdon !—holy ground.
They fabled not, thy sons, who told
 Of the dread power, enshrined
 Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,
 And on thy rushing wind !
 It shadow'd o'er thy silent height,
 It fill'd thy chainless air, 10
 Deep thoughts of majesty and might
 For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled ! the awful spell
 Yet holds unbroken sway,
 As when on that wild rock it fell,
 Where Merddin Emrys lay !¹
 Though from their stormy haunts of
 yore
 Thine eagles long have flown,²
 As proud a flight the soul shall soar,
 Yet from thy mountain-throne !
 Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of
 streams ! 21
 And make the snows thy crest !
 The sunlight of immortal dreams
 Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri ! temple of the bard !
 And fortress of the free !
 'Midst rocks which heroes died to
 guard,
 Their spirit dwells with thee !

¹ Dinas Emrys (the fortress of Ambrose), a celebrated rock amongst the mountains of Snowdon, is said to be so called from having been the residence of Merddin Emrys, called by the Latins Merlinus Ambrosius, the celebrated prophet and magician : and there, tradition says, he wrote his prophecies concerning the future state of the Britons.

There is another curious tradition respecting a large stone, on the ascent of Snowdon, called *Maen du yr Arddu*, the black stone of Arddu. It is said, that if two persons were to sleep a night on this stone, in the morning one would find himself endowed with the gift of poetry, and the other would become insane.—See WILLIAMS'S *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*.

² It is believed amongst the inhabitants of these mountains, that eagles have heretofore bred in the lofty clefts of their rocks. Some wandering ones are still seen at times, though very rarely, amongst the precipices.—See WILLIAMS'S *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*.

CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR MASSACRE BY
EDWARD I¹

RAISE ye the sword ! let the death-stroke be given :
O ! swift may it fall as the lightning of heaven !
So shall our spirits be free as our strains :
The children of song may not languish in chains !

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest ?
Are heroes reposing in death on her breast ?
Red with their blood do her mountain-streams flow,
And think ye that still we would linger below ?

Rest, ye brave dead ! 'midst the hills of your sires,
O ! who would not slumber when freedom expires ?
Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain—
The children of song may not breathe in the chain !

10

THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY²

All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield.—MILTON.

THE Hall of Harps is lone to-night,
And cold the chieftain's hearth :
It hath no mead, it hath no light ;
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor
Whence the free step is gone ;
The pilgrim turns him from the door
Where minstrel-blood hath stain'd the threshold stone.

And I, too, go : my wound is deep,
My brethren long have died ;
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with sleep,
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride !

10

¹ This sanguinary deed is not attested by any historian of credit. And it deserves to be also noticed, that none of the bardic productions since the time of Edward make any allusion to such an event.—See *The Cambro-Briton*, i, 195.

² At the time of the supposed massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward the First.

WELSH MELODIES

Bear it where, on his battle plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain—
Say to him—Saxon, think not *all* is won.

Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,
The minstrel's chainless hand ;
Dreamer ! that numberest with the dead
The burning spirit of the mountain land !

20

Think'st thou, because the song hath ceased,
The soul of song is flown ?
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,
It lived beside the ruddy hearth alone ?

No ! by our wrongs, and by our blood,
We leave it pure and free ;
Though hush'd awhile, that sounding flood
Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

We leave it 'midst our country's woe—
The birthright of her breast ;
We leave it as we leave the snow,
Bright and eternal on Eryri's ¹ crest.

30

We leave it with our fame to dwell
Upon our children's breath.
Our voice in theirs through time shall swell—
The bard hath gifts of prophecy from death.

He dies ; but yet the mountains stand,
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide ;
And this is yet *Aneurin's* ² land—
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride !

40

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS

[It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an excavation resembling a couch ; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow, would be found in the morning either dead, in a state of frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.]

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud ;
Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud.

¹ Eryrr, Welsh name for the Snowdon mountains.

² Aneurin, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.

'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan ;
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming ;
And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me ;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw : 10
Things glorious, unearthly, pass'd floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.
I view'd the dread beings around us that hover,
Though veil'd by the mists of mortality's breath ;
And I call'd upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them—the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms ;
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their motion,
I *felt* their dim presence,—but knew not their forms ! 20
I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—
The dead were around me that night on the hill :
From their eyes, as they pass'd, a cold radiance they darted,—
There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies—but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour ;
And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power !
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun ;— 30
But O ! what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won !

SONGS OF THE CID

The following ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the 'wild and wonderful' traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the Cid.

THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE

With sixty knights in his gallant train,
Went forth the Campeador of Spain ;
For wild sierras and plains afar
He left the lands of his own Bivar.

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,
From his home in good Castile he went ;
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,
—For the noble Cid was a banish'd man !

Through his olive-woods the morn-breeze play'd,
 And his native streams wild music made, 10
 And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,
 When for march and combat he took his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,
 And he turn'd his steed for a parting look,
 For a parting look at his own fair towers ;
 —Oh ! the Exile's heart hath weary hours !

The pennons were spread, and the band array'd,
 But the Cid at the threshold a moment stay'd ;
 It *was* but a moment—the halls were lone,
 And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown. 20

There was not a steed in the empty stall,
 Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall,
 Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door,
 Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.

Then a dim tear swell'd to the warrior's eye,
 As the voice of his native groves went by ;
 And he said—' My foemen their wish have won—
 Now the will of God be in all things done ! '

But the trumpet blew, with its note of cheer,
 And the winds of the morning swept off the tear, 30
 And the fields of his glory lay distant far,
 —He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar !

THE CID'S DEATHBED

<p>It was an hour of grief and fear Within Valencia's walls, When the blue Spring-heaven lay still and clear Above her marble halls. There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes, And steps of hurrying feet, Where the Zambra's notes were wont to rise, Along the sunny street. It was an hour of fear and grief, On bright Valencia's shore, 10 For Death was busy with her chief, The noble Campeador. The Moor-king's barks were on the deep, With sounds and signs of war, For the Cid was passing to his sleep, In the silent Alcazar.</p>	<p>No moan was heard through the towers of state, No weeper's aspect seen, But by the couch Ximena sate, With pale yet steadfast mien. 20 Stillness was round the leader's bed, Warriors stood mournful nigh, And banners, o'er his glorious head, Were drooping heavily. And feeblegrew the conquering hand, And cold the valiant breast ; He had fought the battles of the land, And his hour was come to rest. What said the Ruler of the field ? —His voice is faint and low ; 30 The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield Hath louder accents now.</p>
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' Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart ;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone,
Be ye of mighty heart !

' Let the cymbal-clash and the
trumpet-strain
From your walls ring far and shrill ;
And fear ye not, for the saints of
Spain
Shall grant you victory still. 40

And gird my form with mail-array,
And set me on my steed,
So go ye forth on your funeral-
way,
And God shall give you speed.

' Go with the dead in the front of
war,
All arm'd with sword and helm,
And march by the camp of King
Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

' And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my fathers birth ; 50
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
And my course is done on earth.'

—Now wave, ye glorious banners,
wave !
Through the lattice a wind sweeps
by,
And the arms, o'er the deathbed of
the brave,
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a
fight !
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps ;
The wind and the banners fall hush'd
as night,
The Campeador—he sleeps ! 60

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze
of morn,
And swell out the trumpet's blast,
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice
of wail,
For the noble Cid hath pass'd !

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

THE Moor had beleaguer'd Valencia's towers,
And lances gleam'd up through her citron-bowers,
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain ;
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had call'd her sons
To the battles of the West. 10

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirr'd ;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hush'd as a wizard's cave ;
But the Christians woke that night.

They rear'd the Cid on his barb'd steed,
Like a warrior mail'd for the hour of need,
And they fix'd the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright. 20

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls ;
Stars had not faded nor clouds turn'd red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun :
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

30

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep,
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went arm'd before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore ;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

40

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men !
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord ;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

50

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done ;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Nor a footfall heard in the Alcazar,
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;
—And they gave no battle-shout.

60

But the deep hills peal'd with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng !
—With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez came !

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
 Had pass'd before, like a threatening cloud !
 And the storm rush'd down on the tented plain,
 And the Archer-Queen, with her bands lay slain,
 For the Cid upheld his fame.

70

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
 And the Lybian kings who had join'd his war ;
 And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
 And their hands could not wield an assagay,
 For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seem'd where Minaya his onset made,
 There were seventy thousand knights array'd,
 All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
 And they came like the foam of a roaring deep ;
 —'Twas a sight of fear and awe !

80

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
 With a sword of fire, went before them all ;
 With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
 And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
 He rode in the battle's van !

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
 There was death in the giant-warrior's course !
 Where his banner stream'd with its ghostly light,
 Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight,
 For it seem'd not the sword of man !

90

The field and the river grew darkly red,
 As the kings and leaders of Afric fled ;
 There was work for the men of the Cid that day !
 —They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,
 As reapers whose task is done !

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled !
 The sails of their galleys in haste were spread ;
 But the sea had its share of the Paynim-slain,
 And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain ;
 —So the Cid to his grave pass'd on !

100

THE CID'S RISING

<p>'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent night, And Leon in slumber lay, When a sound went forth in rushing might, Like an army on its way ! In the stillness of the hour, When the dreams of sleep have power, And men forget the day.</p>	<p>Through the dark and lonely streets it went, Till the slumberers woke in dread ;— The sound of a passing armament, With the charger's stony tread. There was heard no trumpet's peal, But the heavy tramp of steel, As a host's to combat led.</p>
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9

Through the dark and lonely streets
 it pass'd,
 And the hollow pavement rang,
 And the towers, as with a sweeping
 blast,
 Rock'd to the stormy clang !
 But the march of the viewless train
 Went on to a royal fane, 20
 Where a priest his night-hymn
 sang.
 There was knocking that shook the
 marble floor,
 And a voice at the gate, which
 said—
 ' That the Cid Ruy Diez, the Cam-
 peador,

Was there in his arms array'd ;
 And that with him, from the
 tomb,
 Had the Count Gonzalez come
 With a host, uprisen to aid !

' And they came for the buried king
 that lay 29
 At rest in that ancient fane ;
 For he must be arm'd on the battle-
 day,
 With them, to deliver Spain ! '
 —Then the march went sounding
 on,
 And the Moors, by noontide sun,
 Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

LYRICS FROM 'THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA'

BALLAD

' THOU hast not been with a festal
 throng
 At the pouring of the wine ;
 Men bear not from the hall of song
 A mien so dark as thine !
 There 's blood upon thy shield,
 There 's dust upon thy plume,
 Thou hast brought from some
 disastrous field
 That brow of wrath and gloom ! '
 ' And is there blood upon my shield ?
 Maiden, it well may be ! 10
 We have sent the streams, from our
 battle-field,
 All darken'd to the sea !
 We have given the founts a
 stain,
 'Midst their woods of ancient
 pine ;
 And the ground is wet—but not
 with rain,
 Deep dyed—but not with wine !
 ' The ground is wet—but not with
 rain—
 We have been in war array,

And the noblest blood of Christian
 Spain
 Hath bathed her soil to-day. 20
 I have seen the strong man die,
 And the stripling meet his fate,
 Where the mountain-winds go sound-
 ing by,
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait.
 ' In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
 There are helmets and lances cleft ;
 And they that moved at morn elate
 On a bed of heath are left !
 There 's many a fair young face
 Which the war-steed hath gone
 o'er ; 30
 At many a board there is kept a place
 For those that come no more ! '
 ' Alas ! for love, for woman's breast,
 If woe like this must be !
 Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle
 crest,
 And a white plume waving free ?
 With his proud quick-flashing
 eye,
 And his mien of knightly state ?
 Doth he come from where the swords
 flash'd high,
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait ? ' 40

'In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
I saw, and mark'd him well;
For nobly on his steed he sate,
When the pride of manhood fell!
But it is not *youth* which turns
From the field of spears again;
For the boy's high heart too wildly
burns,
Till it rests amidst the slain!'

'Thou canst not say that *he* lies low,
The lovely and the brave? 50
Oh! none could look on his joyous
brow,
And think upon the grave!
Dark, dark perchance the day
Hath been with valour's fate;
But *he* is on his homeward way
From the Roncesvalles' Strait!'

'There is dust upon his joyous brow,
And o'er his graceful head;
And the war-horse will not wake him
now,
Though it browse his greensward
bed! 60
I have seen the stripling die,
And the strong man meet his
fate,
Where the mountain-winds go
sounding by,
In the Roncesvalles' Strait!'

DIRGE

THOU to thy rest art gone,
High heart! and what are we,
While o'er our heads the storm
sweeps on,
That we should mourn for thee?
Free grave and peaceful bier
To the buried son of Spain!
To those that live, the lance and
spear,
And well if not the chain!
Be *theirs* to weep the dead, 9
As they sit beneath their vines,
Whose flowery land hath borne no
tread
Of spoilers o'er its shrines!

Thou hast thrown off the load
Which we must yet sustain,
And pour our blood where *thine* hath
flow'd,
Too blest if not in vain!

We give thee holy rite,
Slow knell, and chaunted strain!
—For those that fall to-morrow
night,
May be left no funeral-train. 20

Again, when trumpets wake,
We must brace our armour on;
But a deeper note *thy* sleep must
break—
—Thou to thy rest art gone!

Happier in *this* than all,
That, now thy race is run,
Upon thy name no stain may fall,
Thy work hath well been done!

SONG

WHY is the Spanish maiden's grave
So far from her own bright land?
The sunny flowers that o'er it wave
Were sown by no kindred hand.

'Tis not the orange-bough that sends
Its breath on the sultry air,
'Tis not the myrtle-stem that bends
To the breeze of evening there!

But the rose of Sharon's eastern
bloom
By the silent dwelling fades, 10
And none but strangers pass the
tomb
Which the palm of Judah shades.

The lowly Cross, with flowers o'er-
grown,
Marks well that place of rest;
But who hath graved, on its mossy
stone,
A sword, a helm, a crest?

These are the trophies of a chief,
A lord of the axe and spear!
—Some blossom pluck'd, some faded
leaf,
Should grace a maiden's bier! 20

Scorn not her tomb—deny not her
The honours of the brave!
O'er that forsaken sepulchre,
Banner and plume might wave.

She bound the steel, in battle tried,
Her fearless heart above,
And stood with brave men, side by
side,
In the strength and faith of love!

That strength prevail'd—that faith
was bless'd!

True was the javelin thrown, 30
Yet pierced it not her warrior's
breast:

She met it with her own!

And nobly won, where heroes fell
In arms for the holy shrine,
A death which saved what she loved
so well,
And a grave in Palestine.

Then let the rose of Sharon spread
Its breast to the glowing air,
And the palm of Judah lift its head,
Green and immortal there! 40

And let yon grey stone, undefaced,
With its trophy mark the scene,
Telling the pilgrim of the waste
Where Love and Death have been.

CHANT

A SWORD is on the land!
He that bears down young tree and
glorious flower,
Death is gone forth, he walks the
wind in power!
Where is the warrior's hand?
Our steps are in the shadows of the
grave,
Hear us, we perish! Father, hear
and save!

If, in the days of song,
The days of gladness, we have call'd
on thee,
When mirthful voices rang from sea
to sea,
And joyous hearts were strong;
Now that alike the feeble and the
brave 11
Must cry, 'We perish!'—Father,
hear and save!

The days of song are fled!
The winds come loaded, wafting
dirge-notes by,
But they that linger soon unmourn'd
must die;—
The dead weep not the dead!—
Wilt Thou forsake us 'midst the
stormy wave?
We sink, we perish!—Father, hear
and save!

Helmet and lance are dust!
Is not the strong man wither'd from
our eye? 20
The arm struck down that held our
banners high?—
Thine is our spirits' trust!
Look through the gath'ring shadows
of the grave!
Do we not perish?—Father, hear
and save!

THE CID'S BATTLE-SONG

THE MOOR is on his way,
With the tambour peal and the
tecbir-shout,
And the horn o'er the blue seas
ringing out,
He hath marshall'd his dark
array!

Shout through the vine-clad
land!
That her sons on all their hills may
hear,
And sharpen the point of the red
wolf-spear,
And the sword for the brave
man's hand!

Banners are in the field !
 The chief must rise from his joyous
 board, ¹⁰
 And turn from the feast ere the wine
 be pour'd,
 And take up his father's shield !

The Moor is on his way !
 Let the peasant leave his olive-
 ground,
 And the goats roam wild through the
 pine-woods round !
 There is nobler work to-day !

Send forth the trumpet's call !
 Till the bridegroom cast the goblet
 down,
 And the marriage-robe, and the
 flowery crown ;
 And arm in the banquet-hall !

And stay the funeral train : ²¹
 Bid the chanted mass be hush'd
 awhile,
 And the bier laid down in the holy
 aisle,
 And the mourners gird for Spain.

Ere night must swords be red !
 It is not an hour for knells and tears,
 But for helmets braced, and serried
 spears !
 To-morrow for the dead !

The Cid is in array !
 His steed is barded,¹ his plume waves
 high, ³⁰
 His banner is up in the sunny sky,
 Now, joy for the Cross to-day !

A DEATH-HYMN

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit ! rest thee now !
 E'en while with ours thy footsteps
 trode
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
 Soul, to its place on high !
 They that have seen thy look in
 death
 No more may fear to die.

THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS ;

OR, THE MEETING ON THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI

ADVERTISEMENT

[It was in the year 1308 that the Swiss rose against the tyranny of the bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of Austria. The field called the Grütli, at the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the boundaries of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Fürst (the father-in-law of William Tell), Werner Stauffacher, and Erni (or Arnold) Melchthal, as their place of meeting to deliberate on the accomplishment of their projects.

Hither came Fürst and Melchthal, along secret paths over the heights, and Stauffacher in his boat across the Lake of the Four Cantons. On the night preceding the 11th of November 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men of approved worth ; and while at this solemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole posterity, Werner, Walter, and Arnold held up their hands to Heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, swore jointly and strenuously to defend that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with awe ; and with uplifted hands attested the same God, and all His saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings, and for the

¹ *Barded*, caparisoned for battle.

present each returned to his hamlet.'—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.

On the 1st day of the year 1308, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke, and 'it is well attested', says the same author, 'that not one drop of blood was shed on this memorable occasion, nor had one proprietor to lament the loss of a claim, a privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding Sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual league.'

I

'T WAS night upon the Alps. The Senn's wild horn,
Like a wind's voice, had pour'd its last long tone,
Whose pealing echoes, through the larch-woods borne,
To the low cabins of the glens made known
That welcome steps were nigh. The flocks had gone,
By cliff and pine-bridge, to their place of rest ;
The chamois slumber'd, for the chase was done ;
His cavern-bed of moss the hunter press'd,
And the rock-eagle couch'd high on his cloudy nest.

II

Did the land sleep ?—the woodman's axe had ceased 10
Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane ;
The grapes were gather'd in ; the vintage feast
Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain
Hush'd by the streams ; the year was in its wane,
The night in its mid-watch ; it was a time
E'en mark'd and hallow'd unto slumber's reign.
But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,
And o'er his white Alps moved the spirit of the clime.

III

For there, where snows, in crowning glory spread,
High and unmark'd by mortal footstep lay ; 20
And there, where torrents, 'mid the ice-caves fed,
Burst in their joy of light and sound away ;
And there, where freedom, as in scornful play,
Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms of air,
O'er cliffs the very birthplace of the day—
Oh ! who would dream that tyranny could dare
To lay her withering hand on God's bright works e'en there ?

IV

Yet thus it was—amidst the fleet streams gushing
To bring down rainbows o'er their sparry cell,
And the glad heights, through mist and tempest rushing 30
Up where the sun's red fire-glance earliest fell,
And the fresh pastures where the herd's sweet bell
Recall'd such life as Eastern patriarchs led :
There peasant men their free thoughts might not tell
Save in the hour of shadows and of dread,
And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull stealthy tread.

V

But in a land of happy shepherd homes,
 On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,
 With their bright hearth-fires 'midst the twilight glooms,
 From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shining— 40
 A land of legends, and wild songs entwining
 Their memory with all memories loved and blest—
 In such a land there dwells a power, combining
 The strength of many a calm but fearless breast ;
 And woe to him who breaks the Sabbath of its rest !

VI

A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was broken—
 On Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar—
 Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token
 The eternal waters to their barriers bore ;
 And then their gloom a flashing image wore 50
 Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood,
 And the wild-falcon's wing was heard to soar
 In startled haste—and by that moonlight flood,
 A band of patriot men on Grütli's verdure stood.

VII

They stood in arms : the wolf-spear and the bow
 Had waged their war on things of mountain race ;
 Might not their swift stroke reach a mail-clad foe ?
 —Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,
 True hearts in fight, were gather'd on that place 60
 Of secret council.—Not for fame or spoil
 So met those men in Heaven's majestic face ;—
 To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of toil,
 The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

VIII

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide
 Of years have flow'd, and still, from sire to son,
 Their names and records on the green earth died,
 As cottage-lamps, expiring one by one
 In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun
 To hush all sound.—But silent on its height,
 The snow-mass, full of death, while ages run 70
 Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,
 Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding night.

IX

So were *they* roused—the invading step had pass'd
 Their cabin thresholds, and the lowly door,
 Which well had stood against the Fohnwind's blast,
 Could bar Oppression from their home no more.
 Why, what had *she* to do where all things wore
 Wild grandeur's impress ?—In the storm's free way,
 How dared *she* lift her pageant crest before 80
 The enduring and magnificent array
 Of sovereign Alps, that wing'd their eagles with the day ?

X

This might not long be borne—the tameless hills
 Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,
 Fraught with His name, whose awful presence fills
 Their deep lone places, and for ever telling
 That He hath made man free ! and they whose dwelling
 Was in those ancient fastnesses, gave ear ;
 The weight of sufferance from their hearts repelling,
 They rose—the forester—the mountaineer— 89
 Oh ! what hath earth more strong than the good peasant-spear ?

XI

Sacred be Grütli's field—their vigil keeping
 Through many a blue and starry summer night,
 There, while the sons of happier lands were sleeping,
 Had those brave Switzers met, and in the sight
 Of the just God, who pours forth burning might
 To gird the oppress'd, had given their deep thoughts way,
 And braced their spirits for the patriot fight,
 With lovely images of homes that lay
 Bower'd 'midst the rustling pines, or by the torrent spray.

XII

Now had endurance reach'd its bounds !—They came 100
 With courage set in each bright earnest eye,
 The day, the signal, and the hour to name,
 When they should gather on their hills to die,
 Or shake the glaciers with their joyous cry
 For the land's freedom.—'Twas a scene combining
 All glory in itself—the solemn sky,
 The stars, the waves their soften'd light enshrining,
 And man's high soul supreme o'er mighty Nature shining.

XIII

Calmly they stood, and with collected mien,
 Breathing their souls in voices firm but low 110
 As if the spirit of the hour and scene,
 With the woods' whisper and the waves' sweet flow,
 Had temper'd in their thoughtful hearts the glow
 Of all indignant feeling. To the breath
 Of Dorian flute, and lyre-note soft and slow,
 E'en thus of old, the Spartan from its sheath
 Drew his devoted sword, and girt himself for death.

XIV

And three, that seem'd as chieftains of the band,
 Were gather'd in the midst on that lone shore
 By Uri's lake—a father of the land, 120
 One on his brow the silent record wore
 Of many days, whose shadows had pass'd o'er
 His path among the hills, and quench'd the dreams
 Of youth with sorrow.—Yet from memory's lore
 Still his life's evening drew its loveliest gleams,
 For he had walk'd with God, beside the mountain-streams.

XV

And his grey hairs, in happier times, might well
To their last pillow silently have gone,
As melts a wreath of snow.—But who shall tell
How life may task the spirit?—He was one, 130
Who from its morn a freeman's work had done,
And reap'd his harvest, and his vintage press'd,
Fearless of wrong; and now, at set of sun,
He bow'd not to his years, for on the breast
Of a still chainless land he deem'd it much to rest.

XVI

But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,
Strong hearts endure!—By that pale elder's side,
Stood one that seem'd a monarch of the soil,
Serene and stately in his manhood's pride,
Werner, the brave and true!—If men have died, 140
Their hearths and shrines inviolate to keep,
He was a mate for such.—The voice that cried
Within his breast, 'Arise!' came still and deep
From his far home, that smiled e'en then in moonlight sleep.

XVII

It was a home to die for!—As it rose
Through its vine-foliage, sending forth a sound
Of mirthful childhood, o'er the green repose
And laughing sunshine of the pastures round;
And he whose life to that sweet spot was bound
Raised unto Heaven a glad yet thoughtful eye, 150
And set his free step firmer on the ground,
When o'er his soul its melodies went by
As through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

XVIII

But who was he, that on his hunting-spear
Lean'd with a prouder and more fiery bearing?
His was a brow for tyrant hearts to fear,
Within the shadow of its dark locks wearing
That which they may not tame—a soul declaring
War against earth's oppressors. 'Midst that throng,
Of other mould he seem'd, and loftier daring,— 160
One whose blood swept high impulses along,
One that should pass, and leave a name for warlike song—

XIX

A memory on the mountains!—one to stand,
When the hills echo'd with the deepening swell
Of hostile trumpets, foremost for the land,
And in some rock defile, or savage dell,
Array her peasant-children to repel
The invader, sending arrows for his chains!
Aye, one to fold around him, as he fell,
Her banner with a smile—for through his veins 170
The joy of danger flow'd, as torrents to the plains

XX

There was at times a wildness in the light
 Of his quick-flashing eye ; a something, born
 Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright,
 And proud, and tameless, laughing fear to scorn !
 It well might be !—Young Erni's step had worn
 The mantling snows on their most regal steeps,
 And track'd the lynx above the clouds of morn,
 And follow'd where the flying chamois leaps
 Across the dark-blue rifts, the unfathom'd glacier deeps. 18c

XXI

He was a creature of the Alpine sky,
 A being whose bright spirit had been fed
 'Midst the crown'd heights of joy and liberty,
 And thoughts of power. He knew each path which led
 To the rock's treasure-caves, whose crystal shed
 Soft light o'er secret fountains. At the tone
 Of his loud horn, the Lammer-Geyer had spread
 A startled wing ; for oft that peal had blown
 Where the free cataract's voice was wont to sound alone.

XXII

His step had track'd the waste, his soul had stirr'd 190
 The ancient solitudes—his voice had told
 Of wrongs to call down Heaven. That tale was heard
 In Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds' fold
 Their flocks in dark ravine and craggy hold
 On the bleak Oberland ; and where the light
 Of day's last footstep bathes in burning gold
 Great Righi's cliffs ; and where Mount Pilate's height
 Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his might.

XXIII

Nor was it heard in vain. There all things press 200
 High thoughts on man. The fearless hunter pass'd,
 And, from the bosom of the wilderness,
 There leapt a spirit and a power to cast
 The weight of bondage down—and bright and fast,
 As the clear waters, joyously and free,
 Burst from the desert-rock, it rush'd at last,
 Through the far valleys ; till the patriot three
 Thus with their brethren stood, beside the Forest Sea.

XXIV

They link'd their hands, they pledged their stainless faith,
 In the dread presence of attesting Heaven,
 They bound their hearts to suffering and to death, 210
 With the severe and solemn transport given
 To bless such vows. How nobly man had striven,
 How man *might* strive, and vainly strive, they knew,
 And call'd upon their God, whose arm had riven
 The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew
 The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's might o'erthrew.

XXV

They knelt, and rose in strength. The valleys lay
Still in their dimness, but the peaks which darted
Into the bright mid-air, had caught from day
A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted, 220
Each to his glen or forest, steadfast-hearted,
And full of hope. Not many suns had worn
Their setting glory, ere from slumber started
Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born—
So far was heard the blast of freedom's echoing horn !

XXVI

The ice-vaults trembled, when that peal came rending
The frozen stillness which around them hung ;
From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending,
Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollow rung ;
And the flame-signals through the midnight sprung 230
From the Surennen rocks, like banners streaming
To the far Seelisberg ; whence light was flung
On Grütli's field, till all the red lake, gleaming,
Shone out, a meteor-heaven in its wild splendour seeming.

XXVII

And the winds toss'd each summit's blazing crest,
As a host's plumage ; and the giant pines,
Fell'd where they waved o'er crag and eagle's nest,
Heap'd up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,
As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines,
Reddening the distance. Wine-cups, crown'd and bright, 240
In Werner's dwelling flow'd ; through leafless vines
From Walter's hearth stream'd forth the festive light,
And Erni's blind old sire gave thanks to Heaven that night.

XXVIII

Then on the silence of the snows there lay
A Sabbath's quiet sunshine—and its bell
Fill'd the hush'd air awhile, with lonely sway ;
For the stream's voice was chain'd by Winter's spell,
The deep wood-sounds had ceased. But rock and dell
Rung forth, erelong, when strains of jubilee
Peal'd from the mountain-churches, with a swell 250
Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea—
For now the strife was closed, the glorious Alps were free

THE FOREST SANCTUARY

<p>Ihr Plätze aller meiner stillen freuden, Euch lass' ich hinter mir auf immerdar ! * * * * *</p> <p>So ist des geistes ruf an mich ergangen, Mich treibt nicht eitles, irdisches ver- langen.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Die Jungfrau von Orleans.</i></p>	<p>Long time against oppression have I fought, And for the native liberty of faith Have bled and suffer'd bonds.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Remorse, a Tragedy.</i></p>
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The following Poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.

PART I

I

THE voices of my home !—I hear them still !
 They have been with me through the dreamy night—
 The blessed household voices, wont to fill
 My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight !
 I hear them still, unchanged :—though some from earth
 Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
 Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright !
 Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
 Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home !

II

They call me through this hush of woods reposing, 10
 In the grey stillness of the summer morn ;
 They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
 And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born ;
 Even as a fount's remember'd gushings burst
 On the parch'd traveller in his hour of thirst,
 E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
 By quenchless longings, to my soul I say—
 Oh ! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,—

III

And find mine ark !—yet whither ?—I must bear 20
 A yearning heart within me to the grave.
 I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
 Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
 And sighing through the feathery canes—hath power
 To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
 From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave !—
 So must it be !—These skies above me spread,
 Are they my own soft skies ?—Ye rest not here, my dead !

IV

Ye far amidst the scuthern flowers lie sleeping,
 Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear,
 Save one ! a blue, lone, distant main is sweeping 30
 High o'er *one* gentle head—ye rest not here !—
 'Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
 Not thy low rippings, glassy water, playing
 Through my own chestnut groves, which fill mine ear ;
 But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell,
 And for their birthplace moan, as moans the ocean-shell.

V

Peace !—I will dash these fond regrets to earth,
 Even as an eagle shakes the cumbering rain
 From his strong pinion. Thou that gav'st me birth,
 And lineage, and once home,—my native Spain ! 40
 My own bright land—my father's land—my child's !
 What hath thy son brought from thee to the wilds ?
 He hath brought marks of torture and the chain,
 Traces of things which pass not as a breeze ;
 A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath, woe,—thy gifts are these !

VI

A blighted name !—I hear the winds of morn—
 Their sounds are not of this !—I hear the shiver
 Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings, borne
 From the high forest, when the light leaves quiver :
 Their sounds are not of this !—the cedars, waving, 50
 Lend it no tone : His wide savannahs laving,
 It is not murmur'd by the joyous river !
 What part hath mortal name, where God alone
 Speaks to the mighty waste, and through its heart is known ?

VII

Is it not much that I may worship Him,
 With nought my spirit's breathings to control,
 And feel His presence in the vast, and dim,
 And whispery woods, where dying thunders roll
 From the far cat'racts ?—Shall I not rejoice
 That I have learn'd at last to know *His* voice 60
 From man's ?—I will rejoice !—my soaring soul
 Now hath redeem'd her birthright of the day,
 And won, through clouds, to Him, her own unfetter'd way !

VIII

And thou, my boy ! that silent at my knee
 Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,
 Fill'd with the love of childhood, which I see
 Pure through its depths, a thing without disguise ;
 Thou that hast breathed in slumber on my breast,
 When I have check'd its throbs to give thee rest,
 Mine own ! whose young thoughts fresh before me rise ! 70
 Is it not much that I may guide thy prayer,
 And circle thy glad soul with free and healthful air ?

IX

Why should I weep on thy bright head, my boy ?
 Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not dwell,
 Nor lift their banner, with a warrior's joy,
 Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs, who fell
 For Spain of old.—Yet what if rolling waves
 Have borne us far from our ancestral graves ?
 Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart rebel,
 As mine hath done ; nor bear what I have borne, 80
 Casting in falsehood's mould the indignant brow of scorn.

X

This shall not be thy lot, my blessed child !
 I have not sorrow'd, struggled, lived in vain—
 Hear me ! magnificent and ancient wild ;
 And mighty rivers, ye that meet the main,
 As deep meets deep ; and forests, whose dim shade
 The flood's voice, and the wind's, by swells pervade ;
 Hear me !—'tis well to die, and not complain,
 Yet there are hours when the charged heart must speak,
 E'en in the desert's ear to pour itself, or break ! 90

XI

I see an oak before me : it hath been
 The crown'd one of the woods ; and might have flung
 Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly green,
 But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,
 From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage throwing.
 Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,
 Hath shrunk and died those serpent-folds among.
 Alas ! alas ! what is it that I see ?
 An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee !

XII

Yet art thou lovely !—Song is on thy hills— 100
 Oh, sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,
 That lull'd my boyhood, how your memory thrills
 The exile's heart with sudden-wakening pain !
 Your sounds are on the rocks :—That I might hear
 Once more the music of the mountaineer !
 And from the sunny vales the shepherd's strain
 Floats out, and fills the solitary place
 With the old tuneful names of Spain's heroic race.

XIII

But there was silence one bright, golden day,
 Through my own pine-hung mountains. Clear, yet lone, 110
 In the rich autumn light the vineyards lay,
 And from the fields the peasant's voice was gone ;
 And the red grapes untrodden strew'd the ground,
 And the free flocks, untended, roam'd around :—
 Where was the pastor ?—where the pipe's wild tone ?
 Music and mirth were hush'd the hills among,
 While to the city's gates each hamlet pour'd its throng.

XIV

Silence upon the mountains ! But within
The city's gate a rush, a press, a swell
Of multitudes, their torrent way to win ; 120
And heavy boomings of a dull deep bell,
A dead pause following each—like that which parts
The dash of billows, holding breathless hearts
Fast in the hush of fear—knell after knell ;
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder-rain
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing fane !

XV

What pageant's hour approach'd ? The sullen gate
Of a strong ancient prison-house was thrown
Back to the day. And who, in mournful state,
Came forth, led slowly o'er its threshold-stone ? 130
They that had learn'd, in cells of secret gloom,
How sunshine is forgotten ! They, to whom
The very features of mankind were grown
Things that bewilder'd ! O'er their dazzled sight
They lifted their wan hands, and cower'd before the light !

XVI

To this, man brings his brother ! Some were there,
Who, with their desolation, had entwined
Fierce strength, and girt the sternness of despair
Fast round their bosoms, even as warriors bind
The breastplate on for fight ; but brow and cheek 140
Seem'd *theirs* a torturing panoply to speak !
And there were some, from whom the very mind
Had been wrung out :—they smiled—oh ! startling smile,
Whence man's high soul is fled ! Where doth it sleep the while ?

XVII

But onward moved the melancholy train,
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die.
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain—
Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry !
Through thousands, thousands of their race they moved—
Oh ! how unlike all others !—the beloved, 150
The free, the proud, the beautiful ! whose eye
Grew fix'd before them, while a people's breath
Was hush'd, and its one soul bound in the thought of death !

XVIII

It might be that, amidst the countless throng,
There swell'd some heart with pity's weight oppress'd,
For the wide stream of human love is strong ;
And woman, on whose fond and faithful breast
Childhood is rear'd, and at whose knee the sigh
Of its first prayer is breathed, she, too, was nigh.
But life is dear, and the free footstep bless'd, 160
And home a sunny place, where each may fill
Some eye with glistening smiles,—and therefore all were still.

XIX

All still,—youth, courage, strength !—a winter laid,
 A chain of palsy cast, on might and mind !
 Still, as at noon a southern forest's shade
 They stood, those breathless masses of mankind ;
 Still, as a frozen torrent !—but the wave
 Soon leaps to foaming freedom—they, the brave,
 Endured—they saw the martyr's place assign'd
 In the red flames—whence is the withering spell
 That numbs each human pulse ?—they saw, and thought it well. 170

XX

And I, too, thought it well ! That very morn
 From a far land I came, yet round me clung
 The spirit of my own. No hand had torn
 With a strong grasp away the veil which hung
 Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed, I saw
 Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe
 I watch'd the fearful rites ; and if there sprung
 One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,
 Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own poison-cup. 180

XXI

But I was waken'd as the dreamers waken
 Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek of dread
 Rouse up at midnight, when their walls are taken,
 And they must battle till their blood is shed
 On their own threshold-floor. A path for light
 Through my torn breast was shatter'd by the might
 Of the swift thunder-stroke—and freedom's tread
 Came in through ruins, late, yet not in vain,
 Making the blighted place all green with life again.

XXII

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass 190
 Of cloud, o'ersweeping, without wind, the sky,
 Dream-like I saw the sad procession pass,
 And mark'd its victims with a tearless eye.
 They moved before me but as pictures, wrought
 Each to reveal some secret of man's thought,
 On the sharp edge of sad mortality,
 Till in his place came one—oh ! could it be ?
 My friend, my heart's first friend !—and did I gaze on thee ?

XXIII

On thee ! with whom in boyhood I had play'd,
 At the grape-gatherings, by my native streams ; 200
 And to whose eye my youthful soul had laid
 Bare, as to Heaven's, its glowing world of dreams ;
 And by whose side 'midst warriors I had stood,
 And in whose helm was brought—oh ! earn'd with blood !
 The fresh wave to my lips, when tropic beams
 Smote on my fever'd brow !—Ay, years had pass'd,
 Severing our paths, brave friend !—and *thus* we met at last !

XXIV

I see it still—the lofty mien thou borest—
On thy pale forehead sat a sense of power !
The very look that once thou brightly worest,
Cheering me onward through a fearful hour,
When we were girt by Indian bow and spear,
Midst the white Andes—even as mountain deer,
Hemm'd in our camp—but through the javelin shower
We rent our way, a tempest of despair !
And thou—hadst thou but died with thy true brethren there !

210

XXV

I call the fond wish back—for thou hast perish'd
Most nobly far, my Alvar !—making known
The might of truth ; and be thy memory cherish'd
With theirs, the thousands that around her throne
Have pour'd their lives out smiling, in that doom
Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb !—
Ay, with their ashes hath the wind been sown,
And with the wind their spirit shall be spread,
Filling man's heart and home with records of the dead.

220

XXVI

Thou Searcher of the soul ! in whose dread sight
Not the bold guilt alone that mocks the skies,
But the scarce-own'd, unwhisper'd thought of night,
As a thing written with the sunbeam lies ;
Thou know'st—whose eye through shade and depth can see,
That this man's crime was but to worship thee,
Like those that made their hearts thy sacrifice,
The call'd of yore—wont by the Saviour's side
On the dim Olive-Mount to pray at eventide.

230

XXVII

For the strong spirit will at times awake,
Piercing the mists that wrap her clay abode ;
And, born of thee, she may not always take
Earth's accents for the oracles of God ;
And even for this—O dust, whose mask is power !
Reed, that wouldst be a scourge thy little hour !
Spark, whercon yet the mighty hath not trod,
And therefore thou destroyest !—where were flown
Our hopes, if man were left to man's decree alone ?

240

XXVIII

But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze
On him, my friend ; while that swift moment threw
A sudden freshness back on vanish'd days,
Like water-drops on some dim picture's hue ;
Calling the proud time up, when first I stood
Where banners floated, and my heart's quick blood
Sprang to a torrent as the clarion blew,
And he—his sword was like a brother's worn,
That watches through the field his mother's youngest born.

250

XXIX

But a lance met me in that day's career,
 Senseless I lay amidst the o'ersweeping fight,
 Wakening at last—how full, how strangely clear,
 That scene on memory flash'd!—the shivery light,
 Moonlight, on broken shields—the plain of slaughter,
 The fountain-side—the low sweet sound of water—
 And Alvar bending o'er me—from the night
 Covering me with his mantle!—all the past
 Flow'd back—my soul's far chords all answer'd to the blast. 260

XXX

Till, in that rush of visions, I became
 As one that, by the bands of slumber wound,
 Lies with a powerless but all-thrilling frame,
 Intense in consciousness of sight and sound,
 Yet buried in a wildering dream which brings
 Loved faces round him, girt with fearful things!
 Troubled even thus I stood, but chain'd and bound
 On that familiar form mine eye to keep:—
 Alas! I might not fall upon his neck and weep! 270

XXXI

He pass'd me—and what next?—I look'd on two,
 Following his footsteps to the same dread place,
 For the same guilt—his sisters!—Well I knew
 The beauty on those brows, though each young face
 Was changed—so deeply changed!—a dungeon's air
 Is hard for loved and lovely things to bear;
 And ye, O daughters of a lofty race,
 Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez!—flowers
 So cherish'd! were ye then but rear'd for those dark hours?

XXXII

A mournful home, young sisters! had ye left,
 With your lutes hanging hush'd upon the wall,
 And silence round the aged man, bereft
 Of each glad voice, once answering to his call.
 Alas, that lonely father! doom'd to pine
 For sounds departed in his life's decline,
 And, 'midst the shadowing banners of his hall,
 With his white hair to sit, and deem the name
 A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you to shame! 280

XXXIII

And woe for you, 'midst looks and words of love,
 And gentle hearts and faces, nursed so long!
 How had I seen you in your beauty move,
 Wearing the wreath, and listening to the song!
 —Yet sat, even then, what seem'd the crowd to shun
 Half-veil'd upon the clear pale brow of one,
 And deeper thoughts than oft to youth belong,
 Thoughts, such as wake to evening's whispery sway
 Within the drooping shade of her sweet eyelids lay. 290

XXXIV

And if she mingled with the festive train,
 It was but as some melancholy star
 Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain, 300
 In its bright stillness present, though afar.
 Yet would she smile—and that, too, hath its smile—
 Circled with joy which reach'd her not the while,
 And bearing a lone spirit, not at war
 With earthly things, but o'er their form and hue
 Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully true.

XXXV

But the dark hours wring forth the hidden might
 Which hath lain bedded in the silent soul,
 A treasure all undreamt of;—as the night
 Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll 310
 Unheard by day. It seem'd as if her breast
 Had hoarded energies, till then suppress'd
 Almost with pain, and bursting from control,
 And finding first that hour their pathway free :—
 Could a rose brave the storm, such might her emblem be !

XXXVI

For the soft gloom whose shadow still had hung
 On her fair brow, beneath its garlands worn,
 Was fled ; and fire, like prophecy's, had sprung
 Clear to her kindled eye. It might be scorn—
 Pride—sense of wrong—ay, the frail heart is bound 320
 By these at times, even as with adamant round,
 Kept so from breaking !—yet not *thus* upborne
 She moved, though some sustaining passion's wave
 Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for the brave !

XXXVII

And yet, alas ! to see the strength which clings
 Round women in such hours !—a mournful sight,
 Though lovely !—an o'erflowing of the springs,
 The full springs of affection, deep as bright !
 And she, because her life is ever twined
 With other lives, and by no stormy wind 330
 May thence be shaken, and because the light
 Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
 Doth weep such passionate tears—therefore she thus can die.

XXXVIII

Therefore didst *thou*, through that heart-shaking scene,
 As through a triumph move ; and cast aside
 Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for victory's mien,
 O faithful sister ! cheering thus the guide,
 And friend, and brother of thy sainted youth,
 Whose hand had led thee to the source of truth,
 Where thy glad soul from earth was purified ; 340
 Nor wouldst thou, following him through all the past,
 That he should see thy step grow tremulous at last.

XXXIX

For thou hadst made no deeper love a guest
 'Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than that which grows
 Between the nurtured of the same fond breast,
 The shelter'd of one roof ; and thus it rose
 Twined in with life.—How is it that the hours
 Of the same sport, the gathering early flowers
 Round the same tree, the sharing one repose,
 And mingling one first prayer in murmurs soft,
 From the heart's memory fade, in this world's breath so oft ? 350

XL

But thee that breath had touch'd not ; thee, nor him,
 The true in all things found !—and thou wert blest
 Even then, that no remember'd change could dim
 The perfect image of affection, press'd
 Like armour to thy bosom !—thou hadst kept
 Watch by thy brother's couch of pain, and wept,
 Thy sweet face covering with thy robe, when rest
 Flew from the sufferer ; thou hadst bound his faith
 Unto thy soul ;—one light, one hope ye chose—one death. 360

XLI

So didst thou pass on brightly !—but for her,
 Next in that path, how may *her* doom be spoken !
 All merciful ! to think that such things were,
 And *are*, and seen by men with hearts unbroken !
 To think of that fair girl, whose path had been
 So strew'd with rose-leaves, all one fairy scene !
 And whose quick glance came ever as a token
 Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voice
 As a free bird's in spring, that makes the woods rejoice !

XLII

And she to die !—she loved the laughing earth 370
 With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and flowers
 Was not her smile even as the sudden birth
 Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal showers ?
 Yes ! but to meet her fawn-like step, to hear
 The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,
 Which oft, unconsciously, in happier hours
 Flow'd from her lips, was to forget the sway
 Of Time and Death below blight, shadow, dull decay !

XLIII

Could this change be ?—the hour, the scene, where last 380
 I saw that form, came floating o'er my mind :—
 A golden vintage-eve ; the heats were pass'd,
 And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,
 Her father sat where gleam'd the first faint star
 Through the lime-boughs ; and with her light guitar,
 She, on the greensward at his feet reclined,
 In his calm face laugh'd up ; some shepherd lay
 Singing, as childhood sings on the lone hills at play.

XLIV

And now—oh God !—the bitter fear of death,
 The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing dread,
 Had grasp'd her !—panting in her quick-drawn breath, 390
 And in her white lips quivering ;—onward led,
 She look'd up with her dim bewilder'd eyes,
 And there smiled out her own soft brilliant skies,
 Far in their sultry southern azure spread,
 Glowing with joy, but silent !—still they smiled,
 Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor trembling child.

XLV

Alas ! that earth had all too strong a hold,
 Too fast, sweet Inez ! on thy heart, whose bloom
 Was given to early love, nor knew how cold
 The hours which follow. There was one, with whom, 400
 Young as thou wert, and gentle, and untried,
 Thou might'st, perchance, unshrinkingly have died :
 But he was far away ;—and with thy doom
 Thus gathering, life grew so intensely dear,
 That all thy slight frame shook with its cold mortal fear !

XLVI

No aid !—thou too didst pass !—and all had pass'd,
 The fearful—and the desperate—and the strong !
 Some like the bark that rushes with the blast,
 Some like the leaf swept shivering along,
 And some as men, that have but one more field 410
 To fight, and then may slumber on their shield,—
 Therefore they arm in hope. But now the throng
 Roll'd on, and bore me with their living tide,
 Even as a bark wherein is left no power to guide.

XLVII

Wave swept on wave. We reach'd a stately square,
 Deck'd for the rites. An altar stood on high,
 And gorgeous, in the midst : a place for prayer,
 And praise, and offering. Could the earth supply
 No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice, of all
 Which on her sunny lap unheeded fall ? 420
 No fair young firstling of the flock to die,
 As when before their God the patriarchs stood ?—
 Look down ! man brings thee, Heaven ! his brother's guiltless blood !

XLVIII

Hear its voice, hear !—a cry goes up to Thee,
 From the stain'd sod ; make thou Thy judgment known
 On him, the shedder !—let his portion be
 The fear that walks at midnight—give the moan
 In the wind haunting him, a power to say,
 ' Where is thy brother ? '—and the stars a ray
 To search and shake his spirit, when alone, 430
 With the dread splendour of their burning eyes !
 —So shall earth own Thy will—mercy, not sacrifice !

XLIX

Sounds of triumphant praise !—the mass was sung—
 Voices that die not might have pour'd such strains !
 Through Salem's towers might that proud chant have rung
 When the Most High, on Syria's palmi plains,
 Had quell'd her foes !—so full it swept, a sea
 Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling free !
 —Oft when the wind, as through resounding fanes,
 Hath fill'd the choral forests with its power, 440
 Some deep tone brings me back the music of that hour.

L

It died away ;—the incense-cloud was driven
 Before the breeze—the words of doom were said ;
 And the sun faded mournfully from heaven :
 —He faded mournfully ! and dimly red,
 Parting in clouds from those that look'd their last,
 And sigh'd—' Farewell, thou sun ! '—Eve glow'd and pass'd—
 Night—midnight and the moon—came forth and shed
 Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood, peopled spot—
 Save one—a place of death—and there men slumber'd not. 450

LI

'Twas not within the city—but in sight
 Of the snow-crown'd sierras, freely sweeping,
 With many an eagle's eyrie on the height,
 And hunter's cabin, by the torrent peeping
 Far off : and vales between, and vineyards lay,
 With sound and gleam of waters on their way,
 And chestnut woods, that girt the happy sleeping
 In many a peasant-home !—the midnight sky
 Brought softly that rich world round those who came to die.

LII

The darkly-glorious midnight sky of Spain, 460
 Burning with stars !—What had the torches' glare
 To do beneath that temple, and profane
 Its holy radiance ?—By their wavering flare,
 I saw beside the pyres—I see thee now,
 O bright Theresa ! with thy lifted brow,
 And thy clasp'd hands, and dark eyes fill'd with prayer !
 And thee, sad Inez ! bowing thy fair head,
 And mantling up thy face, all colourless with dread !

LIII

And Alvar, Alvar !—I beheld thee too,
 Pale, steadfast, kingly ; till thy clear glance fell 470
 On that young sister ; then perturb'd it grew,
 And all thy labouring bosom seem'd to swell
 With painful tenderness. Why came I there,
 That troubled image of my friend to bear
 Thence, for my after-years ?—a thing to dwell
 In my heart's core, and on the darkness rise,
 Disquieting my dreams with its bright mournful eyes ?

LIV

Why came I ? oh ! the heart's deep mystery !—Why
 In man's last hour doth vain affection's gaze
 Fix itself down on struggling agony,
 To the dimm'd eyeballs freezing as they glaze ?
 It might be—yet the power to will seem'd o'er—
 That my soul yearn'd to hear his voice once more !
 But mine was fetter'd !—mute in strong amaze,
 I watch'd his features as the night-wind blew,
 And torch-light or the moon's pass'd o'er their marble hue.

480

LV

The trampling of a steed !—a tall white steed,
 Rending his fiery way the crowds among—
 A storm's way through a forest—came at speed,
 And a wild voice cried ' Inez ! ' Swift she flung
 The mantle from her face, and gazed around,
 With a faint shriek at that familiar sound ;
 And from his seat a breathless rider sprung,
 And dash'd off fiercely those who came to part,
 And rush'd to that pale girl, and clasp'd her to his heart.

490

LVI

And for a moment all around gave way
 To that full burst of passion !—on his breast,
 Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay,
 But blest—in misery's very lap—yet blest !—
 Oh love, love strong as death !—from such an hour
 Pressing out joy by thine immortal power ;
 Holy and fervent love ! had earth but rest
 For thee and thine, this world were all too fair !
 How could we thence be wean'd to die without despair ?

500

LVII

But she—as falls a willow from the storm,
 O'er its own river streaming—thus reclined
 On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,
 And clasping arms, so passionately twined
 Around his neck—with such a trusting fold,
 A full deep sense of safety in their hold,
 As if nought earthly might the embrace unbind !
 Alas ! a child's fond faith, believing still
 Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach to kill ?

510

LVIII

Brief rest ! upon the turning billow's height,
 A strange, sweet moment of some heavenly strain,
 Floating between the savage gusts of night,
 That sweep the seas to foam ! Soon dark again
 The hour—the scene—the intensely present, rush'd
 Back on her spirit, and her large tears gush'd
 Like blood-drops from a victim ; with swift rain
 Bathing the bosom where she lean'd that hour,
 As if her life would melt into the o'erswelling shower.

520

LIX

But he whose arm sustain'd her !—oh ! I knew
 'Twas vain,—and yet he hop'd !—he fondly strove
 Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,
 As life might yet be hers !—A dream of love
 Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
 Remembering how like hope, like joy, like spring,
 Her smile was wont to glance, her step to move,
 And deem that men indeed, in very truth,
Could mean the sting of death for her soft flowering youth ! 530

LX

He woo'd her back to life.—' Sweet Inez, live !
 My blessed Inez !—visions have beguiled
 Thy heart ; abjure them ! thou wert form'd to give,
 And to find, joy ; and hath not sunshine smiled
 Around thee ever ? Leave me not, mine own !
 Or earth will grow too dark !—for thee alone,
 Thee have I loved, thou gentlest ! from a child,
 And borne thine image with me o'er the sea,
 Thy soft voice in my soul—speak !—Oh ! yet live for me !' 540

LXI

She look'd up wildly ; there were anxious eyes
 Waiting that look—sad eyes of troubled thought,
 Alvar's—Theresa's !—Did her childhood rise,
 With all its pure and home-affections fraught,
 In the brief glance ?—She clasp'd her hands—the strife
 Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,
 Within her woman's breast so deeply wrought,
 It seem'd as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm not quiver only—break !

LXII

And thus it was—the young cheek flush'd and faded,
 As the swift blood in currents came and went,
 And hues of death the marble brow o'ershaded,
 And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
 Through its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings pass'd
 O'er the frail form that shook it, as the blast
 Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
 Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown—
 Pale in love's arms she lay—*she* !—what had loved was gone !

LXIII

Joy for thee, trembler !—thou redeem'd one, joy !
 Young dove set free !—earth, ashes, soulless clay,
 Remain'd for baffled vengeance to destroy ;
 —*Thy* chain was riven !—nor hadst thou cast away
 Thy hope in thy last hour !—though love was there
 Striving to wring thy troubled soul from prayer,
 And life seem'd robed in beautiful array,
 Too fair to leave !—but this might be forgiven,
 Thou wert so richly crown'd with precious gifts of Heaven ! 560

LXIV

But woe for him who felt the heart grow still,
Which, with its weight of agony, had lain
Breaking on his !—Scarce could the mortal chill 570
Of the hush'd bosom, ne'er to heave again,
And all the silence curdling round the eye,
Bring home the stern belief that she could die—
That she indeed could die !—for wild and vain
As hope might be—his soul *had* hoped,—'twas o'er—
Slowly his failing arms dropp'd from the form they bore.

LXV

They forced him from that spot. It might be well,
That the fierce, reckless words by anguish wrung
From his torn breast, all aimless as they fell,
Like spray-drops from the strife of torrents flung, 580
Were mark'd as guilt.—There are, who note these things
Against the smitten heart ; its breaking strings
—On whose low thrills once gentle music hung—
With a rude hand of touch unholy trying,
And numbering then as crimes, the deep, strange tones replying.

LXVI

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair !
Stood gazing on your parted sister's dust ;
I saw your features by the torch's glare,
And they were brightening with a heavenward trust !
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay, 590
Melt from my Alvar's glorious mien away ;
And peace was there—the calmness of the just !
And, bending down the slumberer's brow to kiss,
'Thy rest is won,' he said ; ' sweet sister ! praise for this ! '

LXVII

I started as from sleep ;—yes ! he had spoken—
A breeze had troubled memory's hidden source !
At once the torpor of my soul was broken—
Thought, feeling, passion, woke in tenfold force.
—There are soft breathings in the southern wind,
That so your ice-chains, O ye streams ! unbind, 600
And free the foaming swiftness of your course !
—I burst from those that held me back, and fell
Even on his neck, and cried—' Friend ! brother ! fare thee well ! '

LXVIII

Did *he* not say, ' Farewell ' ?—Alas ! no breath
Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs from the throng
Told that the mysteries in the face of death
Had from their eager sight been veil'd too long.
And we were parted as the surge might part
Those that would die together, true of heart.—
His hour was come—but in mine anguish strong, 610
Like a fierce swimmer through the midnight sea,
Blindly I rush'd away from that which was to be.

LXIX

Away—away I rush'd—but swift and high
 The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,
 Till the transparent darkness of the sky
 Flush'd to a blood-red mantle in their hue ;
 And, phantom-like, the kindling city seem'd
 To spread, float, wave, as on the wind they stream'd,
 With their wild splendour chasing me !—I knew
 The death-work was begun—I veil'd mine eyes,
 Yet stopp'd in spell-bound fear to catch the victims' cries. 620

LXX

What heard I then ?—a ringing shriek of pain,
 Such as for ever haunts the tortured ear ?—
 I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing strain
 Piercing the flames, untremulous and clear !—
 The rich, triumphal tones !—I knew them well,
 As they came floating with a breezy swell !
 Man's voice was there—a clarion voice to cheer
 In the mid-battle—ay, to turn the flying—
 Woman's—that might have sung of heaven beside the dying ! 630

LXXI

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing,
 To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and know
 That its glad stream of melody could spring
 Up from the unsounded gulfs of human woe !
 Alvar ! Theresa !—what is deep ? what strong ?
 —God's breath within the soul !—It fill'd that song
 From your victorious voices !—but the glow
 On the hot air and lurid skies increased—
 Faint grew the sounds—more faint—I listen'd—they had ceased !

LXXII

And thou indeed hadst perish'd, my soul's friend ! 640
 I might form other ties—but thou alone
 Couldst with a glance the veil of dimness rend,
 By other years o'er boyhood's memory thrown !
 Others might aid me onward :—thou and I
 Had mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,
 Once flowering—never more !—And thou wert gone !
 Who could give back my youth, my spirit free,
 Or be in again what thou hadst been to me ?

LXXIII

And yet I wept thee not, thou true and brave !
 I could not weep !—there gather'd round thy name 650
 Too deep a passion !—*thou* denied a grave !
Thou, with the blight flung on thy soldier's fame !
 Had I not known thy heart from childhood's time ?
 Thy heart of hearts ?—and couldst thou die for crime ?—
 No ! had all earth decreed that death of shame,
 I would have set, against all earth's decree,
 The inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee !

LXXIV

There are swift hours in life—strong, rushing hours,
 That do the work of tempests in their might !
 They shake down things that stood as rocks and towers 660
 Unto the undoubting mind ;—they pour in light
 Where it but startles—like a burst of day
 For which the uprooting of an oak makes way ;—
 They sweep the colouring mists from off our sight,
 They touch with fire thought's graven page, the roll
 Stamp'd with past years—and lo ! it shrivels as a scroll !

LXXV

And this was of such hours !—the sudden flow
 Of my soul's tide seem'd whelming me ; the glare
 Of the red flames, yet rocking to and fro,
 Scorch'd up my heart with breathless thirst for air, 670
 And solitude, and freedom. It had been
 Well with me then, in some vast desert scene,
 To pour my voice out, for the winds to bear
 On with them, wildly questioning the sky,
 Fiercely the untroubled stars, of man's dim destiny.

LXXVI

I would have call'd, adjuring the dark cloud ;
 To the most ancient heavens I would have said—
 'Speak to me ! show me truth !'—through night aloud
 I would have cried to him, the newly dead,
 'Come back ! and show me truth !' My spirit seem'd 680
 Gasping for some free burst, its darkness teem'd
 With such pent storms of thought !—again I fled.
 I fled, a refuge from man's face to gain,
 Scarce conscious when I paused, entering a lonely fane.

LXXVII

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast !
 Silence was round the sleepers whom its floor
 Shut in the grave ; a shadow of the past,
 A memory of the sainted steps that wore,
 Erewhile, its gorgeous pavement, seem'd to brood
 Like mist upon the stately solitude ; 690
 A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
 Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men,
 And all was hush'd as night in some deep Alpine glen.

LXXVIII

More hush'd, far more !—for there the wind sweeps by,
 Or the woods tremble to the streams' loud play ;
 Here a strange echo made my very sigh
 Seem for the place too much a sound of day !
 Too much my footsteps broke the moonlight, fading,
 Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading ;
 And I stood still :—prayer, chant, had died away ; 700
 Yet past me floated a funereal breath
 Of incense. I stood still—as before God and death.

LXXIX

For thick ye girt me round, ye long departed !
 Dust—imaged forms—with cross, and shield, and crest ;
 It seem'd as if your ashes would have started,
 Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest !
 Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore
 Bear to your thrilling presence what *I* bore
 Of wrath, doubt, anguish, battling in the breast !
 I could have pour'd out words, on that pale air,
 To make your proud tombs ring—no, no ! I could not *there* !

710

LXXX

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thousand years,
 Mutely as clouds and reverently, had swept ;
 Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of tears
 And kneeling votaries on their marble kept !
 Ye were too mighty in your pomp of gloom
 And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb !
 And you, ye dead !—for in that faith ye slept,
 Whose weight had grown a mountain's on my heart,
 Which could not *there* be loosed. I turn'd me to depart.

720

LXXXI

I turn'd—what glimmer'd faintly on my sight,
 Faintly, yet brightening as a wreath of snow
 Seen through dissolving haze ?—The moon, the night,
 Had waned, and dawn pour'd in—grey, shadowy slow,
 Yet dayspring still !—a solemn hue it caught,
 Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught
 With stoles and draperies of imperial glow ;
 And soft, and sad, that colouring gleam was thrown,
 Where, pale, a pictured form above the altar shone.

LXXXII

Thy form, thou Son of God !—a wrathful deep,
 With foam, and cloud, and tempest round Thee spread,
 And such a weight of night !—a night, when sleep
 From the fierce rocking of the billows fled.
 A bark show'd dim beyond Thee, with its mast
 Bow'd, and its rent sail shivering to the blast ;
 But, like a spirit in *Thy* gliding tread,
 Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that stormy sea
 Through rushing winds, which left a silent path for Thee.

730

LXXXIII

So still *Thy* white robes fell !—no breath of air
 Within their long and slumb'rous folds had sway.
 So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
 From *Thy* clear brow flow'd droopingly away !
 Dark were the heavens above Thee, Saviour !—dark
 The gulfs, Deliverer ! round the straining bark !
 But Thou !—o'er all *Thine* aspect and array
 Was pour'd one stream of pale, broad, silvery light—
 Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding night !

740

LXXXIV

Aid for one sinking !—Thy lone brightness gleam'd
 On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
 With its worn, fearful, *human* look, that seem'd 750
 To cry, through surge and blast—' I perish—save !'
 Not to the winds—not vainly !—Thou wert nigh,
 Thy hand was stretch'd to fainting agony,
 Even in the portals of the unquiet grave !
 O Thou that art the life ! and yet didst bear
 Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal prayer !

LXXXV

But was it not a thing to rise on death,
 With its remember'd light, that face of Thine,
 Redeemer ! dimm'd by this world's misty breath,
 Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine ? 760
 O ! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
 With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty !
 And the pale glory of the brow !—a shrine
 Where power sat veil'd, yet shedding softly round
 What told that *Thou* could'st be but for a time uncrown'd !

LXXXVI

And, more than all, the Heaven of that sad smile !
 The lip of mercy, our immortal trust !
 Did not that look, that very look, erewhile
 Pour its o'ershadow'd beauty on the dust ? 769
 Wert Thou not such when earth's dark cloud hung o'er Thee ?—
 Surely Thou wert !—my heart grew hush'd before Thee,
 Sinking, with all its passions, as the gust
 Sank at Thy voice, along its billowy way—
 What had I there to do but kneel, and weep, and pray ?

LXXXVII

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's cry,
 Amidst the dead—' By that full cup of woe,
 Press'd from the fruitage of mortality,
 Saviour ! for Thee—give light ! that I may know
 If by *Thy* will, in thine all-healing name,
 Men cast down human hearts to blighting shame, 780
 And early death—and say, if this be so,
 Where, then, is mercy ? Whither shall we flee,
 So unallied to hope, save by our hold on Thee ?

LXXXVIII

' But didst Thou not, the deep sea brightly treading,
 Lift from despair that struggler with the wave ;
 And wert Thou not, sad tears, yet awful, shedding,
 Beheld a weeper at a mortal's grave ?
 And is this weight of anguish, which they bind
 On life, this searing to the quick of mind,
 That but to God its own free path would crave, 790
 This crushing out of hope, and love, and youth,
Thy will, indeed ? Give light ! that I may know the truth !

LXXXIX

' For my sick soul is darken'd unto death,
 With shadows from the suffering it hath seen ;
 The strong foundations of mine ancient faith
 Sink from beneath me—whereon shall I lean ?
 Oh ! if from Thy pure lips was wrung the sigh
 Of the dust's anguish ! if like man to die,
 And earth round *him* shuts heavily—hath been
 Even to *Thee* bitter, aid me !—guide me !—turn 800
 My wild and wandering thoughts back from their starless bourne ! '

XC

And calm'd I rose :—but how the while had risen
 Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist and shade !
 Could there indeed be wrong, or chain, or prison,
 In the bright world such radiance might pervade ?
 It fill'd the fane, it mantled the pale form
 Which rose before me through the pictured storm,
 Even the grey tombs it kindled, and array'd
 With life !—how hard to see thy race begun,
 And think man wakes to grief, wakening to *thee*, O Sun ! 810

XCI

I sought my home again :—and thou, my child,
 There at thy play beneath yon ancient pine,
 With eyes, whose lightning laughter hath beguiled
 A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to mine ;
 Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst meet
 My coming with young smiles, which yet, though sweet,
 Seem'd on my soul all mournfully to shine,
 And ask a happier heritage for thee,
 Than but in turn the blight of human hope to see.

XCII

Now sport, for thou art free, the bright birds chasing 820
 Whose wings waft star-like gleams from tree to tree ;
 Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-playmate, racing,
 Sport on, my joyous child ! for thou art free !
 Yes, on that day I took thee to my heart,
 And inly vow'd, for thee a better part
 To choose ; that so thy sunny bursts of glee
 Should wake no more dim thoughts of far-seen woe,
 But gladdening fearless eyes, flow on—as now they flow.

XCIII

Thou hast a rich world round thee :—Mighty shades 830
 Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
 With the light melting through their high arcades,
 As through a pillar'd cloister's : but the dead
 Sleep not beneath ; nor doth the sunbeam pass
 To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass ;
 Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led
 To worship, thou art blest !—to thee is shown
 Earth in her holy pomp, deck'd for her God alone.

PART II

Wie diese treue liebe Seele,
 Von ihrem Glauben voll,
 Der ganz allein
 Ihr seligmachend ist, sich heilig quäle,
 Dass sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll !

FAUST.

I never shall smile more—but all my days
 Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,
 An everlasting hymn within my soul.

WILSON.

I

BRING me the sounding of the torrent-water,
 With yet a nearer swell—fresh breeze, awake !
 And river, dark'ning ne'er with hues of slaughter
 Thy wave's pure silvery green,—and shining lake,
 Spread far before my cabin, with thy zone
 Of ancient woods, ye chainless things and lone !
 Send voices through the forest aisles, and make
 Glad music round me, that my soul may dare,
 Cheer'd by such tones, to look back on a dungeon's air !

II

Oh, Indian hunter of the desert's race ! 10
 That with the spear at times, or bended bow
 Dost cross my footsteps in thy fiery chase
 Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying roe ;
 Thou that beside the red night-fire thou heapest,
 Beneath the cedars and the star-light sleepest,
 Thou know'st not, wanderer—never mayst thou know !
 Of the dark holds wherewith man cumber's earth,
 To shut from human eyes the dancing seasons' mirth.

III

There, fetter'd down from day, to think the while 20
 How bright in heaven the festal sun is glowing,
 Making earth's loneliest places, with his smile,
 Flush like the rose ; and how the streams are flowing
 With sudden sparkles through the shadowy grass,
 And water-flowers, all trembling as they pass ;
 And how the rich, dark summer-trees are bowing
 With their full foliage ;—this to know, and pine
 Bound unto midnight's heart, seems a stern lot—'twas mine.

IV

Wherefore was this ?—Because my soul had drawn 30
 Light from the book whose words are 'graved in light !
 There, at its well-head, had I found the dawn,
 And day, and noon of freedom :—but too bright
 It shines on that which man to man hath given,
 And call'd the truth—the very truth, from heaven !
 And therefore seeks he, in his brother's sight,
 To cast the mote ; and therefore strives to bind
 With his strong chains to earth, what is not earth's —the mind !

V

It is a weary and a bitter task
 Back from the lip the burning word to keep,
 And to shut out heaven's air with falsehood's mask,
 And in the dark urn of the soul to heap 40
 Indignant feelings—making e'en of thought
 A buried treasure, which may but be sought
 When shadows are abroad—and night—and sleep.
 I might not brook it long—and thus was thrown
 Into that grave-like cell, to wither there alone.

VI

And I, a child of danger, whose delights
 Were on dark hills and many-sounding seas—
 I, that amidst the Cordillera heights
 Had given Castilian banners to the breeze,
 And the full circle of the rainbow seen 50
 There, on the snows ; and in my country been
 A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees
 To the Mofena crags—how left I not
 Life, or the soul's life, quench'd, on that sepulchral spot ?

VII

Because *Thou* didst not leave me, O my God !
 Thou wert with those that bore the truth of old
 Into the deserts from the oppressor's rod,
 And made the caverns of the rock their fold ;
 And in the hidden chambers of the dead, 60
 Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed ;
 And met when stars met, by their beams to hold
 The free heart's communing with Thee,—and Thou
 Wert in the midst, felt, own'd—the Strengtheners then as now !

VIII

Yet once I sank. Alas ! man's wavering mind !
 Wherefore and whence the gusts that o'er it blow ?
 How they bear with them, floating uncombined,
 The shadows of the past, that come and go,
 As o'er the deep the old long-buried things,
 Which a storm's working to the surface brings !
 Is the reed shaken,—and must *we* be so, 70
 With every wind ?—So, Father ! must we be,
 Till we can fix undimm'd our steadfast eyes on Thee.

IX

Once my soul died within me. What had thrown
 That sickness o'er it ?—Even a passing thought
 Of a clear spring, whose side, with flowers o'ergrown,
 Fondly and oft my boyish steps had sought !
 Perchance the damp roof's water-drops, that fell
 Just then, low tinkling through my vaulted cell,
 Intensely heard amidst the stillness, caught
 Some tone from memory, of the music, welling 80
 Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep rocky dwelling.

X

But so my spirit's fever'd longings wrought,
 Wakening, it might be, to the faint, sad sound,
 That from the darkness of the walls they brought
 A loved scene round me, visibly around.
 Yes! kindling, spreading, bright'ning, hue by hue,
 Like stars from midnight, through the gloom it grew,
 That haunt of youth, hope, manhood!—till the bound
 Of my shut cavern seem'd dissolved, and I
 Girt by the solemn hills and burning pomp of sky. 90

XI

I look'd—and lo! the clear, broad river flowing,
 Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
 The lone tower dark against a heaven all glowing,
 Like seas of glass and fire!—I saw the sweep
 Of glorious woods far down the mountain side,
 And their still shadows in the gleaming tide,
 And the red evening on its waves asleep;
 And 'midst the scene—oh! more than all—there smiled
 My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my child!

XII

With their soft eyes of love and gladness raised 100
 Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood
 Last by that river, and in silence gazed
 On the rich world of sunset:—but a flood
 Of sudden tenderness my soul oppress'd,
 And I rush'd forward, with a yearning breast,
 To clasp—alas!—a vision!—Wave and wood,
 And gentle faces, lifted in the light
 Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my sight.

XIII

Then darkness!—oh! the unutterable gloom 110
 That seem'd as narrowing round me, making less
 And less my dungeon, when, with all its bloom,
 That bright dream vanish'd from my loneliness!
 It floated off, the beautiful!—yet left
 Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus bereft,
 I lay down, sick with passion's vain excess,
 And pray'd to die.—How oft would sorrow weep
 Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep!

XIV

But I was roused—and how?—It is no tale 120
 Even 'midst *thy* shades, thou wilderness, to tell!
 I would not have my boy's young cheek made pale,
 Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befell
 In that drear prison-house. His eye must grow
 More dark with thought, more earnest his fair brow,
 More high his heart in youthful strength must swell;
 So shall it fitly burn when all is told:—
 Let childhood's radiant mist the free child yet enfold.

XV

It is enough that through such heavy hours
 As wring us by our fellowship of clay,
 I lived, and undegraded. We have powers
 To snatch the oppressor's bitter joy away ! 130
 Shall the wild Indian, for his savage fame,
 Laugh and expire, and shall not Truth's high name
 Bear up her martyrs with all-conquering sway ?
 It is enough that torture may be vain—
 I had seen Alvar die—the strife was won from Pain.

XVI

And faint not, heart of man ! though years wane slow !
 There have been those that from the deepest caves,
 And cells of night, and fastnesses below
 The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,
 Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed 140
 A quenchless hope, and watch'd their time, and burst
 On the bright day, like wakeners from the graves !
 I was of such at last !—unchain'd I trode
 This green earth, taking back my freedom from my God !

XVII

That was an hour to send its fadeless trace
 Down life's far-sweeping tide !—A dim, wild night,
 Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,
 Yet how my heart leap'd in her blessed light !
 The shepherd's light—the sailor's on the sea—
 The hunter's homeward from the mountains free, 150
 Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright
 The thousand streams !—I could but gaze through tears—
 Oh ! what a sight is heaven, thus first beheld for years !

XVIII

The rolling clouds !—they have the whole blue space
 Above to sail in—all the dome of sky !
 My soul shot with them in their breezy race
 O'er star and gloom !—but I had yet to fly,
 As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot
 And strange, I knew—the sunbeam knew it not ;—
 Wildest of all the savage glens that lie 160
 In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,
 And traversed but by storms, or sounding eagles' wings.

XIX

Ay, and I met the storm there !—I had gain'd
 The covert's heart with swift and stealthy tread :
 A moan went past me, and the dark trees rain'd
 Their autumn foliage rustling on my head ;
 A moan—a hollow gust—and there I stood
 Girt with majestic night, and ancient wood,
 And foaming water.—Thither might have fled
 The mountain Christian with his faith of yore, 170
 When Afric's tambour shook the ringing western shore !

XX

But through the black ravine the storm came swelling,
 —Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast !
 In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,
 Like plumes upon the path of battle cast !—
 A rent oak thunder'd down beside my cave,
 Booming it rush'd, as booms a deep sea-wave ;
 A falcon soar'd ; a startled wild-deer pass'd ;
 A far-off bell toll'd faintly through the roar :—
 How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds once more ! 180

XXI

And with the arrowy lightnings !—for they flash'd,
 Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
 And brightly shivering where the torrents dash'd
 Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray !
 And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,
 The strong pines groaning with tempestuous life,
 And all the mountain-voices on their way,—
 Was it not joy ?—'twas joy in rushing might,
 After those years that wove but one long dead of night !

XXII

There came a softer hour, a lovelier moon, 190
 And lit me to my home of youth again,
 Through the dim chestnut shade, where oft at noon,
 By the fount's flashing burst, my head had lain
 In gentle sleep : but now I pass'd as one
 That may not pause where wood-streams whispering run,
 Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild strain,
 Because the avenger's voice is in the wind,
 The foe's quick, rustling step close on the leaves behind.

XXIII

My home of youth !—oh ! if indeed to part 200
 With the soul's loved ones be a mournful thing,
 When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,
 And bearing all the glories of our spring
 For life to breathe on,—is it less to meet,
 When these are faded ?—who shall call it sweet ?
 —Even though love's mingling tears may haply bring
 Balm as they fall, too well their heavy showers
 Teach us how much is lost of all that once was ours !

XXIV

Not by the sunshine, with its golden glow,
 Nor the green earth, nor yet the laughing sky,
 Nor the fair flower scents, as they come and go 210
 In the soft air, like music wandering by ;
 —Oh ! not by these, the unfailing, are we taught
 How time and sorrow on our frames have wrought ;
 But by the sadden'd eye, the darken'd brow
 Of kindred aspect, and the long dim gaze,
 Which tells us *we* are changed—how changed from other days !

THE FOREST SANCTUARY

XXV

Before my father—in my place of birth,
I stood an alien. On the very floor
Which oft had trembled to my boyish mirth,
The love that rear'd me, knew my face no more ! 220
There hung the antique armour, helm and crest,
Whose every stain woke childhood in my breast ;
There droop'd the banner, with the marks it bore
Of Paynim spears ; and I, the worn in frame
And heart, what there was I ?—another and the same !

XXVI

Then bounded in a boy, with clear, dark eye—
How should *he* know his father ?—when we parted,
From the soft cloud which mantles infancy,
His soul, just wakening into wonder, darted
Its first looks round. Him follow'd one, the bride 230
Of my young days, the wife how loved and tried !
Her glance met mine—I could not speak—she started
With a bewilder'd gaze ;—until there came
Tears to my burning eyes, and from my lips her name.

XXVII

She knew me then !—I murmur'd '*Leonor !*'
And her heart answer'd !—oh ! the voice is known
First from all else, and swiftest to restore
Love's buried images, with one low tone
That strikes like lightning, when the cheek is faded,
And the brow heavily with thought o'ershaded, 240
And all the brightness from the aspect gone !
—Upon my breast she sank, when doubt was fled,
Weeping as those may weep that meet in woe and dread.

XXVIII

For there we might not rest. Alas ! to leave
Those native towers, and know that they must fall
By slow decay, and none remain to grieve
When the weeds cluster'd on the lonely wall !
We were the last—my boy and I—the last
Of a long line which brightly thence had pass'd !
My father bless'd me as I left his hall— 250
With his deep tones and sweet, though full of years,
He bless'd me there, and bathed my child's young head with tears.

XXIX

I had brought sorrow on his grey hairs down,
And cast the darkness of my branded name
(For so *he* deem'd it) on the clear renown,
My own ancestral heritage of fame.
And yet he bless'd me !—Father ! if the dust
Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust
Is to behold thee yet, where grief and shame
Dim the bright day no more ; and thou will know 260
That not through guilt thy son thus bow'd thine age with woe !

THE FOREST SANCTUARY

XXX

And thou, my Leonor ! that unrepining,
If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me,
When stars—the stars that earliest rise—are shining,
How their soft glance unseals each thought of thee !
For on our flight they smiled ; their dewy rays,
Through the last olives, lit thy tearful gaze
Back to the home we never more might see ;
So pass'd we on, like earth's first exiles, turning
Fond looks where hung the sword above their Eden burning. 270

XXXI

It was a woe to say, Farewell, my Spain !
The sunny and the vintage land, farewell !
—I could have died upon the battle-plain
For thee, my country ! but I might not dwell
In thy sweet vales, at peace.—The voice of song
Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills along ;
The citron's glow is caught from shade and dell ;
But what are these ?—upon thy flowery sod
I might not kneel, and pour my free thoughts out to God !

XXXII

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep !— 280
Strange heart of man ! that e'en 'midst woe swells high,
When through the foam he sees his proud bark sweep,
Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and sky !
Yes ! it swells high, whate'er he leaves behind,
His spirit rises with the rising wind ;
For, wedded to the far futurity,
On, on, it bears him ever, and the main
Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier shore to gain.

XXXIII

Not thus is woman. Closely *her* still heart 290
Doth twine itself with even each lifeless thing,
Which, long remember'd, seem'd to bear its part
In her calm joys. For ever would she cling,
A brooding dove, to that sole spot of earth
Where she hath loved, and given her children birth,
And heard their first sweet voices. There may Spring
Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,
But hath its breath of home, its claim to farewell grief.

XXXIV

I look'd on Leonor,—and if there seem'd 300
A cloud of more than pensiveness to rise
In the faint smiles that o'er her features gleam'd,
And the soft darkness of her serious eyes,
Misty with tender gloom, I call'd it nought
But the fond exile's pang, a lingering thought
Of her own vale, with all its melodies
And living light of streams. Her soul would rest
Beneath your shades, I said, bowers of the gorgeous west !

XXXV

Oh ! could we live in visions ! could we hold
 Delusion faster, longer, to our breast,
 When it shuts from us, with its mantle's fold,
 That which we see not, and are therefore blest ! 310
 But they, our loved and loving—they to whom
 We have spread out our souls in joy and gloom,
Their looks and accents, unto ours address'd,
 Have been a language of familiar tone
 Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings and unknown.

XXXVI

I told my heart, 'twas but the exile's woe
 Which press'd on that sweet bosom ;—I deceived
 My heart but half :—a whisper, faint and low,
 Haunting it ever, and at times believed,
 Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft we seem 320
 Like those that dream, and *know* the while they dream,
 'Midst the soft falls of airy voices grieved,
 And troubled, while bright phantoms round them play,
 By a dim sense that all will float and fade away !

XXXVII

Yet, as if chasing joy, I woo'd the breeze
 To speed me onward with the wings of morn.
 —Oh ! far amidst the solitary seas,
 Which were not made for man, what man hath borne,
 Answering their moan with his !—what *thou* didst bear,
 My lost and loveliest ! while that secret care 330
 Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn
 By its dull brooding weight, gave way at last,
 Beholding me as one from hope for ever cast !

XXXVIII

For unto thee, as through all change, reveal'd
 Mine inward being lay. In other eyes
 I had to bow me yet, and make a shield,
 To fence my burning bosom, of disguise ;
 By the still hope sustain'd, erelong to win
 Some sanctuary, whose green retreats within,
 My thoughts unfetter'd to their source might rise, 340
 Like songs and scents of morn.—But thou didst look
 Through all my soul, and thine even unto fainting shook.

XXXIX

Fallen, fallen, I seem'd—yet, oh ! not less beloved,
 Though from thy love was pluck'd the early pride,
 And harshly, by a gloomy faith reproved,
 And sear'd with shame !—though each young flower had died,
 There was the root,—strong, living, not the less
 That all it yielded now was bitterness ;
 Yet still such love as quits not misery's side,
 Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like embrace, 350
 Nor turns away from death's its pale heroic face.

XL

Yes ! thou hadst follow'd me through fear and flight !
 Thou would'st have follow'd had my pathway led
 Even to the scaffold ; had the flashing light
 Of the raised axe made strong men shrink with dread,
 Thou, 'midst the hush of thousands, would'st have been
 With thy clasp'd hands beside me kneeling seen,
 And meekly bowing to the shame thy head—
 The shame !—oh ! making beautiful to view
 The might of human love—fair thing ! so bravely true !

360

XLI

There was thine agony—to love so well
 Where fear made love life's chastener.—Heretofore
 Whate'er of earth'd disquiet round thee fell,
 Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim bounds, could soar
 Away to sunshine, and thy clear eye speak
 Most of the skies when grief most touch'd thy cheek.
 Now, that far brightness faded, never more
 Could thou lift heavenwards for its hope thy heart,
 Since at heaven's gate it seem'd that thou and I must part.

XLII

Alas ! and life hath moments when a glance—
 (If thought to sudden watchfulness be stirr'd)—
 A flush—a fading of the cheek, perchance—
 A word—less, less—the *cadence* of a word,
 Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil beneath,
 Thence to bring haply knowledge fraught with death !
 —Even thus, what never from thy lip was heard
 Broke on my soul.—I knew that in thy sight
 I stood—howe'er beloved—a recreant from the light !

370

XLIII

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along,—
 Oh ! the deep soul it breath'd !—the love, the woe,
 The fervour, pour'd in that full gush of song,
 As it went floating through the fiery glow
 Of the rich sunset !—bringing thoughts of Spain,
 With all her vesper-voices, o'er the main,
 Which seem'd responsive in its murmuring flow.
 —' *Ave sanctissima !* '—how oft that lay
 Hath melted from my heart the martyr-strength away !

380

Ave, sanctissima !
 'Tis nightfall on the sea ;
 Ora pro nobis !
 Our souls rise to thee !

390

Watch us, while shadows lie
 O'er the dim waters spread ;
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh—
 Thine too hath bled !

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Thou that hast look'd on death,
Aid us when death is near !
Whisper of heaven to faith ;
Sweet Mother, hear !

Ora pro nobis !
The wave must rock our sleep,
Ora, Mater, ora !
Thou star of the deep !

400

XLIV

'Ora pro nobis, Mater !'—What a spell
Was in those notes, with day's last glory dying
On the flush'd waters—seem'd they not to swell
From the far dust, wherein my sires were lying
With crucifix and sword ?—Oh ! yet how clear
Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear !
'Ora'—with all the purple waves replying,
All my youth's visions rising in the strain—
And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain !

410

XLV

Torture ! the sorrow of affection's eye,
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core,
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,
May pierce than many swords !—and this I bore
With a mute pang. Since I had vainly striven
From its free springs to pour the truth of Heaven
Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor !
Silence rose up where hearts no hope could share :—
Alas ! for those that love, and may not blend in prayer !

420

XLVI

We could not pray together 'midst the deep,
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
Through days of splendour, nights too bright for sleep,
Soft, solemn, holy !—We were on our way
Unto the mighty Cordillera-land,
With men whom tales of that world's golden strand
Had lured to leave their vines.—Oh ! who shall say
What thoughts rose in us, when the tropic sky
Touch'd all its molten seas with sunset's alchemy !

430

XLVII

Thoughts no more mingled !—Then came night—the intense
Dark blue—the burning stars !—I saw *thee* shine
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,
O Southern Cross ! as when thy radiant sign
First drew my gaze of youth.—No, not as then ;
I had been stricken by the darts of men
Since those fresh days ; and now thy light divine
Look'd on mine anguish, while within me strove
The still small voice against the might of suffering love.

XLVIII

But thou, the clear, the glorious ! thou wert pouring
 Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,
 While she that met thy ray with eyes adoring
 Stood in the lengthening shadow of the grave !
 —Alas ! I watch'd her dark religious glance,
 As it still sought thee through the heaven's expanse,
 Bright Cross ! and knew not that I watch'd what gave
 But passing lustre—shrouded soon to be—
 A soft light found no more—no more on earth or sea !

XLIX

I knew not all—yet something of unrest
 Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean-wind ! I said ;
 Waft us to land, in leafy freshness drest,
 Where, through rich clouds of foliage o'er her head,
 Sweet day may steal, and rills unseen go by,
 Like singing voices, and the green earth lie
 Starry with flowers, beneath her graceful tread !
 —But the calm bound us 'midst the glassy main
 Ne'er was her step to bend earth's living flowers again.

L

Yes ! as if Heaven upon the waves were sleeping,
 Vexing my soul with quiet, there they lay,
 All moveless, through their blue transparency keeping
 The shadows of our sails, from day to day ;
 While she—oh ! strongest is the strong heart's woe—
 And yet I live ! I feel the sunshine's glow—
 And I am he that look'd, and saw decay
 Steal o'er the fair earth, the adored too much !—
 It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch.

LI

A fearful thing that love and death may dwell
 In the same world !—She faded on—and I,
 Blind to the last, there needed death to tell
 My trusting soul that she *could* fade to die !
 Yet, ere she parted, I had mark'd a change,
 But it breathed hope—'twas beautiful, though strange
 Something of gladness in the melody
 Of her low voice, and in her words a flight
 Of airy thought—alas ! too perilously bright !

LII

And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet wild,
 And quick, and eager, like the flashing gaze
 Of some all-wondering and awakening child,
 That first the glories of the earth surveys.
 How could it thus deceive me ?—she had worn
 Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,
 A pensive tenderness through happiest days ;
 And a soft world of dreams had seem'd to lie
 Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual eye.

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LIII

And I could hope in that strange fire !—she died,
She died, with all its lustre on her mien !—
The day was melting from the waters wide,
And through its long bright hours her thoughts had been,
It seem'd, with restless and unwonted yearning,
To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras turning ; 490
For her fond words were all of vintage-scene,
And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's breath :
Oh ! with what vivid hues life comes back oft on death !

LIV

And from her lips the mountain-songs of old,
In wild, faint snatches, fitfully had sprung ;
Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold,
The '*Rio verde*', on her soul that hung,
And thence flow'd forth.—But now the sun was low ;
And watching by my side its last red glow,
That ever stills the heart, once more she sung 500
Her own soft '*Ora, Mater* !'—and the sound
Was even like love's farewell—so mournfully profound.

LV

The boy had dropp'd to slumber at our feet ;
'And I have lull'd him to his smiling rest
Once more !' she said :—I raised him—it was sweet,
Yet sad, to see the perfect calm which bless'd
His look that hour :—for now her voice grew weak ;
And on the flowery crimson of his cheek,
With her white lips, a long, long kiss she press'd,
Yet light, to wake him not.—Then sank her head 510
Against my bursting heart :—What did I clasp ?—the dead !

LVI

I call'd—to call what answers not our cries,
By what we loved to stand unseen, unheard,
With the loud passion of our tears and sighs,
To see but some cold glittering ringlet stirr'd
And in the quench'd eye's fixedness to gaze,
All vainly searching for the parted rays ;
This is what waits us !—Dead !—with that chill word
To link our bosom-names !—For this we pour
Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble to adore ! 520

LVII

But the true parting came !—I look'd my last
On the sad beauty of that slumbering face ;
How could I think the lovely spirit pass'd,
Which there had left so tenderly its trace ?
Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow—
No ! not like sleep to look upon art thou,
Death, Death !—She lay, a thing for earth's embrace,
To cover with spring-wreaths. For earth's ?—the wave
That gives the bier no flowers—makes moan above her grave !

LVIII

On the mid-seas a knell !—for man was there,
Anguish and love—the mourner with his dead ! 530
A long, low-rolling knell—a voice of prayer—
Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread,—
And the pale-shining Southern Cross on high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red :—
Were these things round me ? Such o'er memory sweep
Wildly, when aught brings back that burial of the deep.

LIX

Then the broad, lonely sunrise !—and the plash
Into the sounding waves !—around her head 540
They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
Then shut—and all was still. And now thy bed
Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor !
Once fairest of young brides !—and never more,
Loved as thou wert, may human tear be shed
Above thy rest !—No mark the proud seas keep,
To show where he that wept may pause again to weep !

LX

So the depths took thee !—Oh ! the sullen sense
Of desolation in that hour compress'd !
Dust going down, a speck, amidst the immense 550
And gloomy waters, leaving on their breast
The trace a weed might leave there !—Dust !—the thing
Which to the heart was as a living spring
Of joy, with fearfulness of love possess'd,
Thus sinking !—Love, joy, fear, all crush'd to this—
And the wide heaven so far—so fathomless the abyss !

LXI

Where the line sounds not, where the wrecks lie low,
What shall wake thence the dead ?—Blest, blest are they
That earth to earth intrust ; for they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay 560
Shall rise at last ; and bid the young flowers bloom,
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb ;
And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray !
But thou, what cave hath dimly chamber'd thee ?
Vain dreams !—oh ! art thou not where there is no more sea ?

LXII

The wind rose free and singing :—when for ever,
O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,
I could have bent my sight with fond endeavour
Down, where its treasure was, its glance to strain ;
Then rose the reckless wind ! Before our prow 570
The white foam flash'd—aye, joyously, and thou
Wert left with all the solitary main
Around thee—and thy beauty in my heart,
And thy meek, sorrowing love—oh ! where could *that* depart ?

LXIII

I will not speak of woe ; I may not tell—
 Friend tells not such to friends—the thoughts which rent
 My fainting spirit, when its wild farewell
 Across the billows to thy grave was sent,
 Thou, there most lonely !—He that sits above,
 In his calm glory, will forgive the love 580
 His creatures bear each other, even if blent
 With a vain worship ; for its close is dim
 Ever with grief which leads the wrung soul back to Him !

LXIV

And with a milder pang if now I bear
 To think of thee in thy forsaken rest,
 If from my heart be lifted the despair,
 The sharp remorse with healing influence press'd,
 If the soft eyes that visit me in sleep
 Look not reproach, though still they seem to weep ;
 It is that He my sacrifice hath bless'd, 590
 And fill'd my bosom, through its inmost cell,
 With a deep chastening sense that all at last is well.

LXV

Yes ! thou art now—Oh ! wherefore doth the thought
 Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright hair,
 The sea-weed into its dark tresses wrought,
 The sand thy pillow—thou that wert so fair !
 Come o'er me still !—Earth, earth !—it is the hold
 Earth ever keeps on that of earthly mould !
 But *thou* art breathing now in purer air,
 I well believe, and freed from all of error. 600
 Which blighted here the root of thy sweet life with terror.

LXVI

And if the love, which here was passing light,
 Went with what died not—Oh ! that *this* we knew,
 But this !—that through the silence of the night,
 Some voice, of all the lost ones and the true,
 Would speak, and say, if in their far repose,
 We are yet aught of what we were to those
 We call the dead !—their passionate adieu,
 Was it but breath, to perish ?—Holier trust
 Be mine !—thy love *is* there, but purified from dust ! 610

LXVII

A thing all heavenly !—clear'd from that which hung
 As a dim cloud between us, heart and mind !
 Loosed from the fear, the grief, whose tendrils flung
 A chain, so darkly with its growth entwined.
 This is my hope !—though when the sunset fades,
 When forests rock the midnight on their shades,
 When tones of wail are in the rising wind,
 Across my spirit some faint doubt may sigh ;
 For the strong hours *will* sway this frail mortality !

LXVIII

We have been wand'ers since those days of woe,
 Thy boy and I!—As wild birds tend their young, 620
 So have I tended him—my bounding roe!
 The high Peruvian solitudes among;
 And o'er the Andes' torrents borne his form,
 Where our frail bridge hath quiver'd 'midst the storm.
 But there the war-notes of my country rung,
 And, smitten deep of Heaven and man, I fled
 To hide in shades unpierced a mark'd and weary head.

LXIX

But he went on in gladness—that fair child!
 Save when at times his bright eye seem'd to dream, 630
 And his young lips, which then no longer smiled,
 Ask'd of his mother!—That was but a gleam
 Of memory, fleeting fast; and then his play
 Through the wide Llanos cheer'd again our way,
 And by the mighty Oronoco stream,
 On whose lone margin we have heard at morn,
 From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise-music borne.

LXX

So like a spirit's voice! a harping tone,
 Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear,
 Such as might reach us from a world unknown, 640
 Troubling man's heart with thrills of joy and fear!
 'Twas sweet!—yet those deep southern shades oppress'd
 My soul with stillness, like the calms that rest
 On melancholy waves: I sigh'd to hear
 Once more earth's breezy sounds, her foliage fann'd,
 And turn'd to seek the wilds of the red hunter's land.

LXXI

And we have won a bower of refuge now,
 In this fresh waste, the breath of whose repose
 Hath cool'd, like dew, the fever of my brow,
 And whose green oaks and cedars round me close 650
 As temple-walls and pillars, that exclude
 Earth's haunted dreams from their free solitude;
 All, save the image and the thought of those
 Before us gone; our loved of early years,
 Gone where affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears.

LXXII

I see a star—eve's first-born!—in whose train
 Past scenes, words, looks, come back. The arrowy spire
 Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,
 Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of fire;
 The pine gives forth its odours, and the lake 660
 Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds wake,
 Till every string of nature's solemn lyre
 Is touch'd to answer; its most secret tone
 Drawn from each tree, for each hath whispers all its own.

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LXXIII

And hark ! another murmur on the air,
Not of the hidden rills, or quivering shades !—
That is the cataract's, which the breezes bear,
Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as from the bed
Of the blue, mournful seas, that keep the dead : 670
But *they* are far !—the low sun here pervades
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
Their stems, till each is made a marvel to behold,—

LXXIV

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom !—In such an hour,
The vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each grey convent's tower
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-dells,
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
And hamlet, round my home :—and I am here, 680
Living again through all my life's farewells,
In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart—yet unbroken !

LXXV

In such an hour are told the hermit's beads ;
With the white sail the seaman's hymn floats by :
Peace be with all ! whate'er their varying creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts on high !
Come to me, boy !—by Guadalquivir's vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day declines,
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy sky.
—We, too, will pray ; nor yet unheard, my child ! 690
Of Him whose voice *we* hear at eve amidst the wild.

LXXVI

At eve ?—O through all hours !—From dark dreams oft
Awakening, I look forth, and learn the might
Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,
And low, my loved one ! on the breast of night :
I look forth on the stars—the shadowy sleep
Of forests—and the lake whose gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies' light.
A lonely world !—even fearful to man's thought
But for His presence felt, whom here my soul hath sought. 700

RECORDS OF WOMAN

ARABELLA STUART

['The Lady Arabella,' as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII, and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret but early-discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape; and, having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked; and at break of day a French vessel engaged to receive her was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him; but this wish was overruled by her companions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, 'which,' says D'Israeli, 'occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The time passed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered, to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a large sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders.' Arabella, meantime, whilst imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the king's service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank. 'What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history, but enough is known—that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and, if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that it was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain among her papers.'—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

The following poem, meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuations of her thoughts and feelings, is supposed to commence during the time of her first imprisonment, whilst her mind was yet buoyed up by the consciousness of Seymour's affection, and the cherished hope of eventual deliverance.]

And is not love in vain,
Torture enough without a living tomb?—BYRON.
Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.—PINDEMONTE.

'TWAS but a dream!—I saw the stag leap free,
Under the boughs where early birds were singing,
I stood o'ershadow'd by the greenwood tree,
And heard, it seem'd, a sudden bugle ringing
Far through a royal forest: then the fawn
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook
And lilies quiver'd by the glade's lone brook,

RECORDS OF WOMAN

And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,
A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,
Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
Into the deep wood's heart ; and all pass'd by
Save one—I met the smile of *one* clear eye,
Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou* wert there.
Seymour ! a soft wind blew the clustering hair
Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,
And fling, methought, thy hunting spear away,
And, lightly graceful in thy green array,
Bound to my side ; and we, that met and parted,
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour
Even like the mingling of sweet streams, beneath
Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest-flowers.

II

'Tis past !—I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend ! Yet fostering, for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be ;
And feeling still my woman-spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervour, and prevail—
Sending a breath, as of the Spring's first gale,
Through hearts now cold ; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish : in this trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chill'd and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III

And thou too art in bonds !—yet droop thou not,
O my beloved—there is *one* hopeless lot,
But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
When darkness, from the vainly doting sight
Covers its beautiful ! If thou wert gone
To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow—
If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which now, even now

Seems floating through my soul, were music taken
 For ever from this world—oh ! thus forsaken,
 Could I bear on ?—thou livest, thou livest, thou'rt mine !
 With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
 And by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,
 Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

60

IV

And lo ! the joy that cometh with the morning,
 Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care !
 I have not watch'd in vain, serenely scorning
 The wild and busy whispers of despair !
 Thou hast sent tidings, as of heaven—I wait
 The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.
 Oh ! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate
 As a star shoots !—but on the breezy sea
 We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour !
 Will not my heart, o'erburden'd by its bliss,
 Faint and give way within me, as a flower
 Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss ?
 Yet shall I *fear* that lot—the perfect rest,
 The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,
 After long suffering won ? So rich a close
 Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

70

Sunset !—I tell each moment—from the skies
 The last red splendour floats along my wall,
 Like a king's banner !—Now it melts, it dies !
 I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,
 The expected voice ; my quick heart throbb'd too soon.
 I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
 Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
 Through my lone lattice pour'd, I sit and dream
 Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,
 Under the vine or in the citron grove,
 May breathe from terror.

80

Now the night grows deep,
 And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
 I hear my veins beat.—Hark ! a bell's slow chime !
 My heart strikes with it.—Yet again—'tis time !
 A step !—a voice !—or but a rising breeze ?
 Hark !—haste !—I come, to meet thee on the seas.

90

VI

Now never more, oh ! never, in the worth
 Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
 Trust fondly—never more !—the hope is crush'd
 That lit my life, the voice within me hush'd

That spoke sweet oracles ; and I return
 To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,
 Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost !
 No tempest met our barks—no billow toss'd ; 100
 Yet were they sever'd, even as we must be,
 That so have loved, so striven our hearts to free
 From their close-coiling fate ! In vain—in vain !
 The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,
 And press out life. Upon the deck I stood,
 And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,
 Like some proud bird of ocean ; then mine eye
 Strain'd out, one moment earlier to descry
 The form it ached for, and the bark's career
 Seem'd slow to that fond yearning : it drew near, 110
 Fraught with our foes ! What boots it to recall
 The strife, the tears ? Once more a prison wall
 Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my sight,
 And joyous glance of waters to the light,
 And *thée*, my Seymour, *thée* !

I will not sink !
 Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy chain that bound thee !
 And this shall be my strength—the joy to think
 That thou may'st wander with heaven's breath around thee,
 And all the laughing sky ! This thought shall yet
 Shine o'er my heart a radiant amulet, 120
 Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken,
 And unto me, I know, thy true love's token
 Shall one day be deliverance, though the years
 Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

VII

My friend ! my friend ! where art thou ? Day by day
 Gliding, like some dark mournful stream, away !
 My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
 Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
 Round hall and hamlet ; Summer with her smile
 Fills the green forest ; young hearts breathe their vows ; 130
 Brothers long parted meet ; fair children rise
 Round the glad board ; Hope laughs from loving eyes :
 All this is in the world !—These joys lie sown,
 The dew of every path. On *one* alone
 Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer
 Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

VIII

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers !
 By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent ;
 O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
 And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent, 140
 Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen
 Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,

Through the leaves, pouring its dark sultry blue
 Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to you
 Hath murmur'd, and the rill.—My soul grows faint
 With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
 Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,
 The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me !

IX

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—
 O Love and Freedom ! ye are lovely things ! 150
 With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
 And by the streams ; but I—the blood of kings,
 A proud unmingling river, through my veins
 Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts are chains !
 Kings !—I had silent visions of deep bliss,
 Leaving their thrones far distant, and for this
 I am cast under their triumphal car,
 An insect to be crush'd !—Oh ! Heaven is far—
 Earth pitiless !

Dost thou forget me, Seymour ? I am proved 60
 So long, so sternly ! Seymour, my beloved !
 There are such tales of holy marvels done
 By strong affection, of deliverance won
 Through its prevailing power ! Are these things told
 Till the young weep with rapture, and the old
 Wonder, yet dare not doubt ; and thou ! oh, thou !
 Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay ?—
 Thou canst not !—through the silent night, even now,
 I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray
 Still first for thee.—Oh, gentle, gentle friend ! 170
 How shall I bear this anguish to the end ?

Aid !—comes there yet no aid ?—the voice of blood
 Passes heaven's gate, even ere the crimson flood
 Sinks through the greensward !—is there not a cry
 From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,
 To pierce the clouds ? Hear, Mercy !—hear me ! None
 That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun
 Have heavier cause !—yet hear !—my soul grows dark—
 Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark
 On the mid seas, and with the storm alone, 180
 And bearing to the abyss, unseen, unknown,
 Its freight of human hearts ?—the o'ermastering wave !
 Who shall tell how it rush'd—and none to save.

Thou hast forsaken me ! I feel, I know,
 There would be rescue if this were not so.
 Thou 'rt at the chase, thou 'rt at the festive board,
 Thou 'rt where the red wine free and high is pour'd,

Thou 'rt where the dancers meet !—a magic glass
Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall ; 190
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all—

Thine !—What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking my despair ?
It is not well of thee !—my love was more
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore ;
And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying ;
Even thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—
Yet smile, smile on ! too bright art thou for grief !

Death !—what ? is death a lock'd and treasured thing, 200
Guarded by swords of fire ? a hidden spring,
A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,
As if the world within me held no cure ?
Wherefore not spread free wings—Heaven, Heaven control
These thoughts—they rush—I look into my soul
As down a gulf, and tremble at the array
Of fierce forms crowding it ! Give strength to pray,
So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is still'd.
Father in Heaven ! thou, only thou, canst sound
The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish fill'd, 210
For human line too fearfully profound.
Therefore, forgive, my Father ! if thy child,
Rock'd on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild
And sinn'd in her despair ! It well may be,
That thou wouldst lead my spirit back to thee—
By the crush'd hope too long on this world pour'd,
The stricken love which hath perchance adored
A mortal in thy place ! Now let me strive
With thy strong arm no more ! Forgive, forgive !
Take me to peace !

And peace at last is nigh. 220
A sign is on my brow, a token sent
The o'erwearied dust from home : no breeze flits by,
But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
Of many mysteries.

Hark ! the warning tone
Deepens—its word is *Death !* Alone, alone,
And sad in youth, but chasten'd, I depart,
Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,
Even in this hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,
Thee, its first love !—oh ! tender still, and true ! 230
Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw
Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,
Though but a moment.

Now, with fainting frame,
 With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
 To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
 I bless thee ! Peace be on thy noble head,
 Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead !
 I bid this prayer survive me, and retain
 Its might, again to bless thee, and again !
 Thou hast been gather'd into my dark fate 240
 Too much ; too long, for my sake, desolate
 Hath been thine exiled youth ; but now take back,
 From dying hands, thy freedom, and retrack
 (After a few kind tears for her whose days
 Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways
 Of hope, and find thou happiness ! Yet send,
 Even then, in silent hours, a thought, dear friend !
 Down to my voiceless chamber ; for thy love
 Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
 Though bought with burning tears ! It is the sting 250
 Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing
 In this cold world ! What were it then, if thou,
 With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now ?
 Too keen a pang !—Farewell ! and yet once more,
 Farewell !—the passion of long years I pour
 Into that word : thou hear'st not—but the woe
 And fervour of its tones may one day flow
 To thy heart's holy place ; there let them dwell—
 We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell !

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE¹

Fear !—I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death ?
 A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom ?
 * * * * *

I will not live degraded.—*Sardanapalus*.

COME from the woods with the citron-flowers,
 Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
 Maids of bright Scio ! They came, and the breeze
 Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas ;—
 They came, and Eudora stood robed and crown'd,
 The bride of the morn, with her train around.
 Jewels flash'd out from her braided hair,
 Like starry dews 'midst the roses there ;
 Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
 Heaved by her heart through its golden zone ; 10
 But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
 Gleam'd from beneath her transparent veil ;

¹ Founded on a circumstance related in the Second Series of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and forming part of a picture in the 'Painted Biography' there described.

Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
 Though clear as a flower which the light looks through ;
 And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
 For the aspect of woman at times too high,
 Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
 Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She look'd on the vine at her father's door,
 Like one that is leaving his native shore ; 20
 She hung o'er the myrtle once call'd her own,
 As it greenly waved by the threshold stone ;
 She turn'd—and her mother's gaze brought back
 Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
 Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears
 Flow to the dream of her early years !
 Holy and pure are the drops that fall
 When the young bride goes from her father's hall ;
 She goes unto love yet untried and new,
 She parts from love which hath still been true ;
 Mute be the song and the choral strain, 30
 Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again !
 She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
 Like a babe that sobs itself to rest ;
 She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
 In *his* that waited her dawning smile—
 Her soul's affianced, nor cherish'd less
 For the gush of nature's tenderness !
 She lifted her graceful head at last—
 The choking swell of her heart was past ; 40
 And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
 In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL

WHY do I weep ?—to leave the vine
 Whose clusters o'er me bend ;
 The myrtle—yet, oh ! call it mine !—
 The flowers I loved to tend.
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
 Like shadows o'er me sweep,
 I leave my sunny childhood here,
 Oh, therefore let me weep ! 50
 I leave thee, sister ! we have play'd
 Through many a joyous hour,
 Where the silvery green of the olive shade
 Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
 Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore
 In song, in prayer, in sleep,
 Have been as we may be no more—
 Kind sister, let me weep !

I leave thee, father ! Eve's bright moon
 Must now light other feet,
 With the gather'd grapes, and the lyre in tune,
 Thy homeward step to greet.
 Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
 Lay tones of love so deep,
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
 I leave thee ! let me weep !

60

Mother ! I leave thee ! on thy breast,
 Pouring out joy and woe ;
 I have found that holy place of rest
 Still changeless—yet I go !
 Lips, that have lull'd me with your strain,
 Eyes that have watch'd my sleep !
 Will earth give love like *yours* again !
 Sweet mother ! let me weep !

70

And like a slight young tree, that throws
 The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
 Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
 Is the human heart, as a mountain spring
 That works its way, through the torrent's foam,
 To the bright pool near it, the lily's home !
 It is well !—the cloud on her soul that lay,
 Hath melted in glittering drops away.
 Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre !
 She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
 Mother ! on earth it must still be so,
 Thou rearest the lovely to see them go !

80

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,
 Ye may track their way by the swells of song ;
 Ye may catch through the foliage their white robes' gleam,
 Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a shadowy stream.
 Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread
 Is over the deep-vein'd violet's bed ;
 They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,
 An arch for the triumph of youth and love !

90

II

Still and sweet was the home that stood
 In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
 With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
 As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
 Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
 Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
 Citrons amidst their dark foliage glow'd,
 Making a gleam round the lone abode ;
 Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
 Scatter'd out rays like a glancing river ;

100

Stars of the jasmine its pillars crown'd,
 Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound ;
 And brightly before it a fountain's play
 Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
 To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
 Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane. 110

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
 And the guests were met by that fountain-side ;
 They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
 It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
 With lips of love, and a brow serene,
 Meet for the soul of the deep wood-scene.—
 Bring wine, bring odours !—the board is spread.—
 Bring roses ! a chaplet for every head !
 The wine-cups foam'd, and the rose was shower'd
 On the young and fair from the world embower'd ; 120
 The sun look'd not on them in that sweet shade,
 The winds amid scented boughs were laid ;
 And there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
 A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush ! be still—was that no more
 Than the murmur from the shore ?
 Silence !—did thick rain-drops beat
 On the grass like trampling feet ?—
 Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword !
 The groves are fill'd with a pirate horde ! 130
 Through the dim olives their sabres shine !—
 Now must the red blood stream for wine !

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,
 The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang ;
 Under the golden-fruited boughs
 There were flashing poniards and dark'ning brows—
 Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,
 And the dying soon on a greensward bed.
 —Eudora, Eudora ! *thou* dost not fly !—
 She saw but Ianthis before her lie, 140
 With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
 Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,
 And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
 That sought his young bride out mournfully.—
 She knelt down beside him, her arms she wound
 Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,
 As if the passion of that fond grasp
 Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.
 But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
 The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there ; 150
 They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
 And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
 And a hush of fear through the summer grove—
 So closed the triumph of youth and love !

III

Gloomy lay the shore that night,
 When the moon, with sleeping light,
 Bathed each purple Sciote hill—
 Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
 O'er the wave no gay guitar
 Sent its floating music far ; 160
 No glad sound of dancing feet
 Woke the starry hours to greet.
 But a voice of mortal woe,
 In its changes wild or low,
 Through the midnight's blue repose,
 From the sea-beat rocks arose,
 As Eudora's mother stood
 Gazing o'er the Aegean flood,
 With a fix'd and straining eye—
 Oh ! was the spoilers' vessel nigh ? 170
 Yes ! there, becalm'd in silent sleep,
 Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
 On a sea of molten silver, dark
 Brooding it frown'd, that evil bark !
 There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
 Moveless and black from the tall still mast ;
 And the heavy sound of its flapping sail
 Idly and vainly woo'd the gale.
 Hush'd was all else :—Had ocean's breast
 Rock'd e'en Eudora that hour to rest ? 180
 To rest ?—the waves tremble !—what piercing cry
 Bursts from the heart of the ship on high ?
 What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
 Shoots from the deck up ? Fire ! 'tis fire !
 There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
 Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow ;
 There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
 And the dashing of water—but fruitless all !
 Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
 The might and wrath of the rushing flame ! 190
 It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,
 That coils up a tree from a dusky brake ;
 It hath touch'd the sails, and their canvas rolls
 Away from its breath into shrivell'd scrolls ;
 It hath taken the flag's high place in the air,
 And redden'd the stars with its wavy glare ;
 And sent out bright arrows, and soar'd in glee,
 To a burning mount 'midst the moonlight sea.
 The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
 Eudora ! Eudora ! where, where art thou ? 200
 The slave and his master alike are gone.—
 Mother ! who stands on the deck alone ?
 The child of thy bosom !—and lo ! a brand
 Blazing up high in her lifted hand !

RECORDS OF WOMAN

And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
Sway'd by the flames as they rock and flare ;
And her fragile form to its loftiest height
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might ;
And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught—
Oh ! could this work be of woman wrought ?
Yes ! 'twas her deed !—by that haughty smile
It was hers—she hath kindled her funeral pile !
Never might shame on that bright head be,
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free !
Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride,
On the pyre with the holy dead beside ;
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
To the form they must never unfold again.
—One moment more, and her hands are clasp'd—
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasp'd—
Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bow'd,
And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move ;—
Now the night gathers o'er youth and love !

THE SWITZER'S WIFE

[Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian Bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of a heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
Save woman's quietness of thought ;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might. —M. J. J.

* * * * *
Wer solch ein Herz an seinen Busen drückt,
Der kann für Herd und Hof mit Freuden fechten.
WILLHELM TELL.

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.
And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower ;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
The accustomed joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hush'd before him—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien ;—he mark'd it not. 20
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot,
But seem'd unheard ; until at last the boy
Raised from his heap'd-up flowers a glance of joy,
And met his father's face ; but then a change
Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise. 30

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook ;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look
Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent and said,
' What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away ?
' It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend !
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine ? Oh, cheer thee ! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now ! 40
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care.'

He look'd up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully : not yet the band
Was loosen'd from his soul ; its inmost place
Not yet unveil'd by love's o'ermastering hand.
' Speak low ! ' he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glitter'd through the solemn sky :
' We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents ; for the days are come 50
When tyranny lies couch'd by forest-rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear—
Keep silence by the hearth ! its foes are near.
' The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not serene,
Yet with the faces best beloved in sight :
To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and thee—
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see ? ' 60

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek ;

Back on the linden stem she lean'd her form,
And her lip trembled as it strove to speak,

Like a frail harp-string shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved

With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,

And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

70

Aye pale she stood, but with an eye of light,

And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might

As it found language :—' Are we thus oppress'd ?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God !

' I know what thou wouldst do ;—and be it done !

Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.

80

Trust me to Heaven, my husband ! this, thy son,

The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free !

And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

' Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread

Of my desponding tears ; now, lift once more,
My hunter of the hills ! thy stately head,

And let thine eagle glance my joy restore !

I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued—

Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

90

' Go forth beside the waters, and along

The chamois paths, and through the forests go ;

And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong

To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.

God shall be with thee, my beloved !—Away !

Bless but thy child, and leave me :—I can pray !'

He sprang up, like a warrior youth awaking

To clarion sounds upon the ringing air ;

He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking

From his dark eyes fell o'er her braided hair ;

100

And ' worthy art thou ', was his joyous cry,

' That man for thee should gird himself to die.

' My bride, my wife, the mother of my child !

Now shall thy name be armour to my heart :

And this our land, by chains no more defiled,

Be taught of thee to choose the better part !

I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,

Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps :—Farewell !'

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
 In the clear starlight : he the strength to rouse
 Of the free hills ; she, thoughtful for his sake,
 To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
 Singing its blue half-curtain'd eyes to sleep,
 With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep,

110

PROPERZIA ROSSI

[Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.]

Tell me no more, no more
 Of my soul's lofty gifts ! Are they not vain
 To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?
 Have I not loved, and striven, and fail'd to bind
 One true heart unto me, whereon my own
 Might find a resting-place, a home for all
 Its burden of affections ? I depart,
 Unknown, though Fame goes with me ; I must leave
 The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
 Shall give my name a power to win such tears
 As would have made life precious.

I

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more !
 And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
 My soul away ! Let earth retain a trace
 Of that which lit my being, though its race
 Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream !
 From my deep spirit one victorious gleam
 Ere I depart ! For thee alone, for thee !
 May this last work, this farewell triumph be—
 Thou, loved so vainly ! I would leave enshrined
 Something immortal of my heart and mind,
 That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
 Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
 Of lost affection ;—something that may prove
 What she hath been, whose melancholy love
 On thee was lavish'd ; silent pang and tear,
 And fervent song, that gush'd when none were near,
 And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
 Stealing the brightness from her life away—
 While thou— Awake ! not yet within me die !
 Under the burden and the agony
 Of this vain tenderness—my spirit, wake !
 Even for thy sorrowful affection's sake,
 Live ! in thy work breathe out !—that he may yet,
 Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
 Thine unrequited gift.

10

20

II

It comes—the power
 Within me born flows back—my fruitless dower
 That could not win me love. Yet once again
 I greet it proudly, with its rushing train
 Of glorious images :—they throng—they press—
 A sudden joy lights up my loneliness—
 I shall not perish all !

30

The bright work grows
 Beneath my hand, unfolding, as a rose,
 Leaf after leaf, to beauty ; line by line,
 I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,
 Through the pale marble's veins. It grows !—and now
 I give my own life's history to thy brow,
 Forsaken Ariadne ! thou shalt wear
 My form, my lineaments ; but oh ! more fair,
 Touch'd into lovelier being by the glow

Which in me dwells, as by the summer light
 All things are glorified. From thee my woe
 Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,
 When I am pass'd away. Thou art the mould,
 Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, the untold,
 The self-consuming ! Speak to him of me,
 Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,
 With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye—
 Speak to him, lorn one ! deeply, mournfully,
 Of all my love and grief ! Oh ! could I throw
 Into thy frame a voice, a sweet, and low,
 And thrilling voice of song ! when he came nigh,
 To send the passion of its melody
 Through his pierced bosom—on its tones to bear
 My life's deep feeling, as the southern air
 Wafts the faint myrtle's breath—to rise, to swell,
 To sink away in accents of farewell,
 Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow
 Surely my parted spirit yet might know,
 If love be strong as death !

40

50

III

Now fair thou art,
 Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart
 Yet all the vision that within me wrought,
 I cannot make thee ! Oh ! I might have given
 Birth to creations of far nobler thought ;
 I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,
 Things not of such as die ! But I have been
 Too much alone ;—a heart whereon to lean,
 With all these deep affections that o'erflow
 My aching soul and find no shore below ;
 An eye to be my star ; a voice to bring
 Hope o'er my path like sounds that breathe of spring :

60

70

These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain—
Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain,
Are ever but as some wild fitful song,
Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
In dirge-like echoes.

IV

Yet the world will see
Little of this, my parting work, in thee—
Thou shalt have fame !—Oh, mockery ! give the reed
From storms a shelter—give the drooping vine
Something round which its tendrils may entwine—
Give the parch'd flower a rain-drop, and the meed 80
Of love's kind words to woman ! Worthless fame !
That in *his* bosom wins not for my name
The abiding place it ask'd ! Yet how my heart,
In its own fairy world of song and art,
Once beat for praise ! Are those high longings o'er ?
That which I have been can I be no more ?
Never ! oh, never more ! though still thy sky
Be blue as then, my glorious Italy !
And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still ; 90
And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams,
Unchanged on forms, instinct with poet-dreams :
Never ! oh, never more ! Where'er I move,
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around ! Too well *they* know,
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight hath settled !—but I go
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell ;
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
The inward burning of those words—'*in vain,*' 100
Sear'd on the heart—I go. 'Twill soon be past,
Sunshine, and song, and bright Italian heaven,
And thou, Oh ! thou, on whom my spirit cast
Unvalued wealth—who know'st not what was given
In that devotedness—the sad, and deep,
And unrepaid—farewell ! If I could weep
Once, only once, beloved one ! on thy breast,
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest !
But that were happiness, and unto me
Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was form'd to be 110
So richly bless'd ! With thee to watch the sky,
Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh :
With thee to listen, while the tones of song
Swept even as part of our sweet air along—
To listen silently : with thee to gaze
On forms, the deified of olden days—
This had been joy enough ; and hour by hour,
From its glad well-springs drinking life and power,

How had my spirit soar'd, and made its fame
 A glory for thy brow ! Dreams, dreams !—the fire
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name—
 As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre
 When its full chords are hush'd—awhile to live,
 And one day haply in thy heart revive
 Sad thoughts of me :—I leave it, with a sound,
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound—
 I leave it, on my country's air to dwell—
 Say proudly yet—'Twas hers who loved me well !'

120

GERTRUDE ; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH

[The Baron Von der Wart, accused—though it is believed unjustly—as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart ; or, Fidelity unto Death.*]

Dark lowers our fate,
 And terrible the storm that gathers o'er
 us ;
 But nothing, till that 'atest agony
 Which severs thee from nature, shall un-
 loose
 This fix'd and sacred hold. In thy dark
 prison-house,
 In the terrific face of armed law,
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be
 I never will forsake thee.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HER hands were clasp'd, her dark
 eyes raised,

The breeze threw back her hair ;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
 All that she loved was there.

The night was round her clear and
 cold,

The holy heaven above,
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.

'And bid me not depart,' she cried ;
 'My Rudolph, say not so !' 10

This is no time to quit thy side—
 Peace ! peace ! I cannot go.

Hath the world aught for me to fear,
 When death is on thy brow ?

The world ! what means it ?—*mine*
 is *here*—

I will not leave thee now.

'I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss ;

Doubt not its memory's living power
 To strengthen me through *this* !

And thou, mine honour'd love and
 true, 21

Bear on, bear nobly on !

We have the blessed heaven in view
 Whose rest shall soon be won.'

And were not these high words to
 flow

From woman's breaking heart ?
 Through all that night of bitterest
 woe

She bore her lofty part ;
 But oh ! with such a glazing eye,

With such a curdling cheek— 30
 Love, love, of mortal agony

Thou, only *thou*, should'st speak !

The wind rose high—but with it rose
 Her voice, that he might hear :

Perchance that dark hour brought
 repose

To happy bosoms near ;
 While she sat striving with despair

Beside his tortured form,
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer

Forth on the rushing storm. 40

She wiped the death-damps from his
brow
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords
low
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last ! 50
She had her meed—one smile in
death—
And his worn spirit pass'd,
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who
gave
Strength to forsake it not !

IMELDA

Sometimes
The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda !
Italy, a Poem.

Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma.—Tasso.

WE have the myrtle's breath around us here,
Amidst the fallen pillars ;—this hath been
Some Naiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,
Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,
Up through the shadowy grass the fountain wells,
And music with it, gushing from beneath
The ivy'd altar !—that sweet murmur tells
The rich wild-flowers no tale of woe or death ;
Yet once the wave was darken'd, and a stain
Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not of rain— 10
On the dim violets by its marble bed,
And the pale shining water-lily's head.
Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair girl met
One whom she loved, by this lone temple's spring,
Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,
And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring
All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle pair,
With the blue heaven of Italy above,
And citron-odours dying on the air,
And light leaves trembling round, and early love 20
Deep in each breast. What reck'd *their* souls of strife
Between their fathers ? Unto them young life
Spread out the treasures of its vernal years ;
And if they wept, they wept far other tears
Than the cold world brings forth. They stood, that hour,
Speaking of hope, while tree, and fount, and flower,
And star, just gleaming through the cypress boughs,
Seem'd holy things, as records of their vows.
But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying tread
Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew 30
The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled
Up where the cedars make yon avenue

Dim with green twilight : pausing there, she caught—
Was it the clash of swords ?—a swift dark thought

Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it pass'd,
And from her eye the sunny sparkle took

One moment with its fearfulness, and shook

Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast
Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once more,
She still'd her heart to listen—all was o'er ;
Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,
Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

40

That night Imelda's voice was in the song,
Lovely it floated through the festive throng
Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night
Her eye look'd starry in its dazzling light,
And her cheek glow'd with beauty's flushing dyes,
Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies—

A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze
Follow'd her form beneath the clear lamp's blaze,
And marvell'd at its radiance. But a few
Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue
With something of dim fear ; and in that glance

50

Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,

Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,
Comes not unmask'd. Howe'er this were, the time
Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime
Alike : and when the banquet's hall was left
Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft,

60

When trembling stars look'd silvery in their wane,
And heavy flowers yet slumber'd, once again
There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,
Through the dim cedar shade—the step of one
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,

Of one that panted with some secret dread :
What did Imelda there ? She sought the scene
Where love so late with youth and hope had been ;
Bodings were on her soul—a shuddering thrill
Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill
Met her with melody—sweet sounds and low ;

70

We hear them yet, they live along its flow—
Her voice is music lost ! The fountain-side
She gain'd—the wave flash'd forth—'twas darkly dyed
Even as from warrior-hearts ; and on its edge,

Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,
There lay, as lull'd by stream and rustling sedge,

A youth, a graceful youth.—' Oh ! dost thou sleep ?
Azzo ! ' she cried, ' my Azzo ! is this rest ?

But then her low tones falter'd :—' On thy breast
Is the stain—yes, 'tis blood !—and that cold cheek—
That moveless lip !—thou dost not slumber ?—speak,

80

Speak, Azzo, my beloved—no sound—no breath—
 What hath come thus between our spirits?—Death!
 Death?—I but dream—I dream!—and there she stood,
 A faint fair trembler, gazing first on blood,
 With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,
 Her form sustain'd by that dark stem alone,
 And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,
 Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold; 90
 When from the grass her dimm'd eye caught a gleam—
 'Twas where a sword lay shiver'd by the stream—
 Her brother's sword!—she knew it; and she knew
 'Twas with a venom'd point that weapon slew!
 Woe for young love! But love is strong. There came
 Strength upon woman's fragile heart and frame,
 There came swift courage! On the dewy ground
 She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round
 Like a long silken stole; she knelt, and press'd
 Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's breast, 100
 Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight!
 Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night!
 So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing
 Through the green forests of the Apennines,
 With all her joyous birds their free flight winging,
 And steps and voices out amongst the vines.
 What found that dayspring *here*? Two fair forms laid
 Like sculptured sleepers; from the myrtle shade
 Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,
 Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave? 110
 Could it be so indeed? That radiant girl,
 Deck'd as for bridal hours!—long braids of pearl
 Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,
 As tears might shine, with melancholy light;
 And there was gold her slender waist entwining;
 And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright!
 And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
 And round her marble brow red roses dying.
 But she died first!—the violet's hue had spread
 O'er her sweet eyelids with repose oppress'd; 120
 She had bow'd heavily her gentle head,
 And on the youth's hush'd bosom sunk to rest.
 So slept they well!—the poison's work was done.
 Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.

EDITH

A TALE OF THE WOODS ¹

Du Heilige ! rufe dein Kind zurück !
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.—*Wallenstein.*

THE woods—oh ! solemn are the boundless woods

Of the great western world when day declines.

And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,

More deep the rustling of the ancient pines ;

When dimness gathers on the stilly air,

And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,

Awful it is for human heart to bear

The might and burden of the solitude !

Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes, there sate

One young and fair ; and oh ! how desolate !

10

But undismay'd : while sank the crimson light,

And the high cedars darken'd with the night,

Alone she sate : though many lay around,

They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,

Were sever'd from her need and from her woe.

Far as Death severs Life. O'er that wild spot

Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low.

And left them, with the history of their lot,

Unto the forest oaks :—a fearful scene

For her whose home of other days had been

20

'Midst the fair halls of England ! But the love

Which fill'd her soul was strong to cast out fear ;

And by its might upborne all else above,

She shrank not—mark'd not that the dead were near.

Of him alone she thought, whose languid head

Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell ;

Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,

While heavily she felt his life-blood well

Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound

With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound—

30

Yet hoped, still hoped ! Oh ! from such hope how long

Affection woos the whispers that deceive,

Even when the pressure of dismay grows strong !

And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe

The blow indeed can fall. So bow'd she there

Over the dying, while unconscious prayer

Fill'd all her soul. Now pour'd the moonlight down,

Veining the pine stems through the foliage brown

And fireflies, kindling up the leafy place,

Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,

40

¹ Founded on incidents related in an American work, *Sketches of Connecticut.*

Whereby she caught its changes : to her eye,

The eye that faded look'd through gathering haze
Whence love, o'er-mastering mortal agony,

Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze
When voice was not : that fond, sad meaning pass'd :
She knew the fullness of her woe at last !

One shriek the forests heard—and mute she lay
And cold ; yet clasping still the precious clay
To her scarce heaving breast. O Love and Death !
Ye have sad meetings on this change-ful earth,
Many and sad ! but airs of heavenly breath
Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
Is far apart.

50

Now light of richer hue
Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew ;
The pines grew red with morning ; fresh winds play'd ;
Bright-colour'd birds with splendour cross'd the shade,
Flitting on flower-like wings ; glad murmurs broke

From reed, and spray, and leaf—the living strings
Of earth's Aeolian lyre, whose music woke

Into young life and joy all happy things.
And she too woke from that long dreamless trance,
The widow'd Edith : fearfully her glance
Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change

60

Flash'd o'er her spirit, even ere memory swept
The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept ;
Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,
With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now—
Where was she ? 'Midst the people of the wild,

70

By the red hunter's fire : an aged chief,
Whose home look'd sad—for therein play'd no child—

Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,
To that lone cabin of the woods ; and there,
Won by a form so desolately fair,
Or touch'd with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,
O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung ;
While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,
Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,
And leaning on his bow.

80

And life return'd,
Life, but with all its memories of the dead,
To Edith's heart ; and well the sufferer learn'd
Her task of meek endurance, well she wore
The chasten'd grief that humbly can adore,
'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,
Even as a breath of spring's awakening air,

- Her presence was ; or as a sweet wild tune
 Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon 90
 Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen
 A daughter to the land of spirits go,
 And ever from that time her fading mien,
 And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,
 Had haunted their dim years ; but Edith's face
 Now look'd in holy sweetness from her place,
 And they again seem'd parents. Oh ! the joy,
 The rich deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,
 Fear, that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth
 The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth 100
 Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,
 On something all its own ! that kindly glow,
 Which to shut inward is consuming pain,
 Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,
 When, like the sunshine, freed. And gentle cares
 The adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs
 Who loved her thus : her spirit dwelt the while
 With the departed, and her patient smile
 Spoke of farewells to earth ; yet still she pray'd,
 Even o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid 110
 One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace
 Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
 Had been among the wilds ; for well she knew
 The secret whisper of her bosom true,
 Which warn'd her hence.
- And now, by many a word
 Link'd unto moments when the heart was stirr'd,
 By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
 Sung when the woods at eve grew hush'd and dim—
 By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
 All eloquent with childlike piety— 120
 By the still beauty of her life, she strove
 To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love
 Pour'd out on her so freely. Nor in vain
 Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain
 The soul in gentle bonds ; by slow degrees
 Light follow'd on, as when a summer breeze
 Parts the deep masses of the forest shade
 And lets the sunbeam through :—her voice was made
 Even such a breeze ; and she, a lowly guide,
 By faith and sorrow raised and purified, 130
 So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
 Until their prayers were one. When morning spread
 O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
 Touch'd into golden bronze the cypress bough,
 And when the quiet of the Sabbath time
 Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
 Waken'd the wilderness, their prayers were one.—
 Now might she pass in hope, her work was done !

And she *was* passing from the woods away—
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades ; her eye was bright 140
Even yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air ; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines ; and now a softer green 150
Fringed their dark boughs ; for spring again had come,
The sunny spring ! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas ! we think it sad
To part with life when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things—when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake ;
Is it not brighter then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs ? 160
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours, with the breezes' play
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin door,
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore ;
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
' My father ! '—to the grey-hair'd chief she spoke—
' Know'st thou that I depart ? '—' I know, I know,'
He answer'd mournfully, ' that thou must go
To thy beloved, my daughter ! '—' Sorrow not
For me, kind mother ! ' with meek smiles once more 170
She murmur'd in low tones ; ' one happy lot
Awaits us, friends ! upon the better shore ;
For we have pray'd together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust
To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
Under the cedar shade : where he is gone,
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learn'd—the Saviour's prayer
Which now *ye* know—and I shall meet you there. 180
Father and gentle mother ! ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By Mercy's children.' From the matron's eye
Dropp'd tears, her sole and passionate reply ;
But Edith felt them not ; for now a sleep,
Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in woe,
' Thou'rt passing hence,' he sang, that warrior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd. 190

*'Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away ;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter ! thou canst not stay.*

*'Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear ;
The corn month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.*

*'And we shall miss thy voice, my bird !
Under our whispering pine ;
Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.*

200

*'A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.*

*'But thou, my bright one ! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er ;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
No fear of parting more.*

210

*'The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
'Midst flowers—not such as die.*

*'The shadow from thy brow shall melt
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.*

*'Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled ;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.*

220

*'And we will follow thee, our guide !
And join that shining band ;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land !'*

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath.
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

THE INDIAN CITY ¹

What deep wounds ever closed without a sear ?
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
 That which disfigures it.—*Childe Harold*.

I

ROYAL in splendour went down the day
 On the plain where an Indian city lay,
 With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
 Red, as if fused in the burning sky,
 And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
 A bright stream's way through each long arcade,
 Till the pillar'd vaults of the banian stood,
 Like torch-lit aisles 'midst the solemn wood,
 And the plantain glitter'd with leaves of gold,
 As a tree 'midst the genii gardens old, 10
 And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
 And the stems of the cocoa's were shafts of fire.
 Many a white pagoda's gleam
 Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
 Broken alone by the lotus flowers,
 As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,
 Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
 Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
 Many a graceful Hindoo maid, 20
 With the water vase from the palmy shade,
 Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
 Down marble steps, to the tanks below ;
 And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,
 As the molten glass of the wave was stirr'd ;
 And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,
 Told where the Bramin bow'd in prayer.
 There wander'd a noble Moslem boy
 Through the scene of beauty in breathless joy ;
 He gazed where the stately city rose,
 Like a pageant of clouds, in its red repose ; 30
 He turn'd where birds through the gorgeous gloom
 Of the woods went glancing on starry plume ;
 He track'd the brink of the shining lake,
 By the tall canes feather'd in tuft and brake,
 Till the path he chose, in its mazes wound
 To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrined
 In a rocky urn, from the sun and wind,
 Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
 Far down through its dark still purity. 40

¹ From a tale in Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs*.

RECORDS OF WOMAN

The flood beyond, to the fiery west,
Spread out like a metal mirror's breast,
But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,
Seem'd made for the swimmer's joyous leap,
For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,
For all free things of the wild wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye ;
Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave ; 50
Dashing the spray drops, cold and white,
O'er the glossy leaves in its young delight,
And bowing his locks to the waters clear—
Alas ! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother look'd from her tent the while,
O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile :
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
Had stay'd the march of her pilgrim train,
Calmly to linger a few brief hours 60
In the Bramin city's glorious bowers ;
For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,
The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

II

The moon rose clear in the splendour given
To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven ;
The boy from the high-arch'd woods came back—
Oh ! what had he met in his lonely track ?
The serpent's glance, through the long reeds bright ?
The arrowy spring of the tiger's might ?
No !—yet as one by a conflict worn,
With his graceful hair all soil'd and torn, 70
And a gloom on the lids of his darken'd eye,
And a gash on his bosom—he came to die !
He look'd for the face to his young heart sweet,
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.

' Speak to me !—whence doth the swift blood run ?
What hath befallen thee, my child, my son ? '
The mist of death on his brow lay pale,
But his voice just linger'd to breathe the tale,
Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,
And wounds from the children of Brahma borne : 80
This was the doom for a Moslem found
With a foot profane on their holy ground—
This was for sullying the pure waves, free
Unto them alone—'twas their god's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look—
The mother shriek'd not then nor shook :

Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,
Rending her mantle to stanch its flood ;
But it rush'd like a river which none may stay,
Bearing a flower to the deep away. 90
That which our love to the earth would chain,
Fearfully striving with heaven in vain—
That which fades from us, while yet we hold,
Clasp'd to our bosoms, its mortal mould,
Was fleeting before her, afar and fast ;
One moment—the soul from the face had pass'd !

Are there no words for that common woe ?—
Ask of the thousands, its depths that know !
The boy had breathed, in his dreaming rest,
Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast ; 100
He had stood, when she sorrow'd, beside her knee,
Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee ;
He had kiss'd from her cheek the widow's tears,
With the loving lip of his infant years ;
He had smiled o'er her path like a bright spring day—
Now in his blood on the earth he lay !
Murder'd !—Alas ! and we love so well
In a world where anguish like this can dwell !

She bow'd down mutely o'er her dead—
They that stood round her watch'd in dread ; 110
They watch'd—she knew not they were by—
Her soul sat veil'd in its agony.
On the silent lip she press'd no kiss,
Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this :
She shed no tear as her face bent low,
O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow ;
She look'd but into the half-shut eye
With a gaze that found there no reply,
And, shrieking, mantled her head from sight,
And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might. 120

And what deep change, what work of power,
Was wrought on her secret soul that hour ?
How rose the lonely one ?—She rose
Like a prophetess from dark repose !
And proudly flung from her face the veil,
And shook the hair from her forehead pale,
And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,
With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood—
Aye, lifting up to the midnight sky
A brow in its regal passion high, 130
With a close and rigid grasp she press'd
The blood-stain'd robe to her heaving breast,
And said—' Not yet—not yet I weep,
Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep ;

Not till yon city, in ruins rent,
 Be piled for its victim's monument.
 Cover his dust ! bear it on before !—
 It shall visit those temple gates once more.'

And away in the train of the dead she turn'd,
 The strength of her step was the heart that burn'd ; 140
 And the Bramin groves in the starlight smiled,
 As the mother pass'd with her slaughter'd child.

III

Hark ! a wild sound of the desert's horn
 Through the woods round the Indian city borne,
 A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar—
 War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war !
 The Bramin look'd from the leaguer'd towers—
 He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers ;
 And the lake that flash'd through the plantain shade,
 As the tight of the lances along it play'd ; 150
 And the canes that shook as if winds were high
 When the fiery steed of the waste swept by ;
 And the camp as it lay like a billowy sea,
 Wide round the sheltering banian tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart—
 That was the place of a wounded heart.
 Oh ! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
 A voice that cries against mighty wrong ;
 And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
 Doth the ire of a crush'd affection light. 160

Maimuna from realm to realm had pass'd,
 And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.
 There had been words from her pale lips pour'd,
 Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.
 The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
 And the dark chief of Araby grasp'd his spear,
 Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
 And a vow was recorded that doom'd its fall.
 Back with the dust of her son she came,
 When her voice had kindled that lightning flame ; 170
 She came in the might of a queenly foe,
 Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;
 But a deeper power on her forehead sate—
 There sought the warrior his star of fate :
 Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
 Was hail'd as a spirit and a sign,
 And the faintest tone from her lip was caught
 As a sybil's breath of prophetic thought
 —Vain, bitter glory !—the gift of grief,
 That lights up vengeance to find relief, 180

Transient and faithless !—it cannot fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor till
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die !

Sickening she turn'd from her sad renown,
As a king in death might reject his crown ;
Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—
She wither'd faster from day to day.
All the proud sounds of that banner'd plain,
To stay the flight of her soul were vain ;
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

190

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
As on that eve when the fair boy died ;
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell ;
She spoke, and her voice, in its dying tone,
Had an echo of feelings that long seem'd flown.
She murmur'd a low sweet cradle-song,
Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng—
A song of the time when her boy's young cheek
Had glow'd on her breast in its slumber meek ;
But something which breathed from that mournful strain
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again,
And starting, as if from a dream, she cried—
' Give him proud burial at my side !
There, by yon lake, where the palm boughs wave,
When the temples are fallen, make there our grave,'
And the temples fell, though the spirit pass'd,
That stay'd not for victory's voice at last ;
When the day was won for the martyr dead,
For the broken heart and the bright blood shed.

200

210

Through the gates of the vanquish'd the Tartar steed
Bore in the avenger with foaming speed ;
Free swept the flame through the idol fanes,
And the streams glow'd red, as from warrior veins,
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
Till a city of ruin begirt the shade
Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.

220

Palace and tower on that plain were left,
Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft ;
The wild vine mantled the stately square,
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,
And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—
This was the work of one deep heart wrung !

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE

There is but one place in the world—
Thither, where he lies buried!

* * * * *

There, there is all that still remains of him—
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert—*Childe Harold*.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread
In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
As chieftains pass'd; and solemnly the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver 10
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly;—but of one,
Oh! who shall speak? What words his brow unveil?
A father following to the grave his son!
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,
Thro' the wood shadows, moved the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low—
Fair even when found, amidst the bloody slain,
Stretch'd by its broken lance. They reach'd the lone
Baronial chapel, where the forest gloom 20
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.
Stately they trode the hollow ringing aisle,
A strange deep echo shudder'd through the pile,
Till crested heads at last, in silence bent
Round the De Couci's antique monument,
When dust to dust was given:—and Aymer slept
Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
Whose broider'd folds the Syrian wind had swept
Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine: 30
So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave
Trophies, erelong, to deck that lordly grave;
And the pale image of a youth, array'd
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid
In slumber on his shield. Then all was done—
All still around the dead. His name was heard
Perchance when wine-cups flow'd, and hearts were stirr'd
By some old song, or tale of battle won,
Told round the hearth: but in his father's breast
Manhood's high passions woke again, and press'd 40

On to their mark ; and in his friend's clear eye
 There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by ;
 And with the brethren of his fields, the feast
 Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased
 Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide
 Bears back affection from the grave's dark side ;
 Alas ! to think of this !—the heart's void place
 Fill'd up so soon !—so like a summer cloud,
 All that we loved to pass and leave no trace !—

He lay forgotten in his early shroud. 50
 Forgotten ?—not of all !—the sunny smile
 Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,
 And the dark locks, whose breezy waving threw
 A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew
 From the bright brow ; and all the sweetness lying

Within that eagle eye's jet radiance deep,
 And all the music with that young voice dying,
 Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap
 As a hunter's bugle—these things lived 60
 Still in one breast, whose silent love survived
 The pangs of kindred sorrow. Day by day,
 On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,
 Through the dim fane soft summer odours breathing,
 And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,
 And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing
 In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing
 Through storied windows down. The violet there

Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly—
 And the rose image all things fleet and fair,
 And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy, 70
 Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,
 As for an altar, wove the radiant band ?
 Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells,
 That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,
 To blush through every season ?—Blight and chill
 Might touch the changing woods ; but duly still
 For years those gorgeous coronals renew'd,

And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,
 Even through mid-winter, fill'd the solitude
 With a strange smile—a glow of summer's realm. 80
 Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring
 Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring
 In lone devotedness !

One spring morn rose,
 And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid—
 Oh ! not as 'midst the vineyards, to repose
 From the fierce noon—a dark-hair'd peasant maid :
 Who could reveal her story ? That still face
 Had once been fair ; for on the clear arch'd brow

And the curved lip there lingered yet such grace
 As sculpture gives its dreams ; and long and low
 The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye— 90
 For death was on its lids—fell mournfully.
 But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
 Dimm'd, the slight form all wasted, as by care.
 Whence came that early blight ? *Her* kindred's place
 Was not amidst the high De Couci race ;
 Yet there her shrine had been ! She grasp'd a wreath—
 The tomb's last garland !—This was love in death.

INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG

[An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's *Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River*.]

'Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air.'—*Bride of Messina*—translated by MADAME DE STAËL.

Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman.—*The Prairie*.

Down a broad river of the western wilds,
 Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe
 Swept with the current : fearful was the speed
 Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
 Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
 Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,
 Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,
 Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
 A woman stood : upon her Indian brow
 Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved 10
 As if triumphantly. She press'd her child,
 In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
 And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
 Above the sound of waters, high and clear,
 Wafting a wild proud strain—or song of death.

'Roll swiftly to the spirit's land, thou mighty stream and free !
 Father of ancient waters, roll ! and bear our lives with thee !
 The weary bird that storms have toss'd would seek the sunshine's calm,
 And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to the woods of balm.

'Roll on !—my warrior's eye hath look'd upon another's face, 20
 And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's trace :
 My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream,
 He flings away the broken reed—roll swifter yet, thou stream !

'The voice that spoke of other days is hush'd within *his* breast,
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest ;
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone,
I cannot live without that light—father of waves ! roll on !

'Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the chase ?
The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny place ?
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and deck'd his couch of yore?—
He will not !—roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better shore ! 31

'Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land must flow,
Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this woe ;
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft away
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.

'And thou, my babe ! though born, like me, for woman's weary lot,
Smile !—to that wasting of the heart, my own ! I leave thee not ;
Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away,
Thy mother bears thee far, young Fawn ! from sorrow and decay.

'She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are heard to weep,
And where the unkind one hath no power again to trouble sleep ; 41
And where the soul shall find its youth, as waking from a dream—
One moment, and that realm is ours—On, on, dark rolling stream !'

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS

[*'Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims, au sein de son triomphe : Jacques d'Arc, son père, y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes de Charles VII y furent entrées ; et comme les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnée, elle se vit, pour un instant, au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père vertueux.*
—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthborn frame
Above mortality :
Away ! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music roll'd
Forth from her throng'd cathedral ; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chain'd to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listen'd at their temple's gate.
And what was done within ?—within, the light
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight,
The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage !—While 'midst that ring,
And shadow'd by ancestral tombs, a king

Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
 Swell'd out like rushing waters, and the day
 With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
 As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
 Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
 And unapproach'd, beside the altar stone,
 With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming,
 And the gold helm thro' clouds of fragrance gleaming, 20
 Silent and radiant stood ?—the helm was raised,
 And the fair face reveal'd, that upward gazed,
 Intensely worshipping :—a still, clear face,
 Youthful, but brightly solemn !—Woman's cheek
 And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
 Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
 On its pure paleness ; while, enthroned above,
 The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
 Seem'd bending o'er her votaress. That slight form !
 Was that the leader through the battle storm ? 30
 Had the soft light in that adoring eye
 Guided the warrior where the swords flash'd high ?
 'Twas so, even so !—and thou, the shepherd's child,
 Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild !
 Never before, and never since that hour,
 Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
 Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
 Holy amidst the knighthood of the land ;
 And beautiful with joy and with renown,
 Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown, 40
 Ransom'd for France by thee !

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet notes be shaken,
 And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,
 And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing sun
 May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
 Daughter of victory !—A triumphant strain,
 A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
 Gush'd through the portals of the antique fane,
 And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound—
 Oh ! what a power to bid the quick heart bound, 50
 The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
 Man gives to glory on her high career !
 Is there indeed such power ?—far deeper dwells
 In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
 Whence happiness flows forth ! The shouts that fill'd
 The hollow heaven tempestuously, were still'd
 One moment ; and in that brief pause, the tone,
 As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
 Sank on the bright maid's heart.—' Joanne ! '—Who spoke
 Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew 60
 Under one roof ?—' Joanne ! '—*that* murmur broke
 With sounds of weeping forth !—She turn'd—she knew

Beside her, mark'd from all the thousands there,
 In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
 The stately shepherd ; and the youth, whose joy
 From his dark eye flash'd proudly ; and the boy,
 The youngest born, that ever loved her best :—
 ' Father ! and ye, my brothers ! '—On the breast
 Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
 Even in an instant, to their native track 70
 Her free thoughts flow'd.—She saw the pomp no more,
 The plumes, the banners :—to her cabin-door,
 And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade,
 Where her young sisters by her side had play'd,
 And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
 Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
 Her spirit turn'd. The very wood-note, sung
 In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
 Where o'er her father's roof the beech leaves hung,
 Was in her heart ; a music heard and felt, 80
 Winning her back to nature. She unbound
 The helm of many battles from her head,
 And, with her bright locks bow'd to sweep the ground,
 Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said—
 ' Bless me, my father, bless me ! and with thee,
 To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
 Let me return ! '

Oh ! never did thine eye
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy
 Wander again, Joanne !—too much of fame
 Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name ; 90
 And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
 The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
 Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow
 The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

PAULINE

To die for what we love !—Oh ! there is power
 In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this* ;
 It is to *live* without the vanish'd light
 That strength is needed.

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno
 Della vita mortal il fiore e 'l verde.—Tasso.

Along the starlit Seine went music swelling,
 Till the air thrill'd with its exulting mirth ;
 Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
 For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth
 And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
 A happy chime of many dancing feet

For in a palace of the land that night,
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung,
And from the painted walls a stream of light
On flying forms beneath soft splendour flung : 10
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
Was one—the lady from the Danube side.

Pauline, the meekly bright ! though now no more
Her clear eye flash'd with youth's all-tameless glee,
Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see ;
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught—
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky 20
Sate on her brow beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurk'd there no secret boding in her breast ?
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh ?
Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
'Midst the light laughter of festivity :
Whence come those tones !—Alas ! enough we know
To mingle fear with all triumphal show ! 30

Who spoke of evil when young feet were flying
In fairy rings around the echoing hall ?
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,
Glad pulses beating unto music's call ?
Silence !—the minstrels pause—and hark ! a sound,
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drown'd !

And lo ! a light upon the dancers breaking—
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed !
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
One moment holds them still in breathless dread ; 40
The wild fierce lustre grows—then bursts a cry—
Fire ! through the hall and round it gathering—fly !

And forth they rush, as chased by sword and spear,
To the green coverts of the garden bowers ;
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers :
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she—Pauline ? the hurrying throng
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along— 30
Till now the threshold of that death is past,
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

'Bertha ! where are thou ?—Speak ! oh, speak ! my own !'
Alas ! unconscious of her pangs the while,
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,
Powerless hath sunk within the blazing pile ;
A young bright form, deck'd gloriously for death,
With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath ! 60

But oh ! thy strength, deep love !—there is no power
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
And forth, like banners from each lattice wave ;
Back, back she rushes through a host combined—
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined !

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise ?
None !—Courage there stood still—and never more
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes ! 70
Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild farewell ?
And died they heart to heart ?—Oh ! who can tell ?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
On that sad palace, 'midst its pleasure shades ;
Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke
And lonely stood its marble colonnades :
But yester eve their shafts with wreaths were bound,
Now lay the scene one shrivell'd scroll around !

And bore the ruins no recording trace
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done ? 80
Yes ! there were gems to mark its mortal place,
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone !
Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.

And they were all !—the tender and the true
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
To deep lone chasten'd thoughts of grief and love.
Oh ! we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such woe ! 90

JUANA

Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles V, upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress; and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of returning life.]

It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
So must it ever end: too much we give
Unto the things that perish.

THE night wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace room,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free;
No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watch'd by the cold slumberer's side,
On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride; 10
Only her full impassion'd eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts cross'd her soul, like shadows of a cloud,
Amidst the silent room of death, the dreamer spoke aloud;
She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried, 'Thou yet wilt wake
And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one! for thy sake.

'They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be;
Fairest and stateliest of the earth! who spoke of death for *thee*?
They would have wrapp'd the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,
But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, robed and crown'd! 20

'With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death?
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimm'd and strong.

'I know thou hast not loved me yet; I am not fair like thee,
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee!
A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek,
Oh! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart to seek.

'But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord! and hear'st how I have
kept

A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee pray'd and wept— 30
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days have past—
Surely that humble, patient love *must* win back love at last!

‘And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile !
No more in vain affection’s thirst my weary soul shall pine—
Oh ! years of hope deferr’d were paid by one fond glance of thine !

‘Thou’lt meet me with that radiant look when thou comest from the chase,
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o’er thy face !
Thou’lt reckon no more though beauty’s gift mine aspect may not bless ;
In thy kind eyes, this deep, deep love, shall give me loveliness. 40

‘But wake ! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice
In the sound to which it ever leap’d, the music of thy voice :
Awake ! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,
And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be mine alone.’

In the still chambers of the dust, thus pour’d forth day by day,
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o’er every grace,
Left ’midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher’s breast,
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his rest, 50
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the wind—
But a woman’s broken heart was left in its lone despair behind.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL

A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman !—a power to suffer and to love—
Therefore thou so canst pity.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—
‘Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come’—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-hair’d youth of England stood,
Like a king’s son ; though from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the island blood,
And his press’d lips look’d marble. Fiercely bright, 10
And high around him blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind pass’d, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim’s face : but who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to heaven that hour ?—Perchance a thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day !—and he might *see* the band
Of his young sisters wand’ring hand in hand, 20

Where the laburnums droop'd ; or haply binding
 The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding ;
 Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
 Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,
 Where sat their mother ; and that mother's face
 Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
 Where so it ever smiled !—Perchance the prayer
 Learn'd at her knee came back on his despair ;
 The blessing from her voice, the very tone
 Of her ' *Good-night* ' might breathe from boyhood gone !— 30
 He started and look'd up : thick cypress boughs,

Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
 In the broad stormy firelight ; savage brows,

With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
 Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
 Look'd through the branches as through dungeon bars,
 Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his doom—
 Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
 That happy hall in England !—Idle fear !

Would the winds tell it ?—Who might dream or hear 40
 The secret of the forests ?—To the stake

They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
 His father's spirit in his breast to wake,

Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
 Of many hearts !—the fondly rear'd—the fair,
 Gladdening all eyes to see !—And fetter'd there
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.
 He thought upon his God.—Hush ! hark ! a cry
 Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity— 50
 A step hath pierced the ring !—Who dares intrude
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?—
 A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
 Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
 Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
 Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
 For *hers* had mourn'd a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong ; 60
 And, by its passion's deepening fervour sway'd,
 Even to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
 His bright head on her bosom, and around
 His form her slender arms to shield it wound
 Like close Liannes ; then raised her glittering eye,
 And clear-toned voice, that said, ' He shall not die ! '
 ' He shall not die ! '—the gloomy forest thrill'd

To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
 On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were still'd,
 Struck down as by the whisper of a spell. 70

They gazed—their dark souls bow'd before the maid,
 She of the dancing step in wood and glade !
 And, as her cheek flush'd through its olive hue,
 As her black tresses to the night wind flew,
 Something o'ermaster'd them from that young mien—
 Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen ;
 And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath ;
 From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
 They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress-tree ;
 ' Away,' they cried, ' young stranger, thou art free !'

80

COSTANZA

Art thou then desolate ?
 Of friends, of hopes forsaken ? Come to me !
 I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved false ?
 Flatterers deceived thee ? Wanderer, come to me !
 Why didst thou ever leave me ? Know'st thou all
 I would have borne, and call'd it joy to bear,
 For thy sake ? Know'st thou that thy voice had power
 To shake me with a thrill of happiness
 By one kind tone ?—to fill mine eyes with tears
 Of yearning love ?—And thou—oh ! thou didst throw
 That crush'd affection back upon my heart ;
 Yet come to me !—it died not.

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell
 Through the stain'd window of her lonely cell,
 And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow,
 Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow,
 While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw
 Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's hue—
 Seem'd all a vision's mist of glory, spread
 By painting's touch around some holy head,
 Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye
 Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,
 What solemn fervour lived ! And yet what woe,
 Lay like some buried thing, still seen below
 The glassy tide ! Oh ! he that could reveal
 What life had taught that chasten'd heart to feel,
 Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,
 And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears !
 But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone,
 And of the gentle saint no more was known,
 Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made
 A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,
 Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn
 Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,

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And ancient solitude ; where hidden streams
 Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams—
 Music for weary hearts ! 'Midst leaves and flowers
 She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,
 All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread
 To the sick peasant on his lowly bed,
 Came and brought hope ; while scarce of mortal birth
 He deem'd the pale fair form that held on earth
 Communion but with grief.

30

Ere long, a cell,
 A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone
 Gleam'd through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well,
 And a sweet voice of rich, yet mournful tone,
 Told the Calabrian wilds, that duly there
 Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.
 And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again
 Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,
 That made the cypress quiver where it stood,
 In day's last crimson soaring from the wood
 Like spfry flame. But as the bright sun set,
 Other and wilder sounds in tumult met
 The floating song. Strange sounds !—the trumpet's peal,
 Made hollow by the rocks ; the clash of steel ;
 The rallying war-cry. In the mountain pass
 There had been combat ; blood was on the grass,
 Banners had strewn the waters ; chiefs lay dying,
 And the pine branches crash'd before the flying.

40

And all was changed within the still retreat,
 Costanza's home : there enter'd hurrying feet,
 Dark looks of shame and sorrow ; mail-clad men,
 Stern fugitives from that wild battle glen,
 Scaring the ringdoves from the porch roof, bore
 A wounded warrior in : the rocky floor
 Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,
 As there they laid their leader, and implored
 The sweet saint's prayers to heal him : then for flight,
 Through the wide forest and the mantling night
 Sped breathlessly again. They pass'd—but he,
 The stateliest of a host—alas ! to see
 What mother's eyes have watch'd in rosy sleep,
 Till joy, for very fullness, turn'd to weep,
 Thus changed !—a fearful thing ! His golden crest
 Was shiver'd, and the bright scarf on his breast—
 Some costly love-gift—rent—but what of these ?
 There were the clustering raven-locks—the breeze,
 As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,
 Might scarcely lift them—steep'd in bloody showers
 So heavily upon the pallid clay
 Of the damp cheek they hung !—the eyes' dark ray—

50

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70

Where was it ?—and the lips !—they gasp'd apart,
 With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,
 Still proudly beautiful ! but that white hue—
 Was it not death's ?—that stillness—that cold dew
 On the scarr'd forehead ? No ! his spirit broke
 From its deep trance erelong, yet but awoke
 To wander in wild dreams ; and there he lay,
 By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,
 The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken
 Of all save one.—*She* fled not. Day by day— 80
 Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,
 Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone ;
 Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving
 His brow with tears that mourn'd the strong man's raving.
 He felt them not, nor mark'd the light veil'd form
 Still hovering nigh ! yet sometimes, when that storm
 Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low
 As a young mother's by the cradle singing,
 Would soothe him with sweet *aves*, gently bringing
 Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow 90
 Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
 Of memory dawn'd upon the cloud of dreams,
 And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,
 And gazing round him from his leafy bed,
 He murmur'd forth, ' Where am I ? What soft strain
 Pass'd, like a breeze, across my burning brain ?
 Back from my youth it floated, with a tone
 Of life's first music, and a thought of one—
 Where is she now ? and where the gauds of pride,
 Whose hollow splendour lured me from her side ? 100
 All lost !—and this is death !—I *cannot* die
 Without forgiveness from that mournful eye !
 Away ! the earth hath lost her. Was she born
 To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn ?
 My first, my holiest love !—her broken heart
 Lies low, and I—unpardon'd I depart.'

But then Costanza raised the shadowy veil
 From her dark locks and features brightly pale,
 And stood before him with a smile—oh ! ne'er
 Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear 110
 And said, ' Cesario ! look on me ; I live
 To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.
 I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust,
 As should be Heaven's alone—and Heaven is just !
 I bless thee—be at peace !'

But o'er his frame
 Too fast the strong tide rush'd—the sudden shame,

The joy, the amaze ! He bow'd his head—it fell
On the wrong'd bosom which had loved so well ;
And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there—
His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

120

MADELINE

A DOMESTIC TALE

Who should it be ?—Where shouldst thou look for kindness ?
When we are sick where can we turn for succour ;
When we are wretched where can we complain ;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother ?—JOANNA BAILLIE.

' My child, my child, thou leavest me !—I shall hear
The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear
With its first utterance : I shall miss the sound
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,
And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight's close,
And thy " Good-night " at parting for repose.
Under the vine leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child ! and thou, along the moonlight sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,
Fading to air. Yet blessings with thee go !
Love guard thee, gentlest ! and the exile's woo
From thy young heart be far ! And sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter ! in my lonely lot
God shall be with me. Now, farewell ! farewell !
Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
When thou wert pillow'd there, and wont to raise
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
That still sought mine : these moments are gone by—
Thou too must go, my flower ! Yet with thee dwell
The peace of God ! One, one more gaze—farewell ! '

10

20

This was a mother's parting with her child,
A young meek bride, on whom fair fortune smiled,
And woo'd her with a voice of love away
From childhood's home ; yet there, with fond delay,
She linger'd on the threshold, heard the note
Of her caged bird through trellis'd rose-leaves float,
And fell upon her mother's neck and wept,
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
Gush'd o'er her soul, and many a vanish'd day,
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

30

But the farewell was said ; and on the deep,
 When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,
 With a calm'd heart, young Madeline, erelong,
 Pour'd forth her own sweet, solemn vesper-song,
 Breathing of home : through stillness heard afar,
 And duly rising with the first pale star, 40
 That voice was on the waters ; till at last
 The sounding ocean solitudes were pass'd,
 And the bright land was reach'd—the youthful world
 That glows along the west : the sails were furl'd
 In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
 Look'd on the home that promised hearts untried
 A bower of bliss to come. Alas ! we trace
 The map of our own paths, and long ere years
 With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,
 On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears ! 50
 That home was darken'd soon : the summer breeze
 Welcomed with death the wanderers from the seas—
 Death unto one, and anguish—how forlorn !
 To her that, widow'd in her marriage morn,
 Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,
 Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,
 Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,
 As from the sun shut out on every side,
 By the close veil of misery ! Oh ! but ill,
 When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart 60
 Bears its first blow ! it knows not yet the part
 Which life will teach—to suffer and be still,
 And with submissive love to count the flowers
 Which yet are spared, and through the future hours
 To send no busy dream ! *She* had not learn'd
 Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turn'd
 In weariness from life : then came the unrest,
 The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
 The haunting sounds of voices far away,
 And household steps : until at last she lay 70
 On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
 Of the gay vineyards and blue rushing streams
 In her own sunny land, and murmuring oft
 Familiar names, in accents wild, yet soft,
 To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
 Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
 To strangers ?—Oh ! could strangers raise the head
 Gently as *hers* was raised ? Did strangers shed
 The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow
 And wasted cheek with half-unconscious flow ? 80
 Something was there, that through the lingering night
 Outwatched patiently the taper's light,
 Something that faints not through the day's distress,
 That fears not toil, that knows not weariness—
 Love, true and perfect love ! Whence came that power,

Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower ?
 Whence ?—who can ask ?—the wild delirium pass'd
 And from her eyes the spirit look'd at last
 Into her *mother's* face, and wakening knew
 The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
 The kind sweet smile of old !—and had *she* come,
 Thus in life's evening from her distant home,
 To save her child ? Even so—nor yet in vain ;
 In that young heart a light sprung up again,
 And lovely still, with so much love to give,
 Seem'd this fair world, though faded ; still to live
 Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
 That rock'd her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
 ' Sweet mother ! gentlest mother ! can it be ? '
 The lorn one cried, ' and do I look on thee ? '
 Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,
 Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more.'

90

100

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB

[' This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his Queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom ; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the King brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother.'—SHERER'S *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany*.]

In sweet pride upon that insult keen
 She smiled ; then drooping mute and
 brokenhearted,
 To the cold comfort of the grave de-
 parted.—MILMAN.

It stands where northern willows
 weep,
 A temple fair and lone ;

Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep
 From cypress branches thrown ;
 While silently around it spread,
 Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined ?
 A sculptured woman's form,
 Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,
 As one beyond the storm :
 Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
 The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
 The mantle's quiet flow,
 The gentle, yet majestic grace,
 Throned, on the matron brow ;
 These, in that scene of tender gloom,
 With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
 Of the fair image wrought ;
 A kingly emblem—nor unmeet
 To wake yet deeper thought :
 She whose high heart finds rest
 below,

Was royal in her birth and woe.
 There are pale garlands hung above,
 Of dying scent and hue :
 She was a mother—in her love
 How sorrowfully true !
 Oh ! hallow'd long be every leaf,
 The record of her children's grief !

10

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown 31

Of olden glory spoil'd,
The standard of their sires borne down,

The shield's bright blazon soil'd :
She met the tempest, meekly brave,
Then turn'd o'erwearied to the grave.
She slumber'd : but it came—it came,

Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout, and signal flame

Sent on from tower to tower ! 40
Fast through the realm a spirit moved—

'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung

To rouse bold hearts from sleep ;

Her memory, as a banner flung

Forth by the Baltic deep ;

Her grief, a bitter vial pour'd

To sanctify th' avenger's sword.

And the crown'd eagle spread again

His pinion to the sun ; 50

And the strong land shook off its chain—

So was the triumph won !

But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone

Still blends with victory's !—*She*
was gone !

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR

[On the roadside, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription : 'This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April 1616.'—See notes to *The Pleasures of Memory*.]

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued

Each mountain scene magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke rear'd,

Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour ?
ROGERS.

MOTHER and child ! whose blending tears

Have sanctified the place,
Where, to the love of many years,
Was given one last embrace—
Oh ! ye have shrined a spell of power,

Deep in your record of that hour

A spell to waken solemn thought,
A still, small undertone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught

With many a treasure gone ; 10
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,

Though long untroubled—of remorse.

For who, that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother's love hath known,
The one love changing not ?

Alas ! and haply learn'd its worth
First with the sound of 'Earth to earth.'

But thou, high-hearted daughter !
thou, 19

O'er whose bright, honour'd head,
Blessings and tears of holiest flow,

E'en here were fondly shed—
Thou from the passion of thy grief,
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For, oh ! though painful be the excess,

The might wherewith it swells,
In nature's fount no bitterness
Of nature's mingling dwells ;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,

Poison'd the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more 31

Which thy young heart first knew ?
And all—was all in this world o'er,
With ties thus close and true ?

It was !—On earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze,
Where, deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other
days

With memory lay at rest ; 40
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladdening, like the breath of
spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still
Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name, 'midst wood and
hill,

The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign ;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
The impress of the dead, 50
Think of the love embodied there
As of a vision fled ?
A perish'd thing, the joy and flower
And glory of one earthly hour ?

Not so !—I will not bow me so
To thoughts that breathe despair !
A loftier faith we need below,
Life's farewell words to bear.
Mother and child !—your tears are
past— 59
Surely your hearts have met at last.

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS

Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez
Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a
épargnées !

I stood beside thy lowly grave ;
Spring odours breathed around,
And music, in the river wave,
Pass'd with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun,
In the bright air glanced by,
And a glad murmur seem'd to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough
That fringed the ruins near ; 10
Young voices were abroad, but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for
thee,
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and
sea,
The light of song was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering
low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn. 20

Parted from all the song and bloom
Thou wouldst have loved so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of
spring—
And thou wert pass'd away.

But then, e'en then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came ; 30
The immortal spirit woke, and
wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have look'd ere now,
Than all that round our pathway
shed
Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth !
What see'st thou then, where no
dim fear, 39
No haunting dream hath birth ?

* 'Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of *Psyche*. Her grave is one of many in the churchyard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey, that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it.'—*Tales by the O'Hara Family*.

<p>Here a vain love to passing flowers Thou gavest—but where thou art, The sway is not with changeful hours, <i>There</i> love and death must part. Thou hast left sorrow in thy song, A voice not loud but deep !</p>	<p>The glorious bowers of earth among— How often didst thou weep ? Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground Thy tender thoughts and high ? Now peace the woman's heart hath found, And joy the poet's eye.</p>
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51

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS

WITH OTHER POEMS

They tell but dreams—a lonely spirit's dreams ;
 Yet ever through their fleeting imagery
 Wanders a vein of melancholy love,
 An aimless thought of home ; as in the song
 Of the caged skylark ye may deem there dwells
 A passionate memory of blue skies and flowers,
 And living streams—far off !

A SPIRIT'S RETURN

This is to be a mortal,
 And seek the things beyond mortality !—*Manfred.*

Thy voice prevails—dear friend, my gentle friend !
 This long-shut heart for thee shall be unseal'd,
 And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend
 Over the troubled stream, yet once reveal'd
 Shall its freed waters flow ; then rocks must close
 For evermore, above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky
 Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie ;
 Come to the woods, where all strange wandering sound
 Is mingled into harmony profound ;
 Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the wind
 Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,
 The trembling reeds and fountains—our own dell,
 With its green dimness and Aeolian breath,
 Shall suit the unveiling of dark records well—
 Hear me in tenderness and silent faith !

10

Thou knew'st me not in life's fresh vernal morn—
 I would thou hadst !—for then my heart on thine
 Had pour'd a worthier love ; now, all o'erworn
 By its deep thirst for something too divine,
 It hath but fitful music to bestow,
 Echoes of harp-strings broken long ago.

20

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,
 As a lone forest-bird 'midst ocean's foam ;
 For me the silver cords of brotherhood
 Were early loosed ; the voices from my home
 Pass'd one by one, and melody and mirth
 Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fullness of a heart that burn'd
 For the deep sympathies of mind, I turn'd 30
 From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought
 In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs fraught,
 In every still small voice and sound of power,
 And flute-note of the wind through cave and bower,
 A perilous delight !—for then first woke
 My life's lone passion, the mysterious quest
 Of secret knowledge ; and each tone that broke
 From the wood-arches or the fountain's breast,
 Making my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,
 But minister'd to that strange inborn fire. 40

'Midst the bright silence of the mountain dells,
 In noontide-hours or golden summer-eves,
 My thoughts have burst forth as a gale that swells
 Into a rushing blast, and from the leaves
 Shakes out response. O thou rich world unseen !
 Thou curtain'd realm of spirits !—thus my cry
 Hath troubled air and silence—dost thou lie
 Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen
 Shut from us ever ? The resounding woods,
 Do their depths teem with marvels ?—and the floods, 50
 And the pure fountains, leading secret veins
 Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,
 Have they bright dwellers ?—are their lone domains
 Peopled with beauty, which may never still
 Our weary thirst of soul ?—Cold, weak and cold,
 Is earth's vain language, piercing not one fold
 Of our deep being ! Oh, for gifts more high !
 For a secr's glance to rend mortality !
 For a charm'd rod, to call from each dark shrine
 The oracles divine ! 60

I woke from those high fantasies, to know
 My kindred with the earth—I woke to love :
 O gentle friend ! to love in doubt and woe,
 Shutting the heart the worshipp'd name above,
 Is to love deeply—and my spirit's dower
 Was a sad gift, a melancholy power
 Of so adoring—with a buried care,
 And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless prayer,
 And with a deepening dream, that day by day.
 In the still shadow of its lonely sway, 70

Folded me closer, till the world held nought
 Save the *one* being to my centred thought.
 There was no music but his voice to hear,
 No joy but such as with *his* step drew near ;
 Light was but where he look'd—life where he moved :
 Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.
 Oh ! but such love is fearful !—and I knew
 Its gathering doom :—the soul's prophetic sight
 Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw
 O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light, 80
 Too sorrowfully clear !—an under-tone
 Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone
 Whispering of grief.—Of grief ?—be strong, awake !
 Hath not thy love been victory, O my soul ?
 Hath not its conflict won a voice to shake
 Death's fastnesses ?—a magic to control
 Worlds far removed ?—from o'er the grave to thee
 Love hath made answer ; and *thy* tale should be
 Sung like a lay of triumph !—Now return,
 And take thy treasure from its bosom'd urn, 90
 And lift it once to light !

In fear, in pain,
 I said I loved—but yet a heavenly strain
 Of sweetness floated down the tearful stream,
 A joy flash'd through the trouble of my dream !
 I knew myself beloved !—we breathed no vow,
 No mingling visions 'might our fate allow,
 As unto happy hearts ; but still and deep,
 Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,
 Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,
 So did my soul that costly knowledge keep 100
 So jealously !—a thing o'er which to shed,
 When stars alone beheld the drooping head,
 Lone tears ! yet oftentimes burden'd with the excess
 Of our strange nature's quivering happiness.

But, oh ! sweet friend ! we dream not of love's might
 Till death has robed with soft and solemn light
 The image we enshrine !—Before *that* hour,
 We have but glimpses of the o'er-mastering power
 Within us laid !—*then* doth the spirit-flame 110
 With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame ;
 The wings of that which pants to follow fast
 Shake their clay-bars, as with a prison'd blast—
 The sea is in our souls !

He died—he died
 On whom my lone devotedness was cast !
 I might not keep one vigil by his side,
 I, whose wrung heart watch'd with him to the last !

I might not once his fainting head sustain,
 Nor bathe his parch'd lips in the hour of pain,
 Nor say to him, 'Farewell!'—He pass'd away—
 Oh! had *my* love been there, its conquering sway 120
 Had won him back from death!—but thus removed,
 Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-line hath proved,
 Join'd with the unknown, the viewless—he became
 Unto my thoughts another, yet the same—
 Changed—hallowed—glorified!—and his low grave
 Seem'd a bright mournful altar—mine, all mine:—
 Brother and friend soon left me *that* sole shrine,
 The birthright of the faithful!—*their* world's wave
 Soon swept them from its brink.—Oh! deem thou not
 That on the sad and consecrated spot 130
 My soul grew weak!—I tell thee that a power
 There kindled heart and lip—a fiery shower
 My words were made—a might was given to prayer,
 And a strong grasp to passionate despair,
 And a dread triumph!—Know'st thou what I sought?
 For what high boon my struggling spirit wrought?
 —Communion with the dead!—I sent a cry
 Through the veiled empires of eternity,
 A voice to cleave them! By the mournful truth,
 By the lost promise of my blighted youth, 140
 By the strong chain a mighty love can bind
 On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er mind;
 By words, which in themselves are magic high,
 Arm'd and inspired, and wing'd with agony;
 By tears, which comfort not, but burn, and seem
 To bear the heart's blood in their passion-stream;
 I summon'd, I adjured!—with quicken'd sense,
 With the keen vigil of a life intense,
 I watch'd, an answer from the winds to wring,
 I listen'd, if perchance the stream might bring 150
 Token from worlds afar: I taught *one* sound
 Unto a thousand echoes—one profound
 Imploring accent to the tomb, the sky—
 One prayer to-night—'Awake, appear, reply!'
 Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne
 The dark way never hath allow'd return?
 That all, which tears can move, with life is fled—
 That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
 Believe it not!—there is a large lone star
 Now burning o'er yon western hill afar, 160
 And under its clear light there lies a spot
 Which well might utter forth—Believe it not!

I sat beneath that planet—I had wept
 My woe to stillness, every night-wind slept;
 A hush was on the hills; the very streams
 Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams,

And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour,
 Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower
 Whereon I gazed unconsciously :—there came
 A low sound, like the tremor of a flame, 170
 Or like the light quick shiver of a wing,
 Flitting through twilight woods, across the air ;
 And I look'd up !—Oh ! for strong words to bring
 Conviction o'er thy thought !—Before me there,
 He, the departed, stood !—Ay, face to face,
 So near, and yet how far !—his form, his mien,
 Gave to remembrance back each burning trace
 Within :—Yet something awfully serene,
 Pure, sculpture-like, on the pale brow, that wore
 Of the once beating heart no token more 180
 And stillness on the lip—and o'er the hair
 A gleam, that trembled through the breathless air ;
 And an unfathom'd calm, that seem'd to lie
 In the grave sweetness of the illumined eye ;
 Told of the gulfs between our being set,
 And, as that unsheath'd spirit-glance I met,
 Made my soul faint :—with *fear* ? Oh ! *not* with fear !
 With the sick feeling that in *his* far sphere
My love could be as nothing ! But he spoke—
 How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill 190
 In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill
 My bosom's infinite ? O, friend ! I woke
Then first to heavenly life !—Soft, solemn, clear,
 Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear,
 Yet strangely seem'd as if the while they rose
 From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose
 Of slumbering waters wafted, or the dells
 Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells ;
 But, as they murmur'd on, the mortal chill
 Pass'd from me, like a mist before the morn, 200
 And, to that glorious intercourse upborne
 By slow degrees, a calm, divinely still,
 Possess'd my frame : I sought that lighted eye—
 From its intense and searching purity
 I drank in *soul* !—I question'd of the dead—
 Of the hush'd, starry shores their footsteps tread,
 And I was answer'd :—if remembrance there,
 With dreamy whispers fill the immortal air ;
 If thought, here piled from many a jewel-heap,
 Be treasure in that pensive land to keep ; 210
 If love, o'ersweeping change, and blight, and blast
 Find *there* the music of his home at last ;
 I ask'd, and I was answer'd :—Full and high
 Was that communion with eternity,
 Too rich for aught so fleeting !—Like a knell
 Swept o'er my sense its closing words, ' Farewell,
 On earth we meet no more ! '—and all was gone—

The pale bright settled brow—the thrilling tone,
 The still and shining eye ! and never more
 May twilight gloom or midnight hush restore 220
 That radiant guest ! One full-fraught hour of heaven,
 To earthly passion's wild implorings given,
 Was made my own—the ethereal fire hath shiver'd
 The fragile censer in whose mould it quiver'd,
 Brightly, consumingly ! What now is left ?
 A faded world, of glory's hues bereft—
 A void, a chain !—I dwell 'midst throngs, apart,
 In the cold silence of the stranger's heart ;
 A fix'd, immortal shadow stands between
 My spirit and life's fast-receding scene ; 230
 A gift hath sever'd me from human ties,
 A power is gone from all earth's melodies,
 Which never may return : their chords are broken,
 The music of another land hath spoken—
 No after-sound is sweet !—this weary thirst !
 And I have heard celestial fountains burst !—
 What *here* shall quench it ?

Dost thou not rejoice,
 When the spring sends forth an awakening voice
 Through the young woods ?—Thou dost !—And in that birth 240
 Of early leaves, and flowers, and songs of mirth,
 Thousands, like thee, find gladness !—Couldst thou know
 How every breeze then summons *me* to go !
 How all the light of love and beauty shed
 By those rich hours, but woos me to the dead !
 The *only* beautiful that change no more—
 The only loved !—the dwellers on the shore
 Of spring fulfill'd !—The dead !—*whom* call we so ?
 They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
 Things wrapt from us !—Away !—within me pent,
 That which is barr'd from its own element 250
 Still droops or struggles !—But the day *will* come—
 Over the deep the free bird finds its home,
 And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet greets
 The sea at last ; and the wing'd flower-seed meets
 A soil to rest in :—shall not *I*, too, be,
 My spirit-love ! upborne to dwell with thee ?
 Yes ! by the power whose conquering anguish stirr'd
 The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was heard,
 Whose agony of triumph won thee back
 Through the dim pass no mortal step may track, 260
 Yet shall we meet !—that glimpse of joy divine
 Proved thee for ever and for ever mine !

THE LADY OF PROVENCE ¹

Courage was cast about her like a dress
 Of solemn comeliness,
 A gather'd mind and an untroubled face
 Did give her dangers grace.—DONNE.

THE war-note of the Saracen

Was on the winds of France ;
 It had still'd the harp of the Troubadour,
 And the clash of the tourney's lance.
 The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
 And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
 Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
 In a chapel where the mighty lay,
 On the old Provençal shore ;
 Many a Chatillon beneath, 10
 Unstirr'd by the ringing trumpet's breath,
 His shroud of armour wore.
 And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
 Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,
 Gave quivering life to the slumber pale
 Of stern forms couch'd in their marble mail,
 At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
 The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
 As leaders in many a bold career, 20
 And haughty their stillness look'd and high,
 Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory ;
 But meekly the voice of the lady rose
 Through the trophies of their proud repose ;
 Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,
 Under their banners of battle she pray'd ;
 With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
 Upraised to the Virgin's portray'd above,
 And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
 Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave. 30
 And her fragile frame, at every blast,
 That full of the savage war-horn pass'd,
 Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart,
 When it vainly strives from its cage to part—
 So knelt she in her woe ;
 A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
 Oh ! they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed.
 Or the dust had stirr'd below !

¹ Founded on an incident in the early French history.

Hark ! a swift step ! she hath caught its tone,
 Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan :—
 Is her lord return'd with his conquering bands ? 41
 No ! a breathless vassal before her stands !
 —' Hast thou been on the field ?—Art thou come from the host ? '
 —' From the slaughter, lady !—All, all is lost !
 Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
 Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe ;
 And thy lord,' his voice took a sadder sound—
 ' Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground !
 There are those who tell that the leader's plume
 Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom.' 50

—A change o'er her mien and her spirit pass'd ;
 She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
 She dash'd the tears from her kindling eye,
 With a glance, as of sudden royalty :
 The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow,
 Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and brow,
 And her young voice rose till the peasant shook
 At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look :
 —' Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
 And fear not to say that their son hath fled ? 60
 —Away ! he is lying by lance and shield,—
 Point me the path to his battle-field ! '

The shadows of the forest
 Are about the lady now ;
 She is hurrying through the midnight on,
 Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There 's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
 There 's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief ;
 The branches that rock to the tempest strife,
 Are groaning like things of troubled life ; 70
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by
 With a funeral-march through the gloomy sky ;
 The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
 When she reach'd the field of the warrior-dead ;
 There lay the noble, the valiant, low—
 Ay ! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe ; 80
 There lay the *loved*—on each fallen head
 Mothers' vain blessings and tears had shed ;
 Sisters were watching in many a home
 For the fetter'd footstep, no more to come ;
 Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,
 Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken ;

And the fire was heap'd, and the bright wine pour'd,
For those, now needing nor hearth nor board ;
Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
And oh ! ye beloved of women, farewell !

90

Silently, with lips compress'd,
Pale hands clasp'd above her breast,
Stately brow of anguish high,
Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye ;
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seem'd as a charging cry,
Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh ;
Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
Sudden and shrill from the mountains borne ;
And her maidens trembled ;—but on *her* ear
No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;
They had less of mastery to shake her now,
Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen-bough.
She search'd into many an unclosed eye,
That look'd, without soul, to the starry sky ;
She bow'd down o'er many a shatter'd breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—

100

Not there, not there he lay !
'Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—lead on !'
And the vassal took the way.

110

He turn'd to a dark and lonely tree
That waved o'er a fountain red ;
Oh ! swiftest *there* had the currents free
From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleam'd,
And the scatter'd plumage stream'd,
And the broken shields were toss'd,
And the shiver'd lances cross'd,
And the mail-clad sleepers round
Made the harvest of that ground.

120

He was there ! the leader amidst his band
Where the faithful had made their last vain stand ;
He was there ! but affection's glance alone
The darkly-changed in that hour had known ;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasp'd,
And a banner of France to his bosom clasp'd,
And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
And the face—oh ! speak not of that dead face !
As it lay to answer love's look no more,
Yet never so proudly loved before !

130

She quell'd in her soul the deep floods of woe,
 The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;
 She felt the full presence, the might of death,
 Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
 And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
 As she turn'd to his followers—' Your lord is there !
 Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest !—
 Bear him away with his sires to rest ! '

140

Another day, another night,
 And the sailor on the deep
 Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
 From the lordly chapel sweep.

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
 As if that rite were in terror done ;
 Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
 And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
 Through the aisle the mourners go ;
 With a hush'd and stealthy tread,
 Bearing on the noble dead ;
 Sheath'd in armour of the field—
 Only his wan face reveal'd,
 Whence the still and solemn gleam
 Doth a strange sad contrast seem
 To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
 With torches wavering in every hand,
 For they dread each moment the shout of war,
 And the burst of the Moslem scimitar.

150

160

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
 No brother of battle, no princely friend :
 No sound comes back like the sounds of yore,
 Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor ;
 By the red fountain the valiant lie,
 The flower of Provençal chivalry ;
 But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,
 Bear through that scene to the last their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
 To the verge of his own ancestral grave ;
 She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,
 But the struggling passion must now have way ;
 In the cheek, half seen through her mourning veil,
 By turns does the swift blood flush and fail ;
 The pride on the lip is lingering still,
 But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill ;
 Anguish and triumph are met at strife,
 Rending the cords of her frail young life ;
 And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
 Lifting her voice, as if Death might hear.—

170

180

' I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
 My soul hath risen for thy glory strong !
 Now call me hence, by thy side to be,
 The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
 The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
 Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me forth !
 Give me my home on thy noble heart,—
 Well have we loved, let us both depart ! '—
 And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;
 The *living* cheek !—Oh ! it was not vain,
 That strife of the spirit to rend its chain ;
 She is there at rest in her place of pride,
 In death how queen-like—a glorious bride !

190

Joy for the freed one !—she might not stay
 When the crown had fallen from her life away ,
 She might not linger—a weary thing,
 A dove with no home for its broken wing,
 Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
 That know not its own land's melodies.
 From the long heart-withering early gone ;
 She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done :

200

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO

' Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance
 avec la Tombe ; union redoutable de la
 mort et de la vie ! '—MADAME DE STAËL.

THERE was music on the midnight :
 From a royal fane it roll'd,
 And a mighty bell, each pause
 between,
 Sternly and slowly toll'd.
 Strange was their mingling in the sky,
 It hush'd the listener's breath ;
 For the music spoke of triumph high,
 The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the mid-
 night

A sound of many feet ;
 But they fell with a muffled fear-
 fulness

Along the shadowy street :
 And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
 As it near'd the minster gate,
 Whence a broad and solemn light
 was shed

From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
 In the centre of the nave,
 Where the folds of a purple canopy
 Swept down in many a wave ;
 Loading the marble pavement old
 With a weight of gorgeous gloom,
 For something lay 'midst their
 fretted gold,
 Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
 High on a glittering throne,
 A woman's form sat silently,
 'Midst the glare of light alone.
 Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still :
 The drapery on her breast
 Seem'd with no pulse beneath to
 thrill,
 So stonelike was its rest !

But a peal of lordly music
 Shook e'en the dust below,
 When the burning gold of the diadem
 Was set on her pallid brow !

Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stepp'd prince and chief, 'midst the
hush profound,
With homage to her hand. 40

Why pass'd a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came ?
Was not the settled aspect fair ?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face ?

Death ! death ! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of life ? 50
Is not each pulse of the quick high
breast
With thy cold mien at strife ?
—It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of
light,
All gather'd round the Dead !

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail :
King Pedro, with a jealous eye, 61
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he looked not,
Which once his star had been ;
To every form his glance was turn'd,
Save of the breathless queen :
Though something, won from the
grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there, 70
Its hues were all of that shadowy
place,
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas ! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd
those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth !

The rites are closed :—bear back the
dead
Unto the chamber deep !
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep ! 80

There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sound-
ing aisle
In dark procession go ;
And the ring of state, and the starry
crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay !

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train ; 90
But his face was wrapt in his folding
robe,
When they lower'd the dust again.
'Tis hush'd at last the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart :
Who call'd thee strong as Death,
O Love ?
Mightier thou wast and art.

ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

O sanctissima, O purissima !
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis.
Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

In the deep hour of dreams,
Through the dark woods, and past
the moaning sea,
And by the star-light gleams,
Mother of sorrows ! lo, I come to
thee !

Unto thy shrine I bear
Night-blowing flowers, like my own
heart, to lie
All, all unfolded there,
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying
eye.

For thou, that once didst move,
In thy still beauty, through an early
home, 10

Thou knowest the grief, the love,
The fear of woman's soul ;—to thee
I come !

Many, and sad, and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in thy
silent breast ;

Thou, too, couldst watch and
weep—
Hear, gentlest mother ! hear a heart
oppress'd !

There is a wandering bark
Bearing one from me o'er the restless
wave :

Oh ! let thy soft eye mark
His course ;—be with him, holiest,
guide and save ! 20

My soul is on that way ;
My thoughts are travellers o'er the
waters dim ;
'Through the long weary day
I walk, o'ershadow'd by vain dreams
of him

Aid him—and me, too, aid !
Oh ! 'tis not well, this earthly love's
excess !

On thy weak child is laid
The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er *him* is pour'd
My being's hope—scarce leaving
Heaven a part ; 30

Too fearfully adored,
Oh ! make not him the chastener of
my heart !

I tremble with a sense
Of grief to be ;—I hear a warning
low—

Sweet mother ! call me hence !
This wild idolatry must end in woe

The troubled joy of life,
Love's lightning happiness, my soul
hath known ;

And, worn with feverish strife,
Would fold its wings ; take back,
take back thine own ! 40

Hark ! how the wind swept by !
The tempest's voice comes rolling
o'er the wave—

Hope of the sailor's eye,
And maiden's heart, blest mother,
guide and save !

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
Or from some world unreach'd by human thought,
Spirit, sweet spirit ! if thy home be there,
And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me !

Have we not communed here of life and death ?
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal bowers ?
Answer, oh ! answer me ! 10

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze—
Didst thou bear with thee to the shore unknown,
Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze ?
Hear, hear, and answer me !

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee—for thee, all reckless as thou art !
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell,
Yet, yet I would not change that lot, oh no ! I love too well !

20

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow !
Mournful !—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love ! and yet I will be thine !

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou com'st at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past, 30
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine,
For this I will be thine, my love ! for this I will be thine !

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD¹

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead ;
In the darkness of the forest-boughs
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne ;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-
sod,
By the white man's path defiled ;
On to the ancestral wilderness, 11
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the
free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—
'Go, bring us back thine own !'
And the streams from all the hunters'
hills,
Rush'd with an echoing tone. 20

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll ;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings
For evermore behind ; 30
Unmingled with their household
sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

¹ An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhabitants, particularly on the death of his only child, gave up his farm soon afterwards, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests to join the Canadian Indians.—See TUDOR'S *Letters on the Eastern States of America*.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watch'd my child's decay,
Uncheer'd, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, 'A friend is
near'?

There was none!—pale race, fare-
well! 40

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,

Back, back!—I bore thee laughing
thence,
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone;
I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead; 50
But my heart is strong, my step is
fleet,
My father's path I tread.

SONG OF EMIGRATION

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell. 10

'Away, away o'er the foaming main!'
This was the free and the joyous strain,
'There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press'd,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest.'

'But, alas! that we should go,'
Sang the farewell voices then,
'From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!' 20

'We will rear new homes under trees that glow,
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still.

'But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children play'd
'Midst the birds and honey-bees! 30

' All, all our own shall the forests be,
 As to the bound of the roebuck free !
 None shall say, " Hither, no further pass ! "
 We will track each step through the wavy grass ;
 We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
 And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night.'

' But, oh ! the grey church-tower,
 And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
 And the shelter'd garden-bower,
 We have bid them all farewell !

40

' We will give the names of our fearless race
 To each bright river whose course we trace ;
 We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
 And the path of our daring in boundless woods !
 And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
 Where the Indians' graves lay, alone, before.'

' But who shall teach the flowers,
 Which our children loved, to dwell
 In a soil that is not ours ?
 —Home, home and friends, farewell !'

50

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER ¹

If I could see him, it were well with me !—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquish'd city's halls,
 As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls ;
 And the conquerors fill'd the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed ;
 But their lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wail'd the dead.

He look'd down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,
 The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow :
 The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal's tone ;
 But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, ' Thou art mine, fair city ! thou city of the sea !
 But, oh ! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee ?—
 I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,
 And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

10

' My brother ! oh, my brother ! thou art gone—the true and brave,
 And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave ;
 There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on ;
 There was *one* to love me in the world—my brother ! thou art gone !

¹ The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish Ballads in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

' In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
 We stood together, side by side ; one hope was ours—one path ;
 Thou hast wrapp'd me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy
 breast ;
 Thou hast watch'd beside my couch of pain—oh ! bravest heart, and best !
 ' I see the festive lights around ;—o'er a dull sad world they shine ; 21
 I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro ! where is *thine* ?
 The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply !—
 Oh, brother ! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry !
 ' I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
 And chiefs to lead them fearlessly ;—my *friend* hath pass'd away !
 For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
 And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again !
 ' I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown ;
 With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown ;
 How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die, 31
 When I think of thee, my brother ! thou flower of chivalry !
 ' I am lonely—I am lonely ! this rest is even as death !
 Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath ;
 Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave—
 But where art thou, my brother ? where ?—in thy low and early grave !
 And louder swell'd the songs of joy through that victorious night,
 And faster flow'd the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light ;
 But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
 ' My brother ! oh, my brother ! best and bravest ! thou art gone !' 40

THE RETURN

<p> ' Hast thou come with the heart of thy childhood back ? The free, the pure, the kind ?' —So murmur'd the trees in my home- ward track, As they play'd to the mountain- wind. ' Hath thy soul been true to its early love ?' Whisper'd my native streams ; ' Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and grove, Still revered its first high dreams ?' ' Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer Of the child in his parent-halls ?' —Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air, 11 From the old ancestral walls. </p>	<p> ' Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead, Whose place of rest is nigh ? With the father's blessing o'er thee shed, With the mother's trusting eye ? • —Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain, As I answer'd—' O, ye shades ! I bring not my childhood's heart again To the freedom of your glades. ' I have turn'd from my first pure love aside, 21 O bright and happy streams ! Light after light, in my soul have died The day-spring's glorious dreams. </p>
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'And the holy prayer from my
thoughts hath pass'd—
The prayer at my mother's knee ;
Darken'd and troubled I come at last
Home of my boyish glee !

'But I bear from my childhood a
gift of tears,
To soften and atone ; 30
And oh ! ye scenes of those bless'd
years,
They shall make me again your
own.'

THE VAUDOIS' WIFE ¹

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear
caress ;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat,
oh ! think—
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess—
That thou hast been to me all tender-
ness,
And friend, to more than human friend-
ship just.
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am
laid in dust.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved !
Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting-place,
And yet I must depart.
Earth on my soul is strong—too
strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain—though mighty—vain !

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim,
beloved !

Thou see'st my life-blood flow.—
Bow to the chastener silently, 11
And calmly let me go !
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity !

Alas ! thy tears are on my cheek,
My spirit they detain ;
I know that from thine agony
Is wrung that burning rain. 20
Best, kindest, weep not ;—make the
pang,
The bitter conflict, less—
Oh ! sad it is, and yet a joy,
To feel thy love's excess !

But calm thee ! Let the thought of
death

A solemn peace restore !
The voice that must be silent soon
Would speak to thee once more,
That thou may'st bear its blessing on
Through years of after life— 30
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender, and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest
rest

That e'er fond woman's knew ;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer. 40

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Shower'd on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new !
For the voice which ne'er to mine
replied
But in kindly tones of cheer ;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here !

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried, 50
The right to gaze on death with thee,
To perish by thy side !
And yet more for the glorious hope
Even to these moments given—
Did not thy spirit ever lift
The trust of mine to Heaven ?

¹ The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

Now be *thou* strong ! Oh, knew we
not

Our path must lead to this ?
A shadow and a trembling still
Were mingled with our bliss ! 60
We plighted our young hearts when
storms
Were dark upon the sky,
In full, deep knowledge of their task
To suffer and to die !

Be strong ! I leave the living voice
Of this, my martyr'd blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood,—
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
A token on the air, 70
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

Hear it and bear *thou* on, my love !
Ay, joyously endure !
Our mountains must be altars yet,
Inviolat and pure ;
There must our God be worshipp'd
still
With the worship of the free :
Farewell !—there's but *one* pang in
death,
One only,—leaving thee ! 80

THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW

All my pretty ones !
Did you say all ? . . .
Let us make medicine of this great
revenge,
To cure this deadly grief !—*Macbeth*.

My battle-vow !—no minster walls
Gave back the burning word,
Nor cross nor shrine the low deep
tone
Of smother'd vengeance heard :
But the ashes of a ruin'd home
Thrill'd, as it sternly rose,
With the mingling voice of blood that
shook
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,
But where my children lay, 10
And the startled vulture, at my step,
Soar'd from their precious clay.
I stood amidst my dead alone—
I kiss'd their lips—I pour'd,
In the strong silence of that hour,
My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering
floor,
The blacken'd threshold-stone,
The bright hair torn, and soil'd with
blood, 19
Whose fountain was my own ;
These, and the everlasting hills,
Bore witness that wild night ;
Before them rose the avenger's soul.
In crush'd affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of
heaven,
With keen looks would upbraid,
If from my heart the fiery vow,
Sear'd on it then, could fade.
They have no cause !—Go, ask the
streams
That by my paths have swept,
The red waves that unstain'd were
borne— 31
How hath my faith been kept ?

And other eyes are on my soul,
That never, never close.
The sad, sweet glances of the lost—
They leave me no repose.
Haunting my night-watch 'midst the
rocks,
And by the torrent's foam,
Through the dark-rolling mists they
shine,
Full, full of love and home ! 40

Alas ! the mountain eagle's heart,
When wrong'd, may yet find rest ;
Scorning the place made desolate,
He seeks another nest.
But I—your soft looks wake the
thirst
That wins no quenching rain ;
Ye drive me back, my beautiful !
To the stormy fight again.

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE ¹

Thither where he lies buried !
That single spot is the whole world to me.—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THY voice was in my soul ! it call'd me on ;
O my lost friend ! thy voice was in my soul :
From the cold, faded world whence thou art gone,
To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,
I come, I come !

Now speak to me again ! we loved so well—
We *loved* ! oh ! still, I know that still we love !
I have left all things with thy dust to dwell,
Through these dim aisles in dreams of *thee* to rove :
This is my home !

10

Speak to me in the thrilling minster's gloom !
Speak ! thou hast died, and sent me no farewell !
I will not shrink ;—oh ! mighty is the tomb,
But one thing mightier, which it cannot quell,
This woman's heart !

This lone, full, fragile heart !—the strong alone
In love and grief—of both the burning shrine !
Thou, my soul's friend ! with grief hast surely done,
But with the love which made thy spirit mine,
Say, could'st thou part ?

20

I hear the rustling banners ; and I hear
The wind's low singing through the fretted stone ;
I hear not *thee* ; and yet I feel thee near—
What is this bound that keeps thee from thine own ?
Breathe it away !

I wait thee—I adjure thee ! hast thou known
How I have loved thee ? couldst thou dream it all ?
Am I not here, with night and death alone,
And fearing not ? and hath my spirit's call
O'er thine no sway ?

30

Thou *canst* not come ! or thus I should not weep !
Thy love is deathless—but no longer free !
Soon would its wing triumphantly o'ersweep
The viewless barrier, if such power might be,
Soon, soon, and fast !

But I shall come to thee ! our souls' deep dreams,
Our young affections, have not gush'd in vain ;
Soon in one tide shall blend the sever'd streams,
The worn heart break its bonds—and death and pain
Be with the past !

40

¹ See *Wallenstein*, act vi.

THE SISTERS OF SCIO

As are our hearts, our way is one,
 And cannot be divided. Strong affection
 Contends with all things and o'ercometh all things.
 Will I not live with thee ? will I not cheer thee ?
 Wouldst thou be lonely then ? wouldst thou be sad ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

' SISTER, sweet sister ! let me weep awhile !

Bear with me—give the sudden passion way !
 Thoughts of our own lost home, our sunny isle,
 Come, as a wind that o'er a reed hath sway ;
 Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears ;—
 Oh ! could my life melt from me in these tears !

' Our father's voice, our mother's gentle eye,

Our brother's bounding step—where are they, where ?
 Desolate, desolate our chambers lie !

—How hast *thou* won thy spirit from despair ?
 O'er *mine* swift shadows, gusts of terror, sweep ;—
 I sink away—bear with me—let me weep !'

10

' Yes ! weep, my sister ! weep, till from thy heart

The weight flow forth in tears ! yet sink thou not ;
 I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,

For thee, my gentle one ! our orphan lot
 To meet in quenchless trust ; my soul is strong—
 Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might ere long.

' A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,

A memory of our old victorious dead,—
 These mantle me with power ! and though their fires
 In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
 Yet shall they light us onward, side by side ;—
 Have the wild birds, and have not *we*, a guide ?

20

' Cheer, then, beloved ! on whose meek brow is set

Our mother's image—in whose voice a tone,
 A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,

An echo of our childhood's music gone ;—
 Cheer thee ! thy sister's heart and faith are high
 Our path is one—with thee I live and die !'

30

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, says the ancient chronicle, 'Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?'—'Look where he is,' replied the cruel King, 'and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see.' The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd sire;
'I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!'

'Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way.'
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land; 10
'Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to see.'

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and
went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropp'd from his like lead,—
He look'd up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fix'd and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight! 20

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

'Father!' at length he murmur'd low—and wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
 'No more, there is no more,' he said, 'to lift the sword for now.— 30
 My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father—oh! the worth,
 The glory, and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth!

'I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet,
 I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met,—
 Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my fields were won,—
 And thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!'

'Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
 Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train;
 And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
 And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead!— 40

'Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
 The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?—
 If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

'Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down thine ire,—
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire!
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
 Thou canst not—and a king?—His dust be mountains on thy head!'

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turn'd from that sad place 51
 His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—
 His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS¹

To a mysteriously consorted pair
 This place is consecrate: to death and life,
 And to the best affections that proceed
 From this conjunction.—WORDSWORTH.

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
 O bride of stricken love! in anguish hither!
 Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year
 Pluck'd on the bosom of the dead to wither;
 Hopes from their source all holy, though of earth,
 All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told; of Sabbath hours;
 Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting;
 Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers;
 And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting;— 30
 But thou, young mother! to thy gentle heart
 Didst take thy babe, and meekly so depart.

¹ At Hindlebank, near Berne, she is represented as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the sound of the last trumpet. An inscription on the tomb concludes thus:—'Here am I, O God! with the child whom Thou hast given me.'

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence !
 Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art sleeping !
 A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
 Of triumph, blent with nature's gush of weeping,
 As, kindling up the silent stone, I see
 The glorious vision, caught by faith, of thee.

Slumberer ! love calls thee, for the night is past ;
 Put on the immortal beauty of thy waking !
 Captive ! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast,
 The long, victorious note, thy bondage breaking ?
 Thou hear'st, thou answer'st, ' God of earth and heaven !
 Here am I, with the child whom Thou hast given !'

20

THE EXILE'S DIRGE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages,
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Cymbeline.

[' I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sang as they bore the body along : the words "*mein Gott*", "*mein Bruder*", and "*Vaterland*", died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn."—FLINT'S *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi*.]

THERE went a dirge through the
 forest's gloom.
 —An exile was borne to a lonely
 tomb.

'Brother!' (so the chant was sung
 In the slumberer's native tongue,)

' Friend and brother ! not for thee
 Shall the sound of weeping be :
 Long the exile's woe hath lain
 On thy life a withering chain ;
 Music from thine own blue streams
 Wander'd through thy fever-
 dreams ;
 Voices from thy country's vines,
 Met thee 'midst the alien pines ;
 And thy true heart died away,
 And thy spirit would not stay.'

10

So swell'd the chant ; and the deep
 wind's moan
 Seem'd through the cedars to
 murmur—'Gone !'

' Brother ! by the rolling Rhine
 Stands the home that once was
 thine ;
 Brother ! now thy dwelling lies
 Where the Indian arrow flies !
 He that bless'd thine infant head
 Fills a distant greensward bed ;
 She that heard thy lisping prayer
 Slumbers low beside him there ;
 They that earliest with thee play'd
 Rest beneath their own oak shade,
 Far, far hence !—yet sea nor shore
 Haply, brother ! part ye more ;
 God hath call'd thee to that band
 In the immortal Fatherland !'

18

30

'The Fatherland !'—with that sweet
word
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was
heard.

'Brother ! were we there with thee
Rich would many a meeting be !
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourn'd and lost one
found !

But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air ;

Loved and bright things to resign
As even now this dust of thine ;
Yet to hope !—to hope in heaven,
Though flowers fall, and ties be
riven—⁴²
Yet to pray ! and wait the hand
Beckoning to the Fatherland !'

And the requiem died in the forest's
gloom ;
They had reach'd the exile's lonely
tomb.

THE DREAMING CHILD

Alas ! what kind of grief should thy years know ?
Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AND is there sadness in *thy* dreams, my boy ?
What should the cloud be made of ?—blessed child !
Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,
All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear, yet mild :

And now thou tremblest !—wherefore ?—in *thy* soul
There lies no past, no future.—Thou hast heard
No sound of presage from the distance roll,
Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy word.

From thee no love hath gone ; thy mind's young eye
Hath look'd not into death's, and thence become
A questioner of mute eternity,
A weary searcher for a viewless home :

10

Nor hath thy sense been quicken'd unto pain,
By feverish watching for some step beloved ;
Free are thy thoughts, an ever-changeful train,
Glancing like dewdrops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion toss'd,
How art thou wilder'd in the cave of sleep !
My gentle child ! 'midst what dim phantoms lost,
Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep ?

20

Awake ! they sadden me—those early tears,
First gushings of the strong dark river's flow,
That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with coming years
The unfathomable flood of human woe !

Awful to watch, even rolling through a dream,
Forcing wild spray-drops but from childhood's eyes !
Wake, wake ! as yet *thy* life's transparent stream
Should wear the tinge of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms unknown,
Where now thy thoughts dismay'd and darkling rove ; 30
Come to the kindly region all thine own,
The home, still bright for thee with guardian love.

Happy, fair child ! that yet a mother's voice
Can win thee back from visionary strife !—
Oh, shall *my* soul, thus waken'd to rejoice,
Start from the dreamlike wilderness of life ?

THE CHARMED PICTURE

Oh ! that those lips had language !—
Life hath pass'd
With me but roughly since I saw thee
last.—COWPER.

THINE eyes are charm'd—thine
earnest eyes—

Thou image of the dead !
A spell within their sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed.

Oft in their meek blue light enshrined
A blessing seems to be,
And sometimes there my wayward
mind

A still reproach can see : 8
And sometimes pity—soft and deep,
And quivering through a tear ;
Even as if love in heaven could weep,
For grief left drooping here.

And oh, my spirit needs that balm !
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth !
And in the night-hour's haunted calm,
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow praise
Hath made the weary pine
For one true tone of other days,
One glance of love like thine ! 20

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along,
On wings that struggle to be free,
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain !—too soon are felt
The wounds they cannot flee ;
Better in childlike tears to melt,
Pouring my soul on thee !

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood
shone, 29
Whence is thy power of change,
Thus ever shadowing back my own,
The rapid and the strange ?

Whence are they charm'd—those
earnest eyes ?
—I know the mystery well !
In mine own trembling bosom lies
The spirit of the spell !

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis
born—
Oh ! change no longer, thou !
For ever be the blessing worn
On thy pure thoughtful brow ! 40

PARTING WORDS

One struggle more, and I am free.—BYRON.

LEAVE me, oh ! leave me !—unto all below
Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell ;
Thou mak'st those mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace !

Leave me !—thy footstep, with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong for aught that loves and dies, to bear—
Oh ! bid the conflict cease !

10

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart ;
Thou bidd'st the peace, the reverential hush,
The still submission, from my thoughts depart ;
Dear one ! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days ;
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh ! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze
Thou art all earth to me !

20

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee ;
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom !
They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,
Too much—and death is here !

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
From the old beech-roots flashing into day ?
Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow ?
Alas ! vain thoughts ! that fondly thus can stray
From the dread hour so near !

30

If I could but draw courage from the light
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless !
—Not now ! 'twill not be now !—my aching sight
Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
Bearing all strength away !

Leave me !—thou comest between my heart and Heaven
I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die !
—Why must our souls thus love, and then be riven ?
—Return ! thy parting wakes mine agony !
—Oh, yet awhile delay !

40

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD¹

Thou'rt passing hence, my brother !	Are on me still—Oh ! still I trust
Oh ! my earliest friend, farewell !	That smile again to see.
Thou'rt leaving me, without thy	And tell our fair young sister,
voice,	The rose cut down in spring,
In a lonely home to dwell ;	That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
And from the hills, and from the	With lays she loved to sing.
hearth,	Her soft, deep eyes look through my
And from the household-tree,	dreams,
With thee departs the lingering	Tender and sadly sweet ;— 30
mirth,	Tell her my heart within me burns
The brightness goes with thee.	Once more that gaze to meet.
But thou, my friend, my brother !	And tell our white-hair'd father,
Thou'rt speeding to the shore 10	That in the paths he trode,
Where the dirge-like tone of parting	The child he loved, the last on earth,
words	Yet walks and worships God,
Shall smite the soul no more !	Say, that his last fond blessing yet
And thou wilt see our holy dead,	Rests on my soul like dew,
The lost on earth and main :	And by its hallowing might I trust
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts	Once more his face to view. 40
Thou wilt be bound again !	And tell our gentle mother,
Tell, then, our friend of boyhood,	That on her grave I pour
That yet his name is heard	The sorrows of my spirit forth,
On the blue mountains, whence his	As on her breast of yore.
youth	Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
Pass'd like a swift bright bird. 20	Our good and bright will see !—
The light of his exulting brow,	Oh ! brother, brother ! may I dwell,
The vision of his glee,	Erelong, with them and thee !

THE TWO HOMES

Oh ! if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal too ?

SEE'ST thou my home ?—'tis where yon woods are waving,
In their dark richness, to the summer air,
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hills a vein of light,—'tis there !

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, colour'd with the skies !
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

¹ 'Messages from the living to the dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gaels have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time, and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections.'—See the notes to Mrs. BRUNTON'S Works.

My home ! the spirit of its love is breathing
 In every wind that plays across my track ;
 From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
 Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back. 10

There am I loved—there pray'd for—there my mother
 Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye ;
 There my young sisters watch to greet their brother
 —Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
 All the home-voices meet at day's decline ;
 One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—
 There laughs *my* home—sad stranger ! where is thine ? 20

Ask'st thou of mine ?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
 Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away ;
 'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,
 And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they ?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling
 Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air !
 I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
 My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving ?
 Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on thine !
 My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
 That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine, 30

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother !
 Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene !
 For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
 I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATHBED

'Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht ! da ich noch ein Bube war, war's
 mein Lieblingsgedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben !'—DIE RÄUBER.

Like thee to die, thou sun !—My boyhood's dream
 Was this ; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
 Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet the hour
 Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
 Nature's deep longings :—Oh ! for some kind eye,
 Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze ;
 Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
 Some voice, to speak of hope and brighter days,
 Beyond the pass of shadows !—But I go,
 I that have been so loved, go hence alone ;
 And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
 Sweet friends ! it may be that a softer tone, 10

Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,
 Mingles its cadence while you speak of me :
 Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,
 On the red banner of his battles dying,
 Far, far away !—and oh ! your parting prayer—
 Will not his name be fondly murmur'd there ?
 It will !—A blessing on that holy hearth !
 Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth. 20
 Mother ! I may not hear thy voice again ;
 Sisters ! ye watch to greet my step in vain ;
 Young brother, fare thee well !—on each dear head
 Blessing and love a thousandfold be shed,
 My soul's last earthly breathings !—May your home
 Smile for you ever !—May no winter come,
 No world, between your hearts ! May even your tears,
 For my sake, full of long-remember'd years,
 Quicken the true affections that entwine
 Your lives in one bright bond !—I may not sleep 30
 Amidst our fathers, where those tears might shine
 Over my slumbers ; yet your love will keep
 My memory living in the ancestral halls,
 Where shame hath never trod :—the dark night falls,
 And I depart.—The brave are gone to rest,
 The brothers of my combats, on the breast
 Of the red field they reap'd :—their work is done—
 Thou, too, art set !—farewell, farewell, thou sun !
 The last lone watcher of the bloody sod,
 Offers a trusting spirit up to God. 40

THE IMAGE IN THE HEART

True, indeed, it is,
 That they whom death has hidden from our sight,
 Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with them
 The future cannot contradict the past—
 Mortality's last exercise and proof
 Is undergone.—WORDSWORTH.

The love where death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow.—BYRON.

I CALL thee bless'd !—though now the voice be fled,
 Which, to thy soul, brought dayspring with its tone,
 And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
 Eyes that ne'er look'd on thine but light was thrown
 Far through thy breast :

And though the music of thy life be broken,
 Or changed in every chord, since he is gone,
 Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,
 O thou, the deeply, but the brightly lone !
 I call thee bless'd !

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
 As 'mid the waste an Isle of fount and palm,
 For ever green !—the world's breath enters not,
 The passion-tempests may not break its calm ;
 'Tis thine, all thine ! .

Thither, in trust unbaffled, may'st thou turn
 From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
 Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn
 That, fill'd with waters of sweet memory, lies
 In its own shrine.

20

Thou hast thy *home* !—there is no power in change
 To reach that temple of the past ; no sway,
 In all time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,
 To sweep the still transparent peace away
 From its hush'd air !

And oh ! that glorious image of the dead !
 Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,
 And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
 Its high gifts fearlessly !—I call thee bless'd,
 If only *there*.

30

Bless'd, for the beautiful within thee dwelling
 Never to fade !—a refuge from distrust,
 A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,
 To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust
 With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved !—it is no dream,
 No false mirage for *thee*, the fervent love.
 The rainbow still unreach'd, the ideal gleam,
 That ever seems before, beyond, above,
 Far off to shine.

40

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth
 Singled and mark'd, hast *known* its home and place ;
 And the high memory of its holy worth,
 To this our life a glory and a grace
 For thee hath given.

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly loved ?
 Thou art !—the love his spirit bore away,
 Was not for death !—a treasure but removed,
 A bright bird parted for a clearer day,—
 Thine still in Heaven !

50

THE LAND OF DREAMS

And dreams, in their development, have breath,
 And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They make us what we were not—what they will,
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by.—BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND ! thou land of dreams !
 A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
 Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,
 A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
 When the wavy shadows float by, and part :
 Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,
 Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,
 With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast, 10
 Amidst whose ruins there glide and play
 Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,
 Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth,—
 All the sere flowers of our days gone by,
 And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes ! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
 A realm of treasures, a realm of graves !
 And the shapes through thy mysteries that come and go,
 Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe. 20

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of sleep !
 Thou art all one world of affections deep,—
 And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,
 That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair :
 All the beloved of my soul are there !
 The forms my spirit most pines to see,
 The eyes, whose love hath been life to me :

They are there—and each blessed voice I hear,
 Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear ; 30
 But under-tones are in each, that say,—
 ' It is but a dream ; it will melt away ! '

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow ;
 I listen to music of long ago ;
 But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay,—
 ' It is but a dream ; it will melt away ! '

I sit by the hearth of my early days ;
 All the home-faces are met by the blaze,—
 And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say,
 'It is but a dream ; it will melt away !'

40

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,
 And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone !
 Oh ! a haunted heart is a weight to bear,—
 Bright faces, kind voices ! where are ye, where ?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,
 The past, as it fled by my own blue streams !
 Make not my spirit within me burn
 For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return !

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,
 From the world o'er the grave, take thy solemn light,
 And oh ! with the loved, whom no more I see,
 Show me my home, as it yet may be !

50

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
 No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear ;
 So my soul bear on through the long, long day,
 Till I go where the beautiful melts not away !

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Where hath not woman stood,
 Strong in affection's might ? a reed,
 upborne
 By an o'ermastering current !

GENTLE and lovely form,
 What didst thou here,
 When the fierce battle-storm
 Bore down the spear ?

Banner and shiver'd crest,
 Beside thee strown,
 Tell, that amidst the best,
 Thy work was done !

Yet strangely, sadly fair,
 O'er the wild scene,
 Gleams, through its golden hair,
 That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—
 Earth-bound the free ;
 How gave those haughty dead
 A place to thee ?

Slumberer ! *thine* early bier
 Friends should have crown'd,
 Many a flower and tear
 Shedding around.

20

Soft voices, clear and young,
 Mingling their swell,
 Should o'er thy dust have sung
 Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
 Of thy repose,
 Should have bid violets wave
 With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,
 10 Savage and shrill,
 For requiem o'er thee float,
 Thou fair and still !

30

And the swift charger sweep
 In full career,
 Trampling thy place of sleep—
 Why camest thou here ?

Why ?—ask the true heart why
 Woman hath been
 Ever, where brave men die
 Unshrinking seen.

40

Unto this harvest ground
 Proud reapers came,—
 Some, for that stirring sound,
 A warrior's name ;

Some for the stormy play
 And joy of strife ;
 And some, to fling away
 A weary life ;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
 With the slight frame,
 And the rich locks, whose glow
 Death cannot tame ;

50

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
 So, through the tempest's hour,
 To lift thy head !

Only the true, the strong,
 The love, whose trust
 Woman's deep soul too long
 Pours on the dust !

60

THE DESERTED HOUSE

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,
 Oh, silent house ! once fill'd with
 mirth ;
 Sorrow is in the breezy sound
 Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
 Hangs dim upon thine early flowers ;
 Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
 Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's
 gaze,
 Mine own sweet home of other days !
 My children's birthplace ! yet for me
 It is too much to look on thee.

9

Too much ! for all about thee spread,
 I feel the memory of the dead,
 And almost linger for the feet
 That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanish'd
 now,
 Follow me where thy roses blow ;
 The echoes of kind household-words
 Are with me 'midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away 21
 In yearnings for what might not
 stay ;
 For love which ne'er deceived my
 trust,
 For all which went with 'dust to
 dust !'

What now is left me, but to raise
 From thee, lorn spot ! my spirit's
 gaze,
 To lift, through tears, my straining
 eye
 Up to my Father's house on high ?

Oh ! many are the mansions there,
 But not in one hath grief a share !
 No haunting shade from things gone
 by,
 May there o'ersweep the unchanging
 sky.

31

And *they* are there, whose long-loved
 mien
 In earthly home no more is seen ;
 Whose places, where they smiling
 sate,
 Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is
 spread ;
 We miss them when the prayer is
 said ;
 Upon our dreams their dying eyes
 In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings
 vain
 Trouble no more the heart and brain ;
 The sadness of this aching love
 Dims not our Father's house above.

41

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,¹
 Ye dwellers of immortal spheres !
 Under the poplar boughs I stand,
 And mourn the broken household
 band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,
 And by your joyful hope in death,
 Guide me, till on some brighter
 shore
 The sever'd wreath is bound once
 more !

Holy ye were, and good, and true !
 No change can cloud my thoughts of
 you ;
 Guide me, like you to live and die,
 And reach my Father's house on
 high !

THE STRANGER'S HEART

THE stranger's heart ! Oh ! wound
 it not !

A yearning anguish is its lot ;
 In the green shadow of thy tree,
 The stranger finds no rest with thee
 Thou think'st the vine's low rustling
 leaves
 Glad music round thy household
 eaves ;

To him that sound hath sorrow's
 tone—
 The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing
 play
 A lovely sight at fall of day ;—
 Then are the stranger's thoughts
 oppress'd—
 His mother's voice comes o'er his
 breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend
 with friend
 Beneath one roof in prayer may
 blend ;
 Then doth the stranger's eye grow
 dim—
 Far, far are those who pray'd with
 him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage-
 land—
 The voices of thy kindred band—
 Oh ! 'midst them all when bless'd
 thou art,
 Deal gently with the stranger's
 heart !

20

TO A REMEMBERED PICTURE²

THEY haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes !
 Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams :
 The soul of music that within them lies,
 Comes o'er *my* soul in soft and sudden gleams :
 Life—spirit—life—immortal and divine—
 Is there—and yet how dark a death was thine !

Could it—oh ! *could* it be—meek child of song ?
 The might of gentleness on that fair brow—
 Was the celestial gift no shield from wrong ?
 Bore it no talisman to ward the blow ?
 Ask if a flower, upon the billows cast,
 Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush the blast ?

10

¹ From an ancient Hebrew dirge :
 Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead,
 For he is at rest, and we in tears !

² That of Rizzio, at Holyrood House.

Are there not deep sad oracles to read
 In the clear stillness of that radiant face ?
 Yes, even like thee must gifted spirits bleed,
 Thrown on a world, for heavenly things no place !
 Bright exiled birds that visit alien skies,
 Pouring on storms their suppliant melodies.

And seeking ever some true, gentle breast,
 Whereon their trembling plumage might repose, 20
 And their free song-notes, from that happy nest,
 Gush as a fount that forth from sunlight flows ;
 Vain dream ! the love whose precious balms might save,
 Still, still denied—they struggle to the grave.

Yet my heart shall not sink !—another doom,
 Victim ! hath set its promise in thine eye ;
 A light is there, too quenchless for the tomb,
 Bright earnest of a nobler destiny ;
 Telling of answers, in some far-off sphere,
 To the deep souls that find no echo here. 30

COME HOME !

COME home.—there is a sorrowing breath In music since ye went, And the early flower-scents wander by, With mournful memories blent. The tones in every household voice Are grown more sad and deep, And the sweet word— <i>brother</i> —wakes a wish To turn aside and weep.	Where finds it <i>you</i> , ye wandering ones ? With all your boyhood's glee Untamed, beneath the desert's palm, Or on the lone mid-sea ? 20 By stormy hills of battles old ? Or where dark rivers foam ?— Oh ! life is dim where ye are not— Back, ye beloved, come home !
O ye beloved ! come home !—the hour Of many a greeting tone, 10 The time of hearth-light and of song Returns—and ye are gone ! And darkly, heavily it falls On the forsaken room, Burdening the heart with tenderness, That deepens 'midst the gloom	Come with the leaves and winds of spring, And swift birds, o'er the main ! Our love is grown too sorrowful— Bring us its youth again ! Bring the glad tones to music back ! Still, still your home is fair, 30 The spirit of your sunny life Alone is wanting there !

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION

'*Implora pace!*'¹

ONE draught, kind fairy! from that fountain deep,
To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
And lone affections, which are griefs, to steep
In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;
And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
Wealth, gather'd long and slowly; thoughts divine
Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine;—
Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
A pyramid so fair?

10

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface
All the vain lore by memory's pride amass'd,
So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
And fill the hollow channels of the past;
And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf
Rase the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more!—all, *all* thy soul hath known,
Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!
Is there no voice whose kind awakening tone
A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made?
No eye whose glance thy daydreams would recall?
—Think—wouldst thou part with all?

20

Fill with forgetfulness!—there are, there *are*
Voices whose music I have loved too well;
Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
Never! oh—never, in my home to dwell!
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
Fill high the oblivious bowl!

30

Yet pause again!—with memory wilt thou cast
The undying hope away, of memory born?
Hope of reunion, heart to heart at last,
No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?
Wouldst thou erase all records of delight
That make such vision bright?

¹ Quoted from a letter of Lord Byron's. He describes the impression produced upon him by some tombs at Bologna, bearing this simple inscription; and adds, 'When I die, I could wish that some friend would see these words, and no other, placed above my grave,—"*Implora pace*"'

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high !—yet stay—
 'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land
 Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,
 And the soul's friends be wreath'd in one bright band : 40
 —Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
 I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose image nought
 May dim within the temple of my breast—
 For their love's sake, which now no earthly thought
 May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
 Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet
 I ask not to forget.

LYRICS

SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT

I—NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE !

NEAR thee, still near thee !—o'er thy pathway gliding, —Oh ! love is not an earthly rose to
 die ! 20
 Urseen I pass thee with the wind's Even when I soar where fiery stars
 low sigh ; are beaming,
 Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes Thine image wanders with me through
 dividing, the sky.
 Yet viewless love floats round thee The fields of air are free ;
 silently ! Yet lonely, wanting thee ;
 Not 'midst the festal throng, But when thy chains are falling,
 In halls of mirth and song ; When heaven its own is calling,
 But when thy thoughts are Know then, thy guide is nigh !
 deepest,
 When holy tears thou weapest,
 Know then *that* love is nigh !

II—OH ! DROOP THOU NOT

When the night's whisper o'er thy They sin who tell us love can die,
 harp-strings creeping, 10 With life all other passions fly ;
 Or the sea-music on the sounding All others are but vanity.
 shore, In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Or breezy anthems through the forest Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
 sweeping, Earthly these passions, as of earth—
 Shall move thy trembling spirit to They perish where they drew their birth.
 adore ; But love is indestructible !
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 When every thought and prayer From heaven it came, to heaven re-
 We loved to breathe and share, turneth.—SOUTHEY.
 On thy full heart returning, OH ! droop thou not, my gentle
 Shall wake its voiceless yearning ; earthly love !
 Then feel me near once more ! Mine still to be !
 Near thee, still near thee !—trust I bore through death, to brighter
 thy soul's deep dreaming ! lands above,
 My thoughts of thee.

Yes! the deep memory of our holy tears, Our mingled prayer, Our suffering love, through long devoted years, Went with me there.	Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking Of days long past, From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking, Silent and fast:
It was not vain, the hallow'd and the tried— It was not vain! 10 Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy side, I watch again!	Not lone, when upwards, in fond visions turning Thy dreamy glance, Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars are burning, O'er night's expanse.
From our own paths, our love's attesting bowers, I am not gone; In the deep calm of midnight's whispering hours, Thou art not lone:	My home is near thee, loved one! and around thee, Where'er thou art; 30 Though still mortality's thick cloud hath bound thee, Doubt not thy heart!
Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou weepest, That stream whose tone Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the deepest, We two have known: 20	Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself forsaken— Let faith be given To the still tones which oft our being waken— They are of Heaven!

MIGNON'S SONG

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE

[Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl (the character in one of Goethe's romances, from which Sir Walter Scott's *Fenella* is partially imitated), has been stolen away, in early childhood, from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and at times break forth into the following song. The original has been set to exquisite music, by Zelter, the friend of Goethe.]

Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn?

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron bowers,
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove?
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,
And through a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove.
Know'st thou it well?

—There, there, with thee,
O friend! O loved one! fain my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling?—there the pillars rise,
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow;
And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes
To say—'Poor child! what thus hath wrought thee woe?' 10

Know'st thou it well ?

There, there with thee,
O my protector ! homewards might I flee !

Know'st thou the mountain ?—high its bridge is hung,
Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud his way ;
There lurk the dragon-race, deep caves among,
O'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent spray.
Know'st thou it well ?

With thee, with thee,
There lies my path, O father ! let us flee !

18

THE SISTERS¹

A BALLAD

' I go, sweet sister ; yet, my heart would linger with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain :
Take then the braid of Eastern pearls which once I loved to wear,
And with it bind for festal scenes the dark waves of thy hair !
Its pale pure brightness will beseech those raven tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in my lone convent cell.'

' Oh, speak not thus, my Leonor ! why part from kindred love ?
Through festive scenes, when thou art gone, my steps no more shall move !
How could I bear a lonely heart amid a reckless throng ?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone of song ;
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearls, or let me proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine.'

10

' Oh, wouldst thou strive a wounded bird from shelter to detain ?
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed, to weary life again ?—
Sweet sister, take the golden cross that I have worn so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear for secret woe and wrong.
It could not still *my* beating heart ! but may it be a sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one ! when meekly press'd to thine !'

' Take back, take back the cross of gold, our mother's gift to thee,
It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be ;
With funeral splendour to mine eye, it would but sadly shine,
And tell of early treasures lost, of joy no longer mine !
Oh, sister ! if thy heart be thus with buried grief oppress'd,
Where wouldst thou pour it forth so well, as on my faithful breast ?'

20

' Urge me no more ! a blight hath fallen upon my summer years !
I should but darken *thy* young life with fruitless pangs and fears ;
But take at least the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,
And sometimes from its silvery strings one tone of memory wake !
Sing to those chords by starlight's gleam our own sweet vesper hymn,
And think that I too chant it then, far in my cloister dim.'

30

¹ This ballad was composed for a kind of dramatic recitative, relieved by music.

'Yes, I *will* take the silvery lute—and I will sing to thee
 A song we heard in childhood's days, even from our father's knee.
 Oh, sister, sister! are these notes amid forgotten things?
 Do they not linger as in love, on the familiar strings?
 Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain,
 Kind sister! gentlest Leonor! say shall it plead in vain?'

SONG

'Leave us not, leave us not!
 Say not adieu!
 Have we not been to thee
 Tender and true?

40

'Take not thy sunny smile
 Far from our hearth!
 With that sweet light will fade
 Summer and mirth.

'Leave us not, leave us not!
 Can thy heart roam?
 Wilt thou not pine to hear
 Voices from home?

'Too sad our love would be,
 If thou wert gone!
 Turn to us, leave us not!
 Thou art our own!'

50

'Oh! sister, hush that thrilling lute, oh! cease that haunting lay,
 Too deeply pierce those wild sweet notes—yet, yet I cannot stay;
 For weary, weary is my heart! I hear a whisper'd call
 In every breeze that stirs the leaf and bids the blossom fall.
 I cannot breathe in freedom here, my spirit pines to dwell
 Where the world's voice can reach no more!—oh calm thee! Fare thee
 well!'

58

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO

[Suggested by a beautiful sketch, the design of the younger Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems penetrated with the feeling of utter abandonment.]

SOUND on, thou dark unslumber-
 ing sea!
 My dirge is in thy moan;
 My spirit finds response in thee,
 To its own ceaseless cry—'Alone,
 alone!'

Yet send me back one other word,
 Ye tones that never cease!
 Oh! let your secret caves be
 stirr'd,
 And say, dark waters! will ye give
 me peace?

Away! my weary soul hath
 sought
 In vain one echoing sigh,

10

One answer to consuming thought
 In human hearts—and will the *wave*
 reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering
 sea!

Sound in thy scorn and pride!
 I ask not, alien world, from thee,
 What my own kindred earth hath
 still denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well,
 With all its lovely things!
 —Was it for this the death-wind
 fell
 On my rich lyre, and quench'd its
 living strings?

20

—Let them lie silent at my feet!
 Since broken even as they,
 The heart whose music made them
 sweet,
 Hath pour'd on desert-sands its
 wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my
name,
The laurel-wreath is mine—
—With a lone heart, a weary
frame—
O restless deep! I come to make
them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning
crown,
Place in thy darkest hold! 30
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and
wasted gold.

Thou sea-bird on the billow's
crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home;
They wait thee in the quiet nest,
And I, the unsought, unwatch'd-for
—I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught,
These visions wildly free,
This boundless love, this fiery
thought—
—Alone I come—oh! give me peace,
dark sea! 40

DIRGE

WHERE shall we make her grave?
—Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet nature's breast, 10
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind? 21
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise.
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
Thence, in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go! 30

Oh! then where wild-flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!

A SONG OF THE ROSE

Così fior diverrai che non soggiace
All' acqua, al gelo, al vento ed allo
schernò
D' una stagion volubile e fugace;
E a più fido Cultor posto in governo,
Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace
Ad eterna Bellezza odore eterno.

PIETRO METASTASIO.

ROSE! what dost thou here?
Bridal, royal rose!
How, 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love, which to thy
heart-leaf glows?

Rose! too much array'd
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd
one of all-flowers! 10

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for
earthly life too high.

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
 Youthful poet's cheek ;
 Thoughts of glory, rushing
 Forth in song to break,
 But finding the spring-tide of rapid
 song too weak. 20

Yet, O festal rose !
 I have seen thee lying
 In thy bright repose
 Pillow'd with the dying,
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's
 quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love
 O'er that bed of pain,
 Met in thee, yet wove
 Too, too frail a chain
 In its embracing links the lovely to
 detain. 30

Smilest thou, gorgeous flower ?
 —Oh ! within the spells
 Of thy beauty's power,
 Something dimly dwells,
 At variance with a world of sorrows
 and farewells.

All the soul forth flowing
 In that rich perfume,
 All the proud life glowing
 In that radiant bloom,—
 Have they no place but *here*, beneath
 the o'ershadowing tomb ? 40

Crown'st thou but the daughters
 Of our tearful race ?
 —Heaven's own purest waters
 Well might wear the trace
 Of thy consummate form, melting to
 softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
 With immortal air ?
 Shall we not behold thee
 Bright and deathless there ?
 In spirit-lustre clothed, transcen-
 dently more fair ? 50

Yes ! my fancy sees thee
 In that light disclose

And its dream thus frees thee
 From the mist of woes,
 Darkening thine earthly bowers,
 O bridal, royal rose !

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS

CHILDREN of night ! unfolding
 meekly, slowly
 To the sweet breathings of the
 shadowy hours,
 When dark-blue heavens look softest
 and most holy,
 And glow-worm light is in the forest
 bowers ;
 To solemn things and deep,
 To spirit-haunted sleep,
 To thoughts, all purified
 From earth, ye seem allied ;
 O dedicated flowers !

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your
 beauty veiling, 10
 Keep in dim vestal urns the sweet-
 ness shrined ;
 Till the mild moon, on high serenely
 sailing,
 Looks on you tenderly and sadly
 kind.
 —So doth love's dreaming heart
 Dwell from the throng apart,
 And but to shades disclose
 The inmost thought which glows
 With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the
 day rejoices,
 To no triumphant song your petals
 thrill, 20
 But send forth odours with the faint
 soft voices
 Rising from hidden streams, when
 all is still.
 So doth lone prayer arise,
 Mingling with secret sighs,
 When grief unfolds, like you,
 Her breast, for heavenly dew
 In silent hours to fill.

THE WANDERER AND THE NIGHT-FLOWERS

CALL back your odours, lovely
flowers,
From the night-winds call them
back;
And fold your leaves till the laugh-
ing hours
Come forth in the sunbeam's
track!

The lark lies couch'd in her grassy
nest,
And the honey bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to
rest,
Why watch ye here alone?

Is not your world a mournful one,
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a
lingering tone 11
Of song in the starry skies?

Take ye no joy in the dayspring's
birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew?
And the thousand strains of the
forest's mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn
comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child with a fairy
shout
Goes dancing on its way! 20

'Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light,
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

Call it not wasted, the scent we
lend
To the breeze, when no step is
nigh;
Oh thus for ever the earth should
send
Her grateful breath on high!

HEMANS

'And love us as emblems, night's
dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrow given, 30
That spring through the gloom of the
darkest hours,
Looking alone to heaven!'

ECHO-SONG

IN thy cavern-hall,
Echo! art thou sleeping?
By the fountain's fall
Dreamy silence keeping?
Yet one soft note borne
From the shepherd's Lorn,
Wakes thee, Echo! into music
leaping!
—Strange, sweet Echo! into music
leaping.

Then the woods rejoice,
Then glad sounds are swelling
From each sister-voice 11
Round thy rocky dwelling;
And their sweetness fills
All the hollow hills,
With a thousand notes, of one life
telling!
—Softly mingled notes, of one life
telling.

Echo! in my heart
Thus deep thoughts are lying,
Silent and apart,
Buried, yet undying. 20
Till some gentle tone
Wakening haply one,
Calls a thousand forth, like thee
replying!
—Strange, sweet Echo! even like
thee replying.

THE MUFFLED DRUM

THE muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound,
Which told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial rite.

M

But it told them not how dear,
 In a home beyond the main,
 Was the warrior youth laid low that
 hour,
 By a mountain-stream of Spain.
 The oaks of England waved 10
 O'er the slumbers of his race,
 But a pine of the Ronceval made
 moan
 Above *his* last lone place ;
 When the muffled drum was heard
 In the Pyrenees by night,
 With a dull deep rolling sound
 Which call'd strange echoes round
 To the soldier's burial rite

Brief was the sorrowing *there*, 19
 By the stream from battle red,
 And tossing on its wave the plume
 Of many a stately head :

But a mother—soon to die,
 And a sister—long to weep,
 Even then were breathing prayers
 for him,
 In that home beyond the deep ;

While the muffled drum was heard
 In the Pyrenees by night,
 With a dull deep rolling sound,
 And the dark pines mourn'd around,
 O'er the soldier's burial rite. 31

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK

Adieu, adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades.—KEATS.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.—SHELLEY.

'MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream
 Unto the faint wind sigh'd melodiously,
 And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
 Sent out thro' shadowy grass and thick wild-flowers
 Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
 Warbled his death-chant ; and a poet stood
 Listening to that strange music, as it shook
 The lilies on the wave ; and made the pines
 And all the laurels of the haunted shore
 Thrill to its passion. Oh ! the tones were sweet,
 Even painfully—as with the sweetness wrung 10
 From parting love ; and to the poet's thought
 This was their language.

' Summer, I depart !
 O light and laughing summer, fare thee well !
 No song the less through thy rich woods will swell,
 For one, one broken heart.

' And fare ye well, young flowers !
 Ye will not mourn ! ye will shed odour still,
 And wave in glory, colouring every rill,
 Known to my youth's fresh hours. 20

' And ye, bright founts, that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
Sweet waters ! I must die.

' Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines ?—one murmur low ?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone ?

' No, ever glad and free ! 30
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell,
Waves, joyous waves, flow on, and fare ye well !
Ye will not mourn for me.

' But thou, sweet boon, too late
Pour'd on my parting breath, vain gift of song !
Why comest thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate ?

' Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell ;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies ! 40
O life and love, farewell !'

Thus flow'd the death-chant on ; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream,
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy,
Woke to respond ; and all the air was fill'd
With that one sighing sound—' Farewell, Farewell !'
—Fill'd with that sound ? high in the calm blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung ; soft summer clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light, 50
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quiver'd with song :—such free triumphant song,
As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below—and *thus* that strain
Spoke to the Poet's ear exultingly.

' The summer is come ; she hath said, " Rejoice !"
The wild woods thrill to her merry voice ;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high ;
Sing, sing through the echoing sky !

' There is joy in the mountains ; the bright waves leap, 60
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep ;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
—Let the heavens ring with song !

' There is joy in the forests ; the bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight ;
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven !

' Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
 Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring born :
 Only young rapture can mount so high—
 —Sing, sing through the echoing sky ! '

70

So those two voices met ; so Joy and Death
 Mingled their accents ; and amidst the rush
 Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,—
 ' Oh ! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
 Mysterious Nature ! Not in thy free range
 Of woods and wilds alone, thou blindest thus
 The dirge-note and the song of festival ;
 But in one *heart*, one changeful human heart—
 Ay, and within one hour of that strange world—
 Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones
 To startle and to pierce !—the dying swan's,
 And the glad skylark's—triumph and despair ! '

80

SONGS OF SPAIN ¹

I—ANCIENT BATTLE-SONG

FLING forth the proud banner of Leon again !
 Let the high word '*Castile* ! ' go resounding through Spain !
 And thou, free Asturias, encamp'd on the height,
 Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight !
 Wake, wake ! the old soil where thy children repose
 Sounds hollow and deep to the trampling of foes !

The voices are mighty that swell from the past,
 With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain-blast ;
 The ancient sierras give strength to our tread,
 Their pines murmur song where bright blood hath been shed.
 —Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
 And shout ye '*Castile* ! to the rescue for Spain ! '

9

II—THE ZEGRI MAID

[The Zegris were one of the most illustrious Moorish tribes. Their exploits and feuds with their celebrated rivals, the Abencerrages, form the subject of many ancient Spanish romances.]

THE summer leaves were sighing
 Around the Zegri maid,
 To her low sad song replying
 As it fill'd the olive shade.

' Alas ! for her that loveth
 Her land's, her kindred's foe !
 Where a Christian Spaniard rove,
 Should a Zegri's spirit go ?

' From thy glance, my gentle mother !
 I sink, with shame oppress'd,
 And the dark eye of my brother
 Is an arrow to my breast.'

10

¹ Written for a set of airs, entitled *Peninsular Melodies*, selected by Colonel Hodges.

—Where summer leaves were sighing
 Thus sang the Zegri maid,
 While the crimson day was dying
 In the whispery olive shade.
 ‘And for all this heart’s wealth
 wasted,
 This woe in secret borne,
 This flower of young life blasted,
 Should I win back aught but
 scorn ? 20
 By aught but daily dying
 Would my lone truth be repaid ?’
 —Where the olive leaves were sigh-
 ing,
 Thus sang the Zegri maid.

III—THE RIO VERDE SONG

[The Rio Verde, a small river of Spain, is celebrated in the old ballad romances of that country for the frequent combats on its banks between Moor and Christian. The ballad referring to this stream in *PERCY’S Reliques*—
 Gentle river, gentle river,
 Lo! thy streams are stain’d with gore—
 will be remembered by many readers.]

Flow, Rio Verde !
 In melody flow ;
 Win her that weepeth
 To slumber from woe ;
 Bid thy wave’s music
 Roll through her dreams,
 Grief ever loveth
 The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit
 Afar on the sound 10
 Back to her childhood,
 Her life’s fairy ground ;
 Pass like the whisper
 Of love that is gone—
 Flow, Rio Verde !
 Softly flow on !

Dark glassy water
 So crimson’d of yore !
 Love, death, and sorrow
 Know thy green shore. 20
 Thou should’st have echoes
 For grief’s deepest tone—
 Flow, Rio Verde,
 Softly flow on !

IV—SEEK BY THE SILVERY DARRO

Seek by the silvery Darro,
 Where jasmineflowers have blown ;
 There hath she left no footsteps ?
 —Weep, weep, the maid is gone !
 Seek where our lady’s image
 Smiles o’er the pine-hung steep ;
 Hear ye not there her vespers ?
 —Weep for the parted, weep !
 Seek in the porch where vine-leaves
 O’ershade her father’s head ? 10
 —Are *his* grey hairs left lonely ?
 —Weep ! her bright soul is fled.

V—SPANISH EVENING HYMN

AVE ! now let prayer and music
 Meet in love on earth and sea !
 Now, sweet Mother ! may the weary
 Turn from this cold world to thee !
 From the wide and restless waters
 Hear the sailor’s hymn arise !
 From his watch-fire ’midst the moun-
 tains,
 Lo ! to thee the shepherd cries !
 Yet, when thus full hearts find
 voices,
 If o’erburden’d souls there be, 10
 Dark and silent in their anguish,
 Aid those captives ! set them free !
 Touch them, every fount unsealing,
 Where the frozen tears lie deep ;
 Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,
 Aid, oh ! aid to pray and weep !

VI—BIRD, THAT ART SINGING ON EBRO’S SIDE

BIRD, that art singing on Ebro’s side !
 Where myrtle shadows make dim the
 tide,
 20 Doth sorrow dwell ’midst the leaves
 with thee ?
 Doth song avail thy full heart to free ?
 —Bird of the midnight’s purple sky !
 Teach me the spell of thy melody

Bird ! is it blighted affection's pain
 Whence the sad sweetness flows
 through thy strain ?
 And is the wound of that arrow
 still'd,
 When thy lone music the leaves
 hath fill'd ?
 —Bird of the midnight's purple sky !
 Teach me the spell of thy melody.

VII—MOORISH GATHERING SONG

ZORZICO ¹

CHAINS on the cities ! gloom in the
 air !
 Come to the hills ! fresh breezes are
 there.
 Silence and fear in the rich orange-
 bowers !
 Come to the rocks where freedom
 hath towers.

Come from the Darro !—changed is
 its tone ;
 Come where the streams no bondage
 have known ;
 Wildly and proudly foaming they
 leap,
 Singing of freedom from steep to
 steep.

Come from Alhambra ! garden and
 grove
 Now may not shelter beauty or love.
 Blood on the waters, death 'midst
 the flowers !
 —Only the spear and the rock are
 ours.

VIII—THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS

WE heard thy name, O Mina !
 Far through our hills it rang ;
 A sound more strong than tempests,
 More keen than armour's clang.

The peasant left his vintage,
 The shepherd grasp'd the spear—
 —We heard thy name, O Mina !
 The mountain bands are here.

As eagles to the dayspring,
 As torrents to the sea,
 From every dark sierra
 So rush'd our hearts to thee.

Thy spirit is our banner,
 Thine eye our beacon-sign,
 Thy name our trumpet, Mina !
 —The mountain bands are thine.

IX—MOTHER, OH ! SING ME TO REST

A CANCION

MOTHER ! oh, sing me to rest
 As in my bright days departed :
 Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,
 Songs for a spirit oppress'd.

Lay this tired head on thy breast !
 Flowers from the night-dew are
 closing,
 Pilgrims and mourners reposing—
 —Mother, oh, sing me to rest !

Take back thy bird to its nest !
 Weary is young life when blighted,
 Heavy this love unrequited ;—
 —Mother, oh ! sing me to rest !

X—THERE ARE SOUNDS IN THE DARK RONCESVALLES

THERE are sounds in the dark Ron-
 cesvalles,
 There are echoes on Biscay's wild
 shore ;
 There are murmurs—but not of the
 torrent,
 Nor the wind, nor the pine-forest's
 roar.

¹ The Zorzico is an extremely wild and singular antique Moorish melody.

'Tis a day of the spear and the banner,
Of armings and hurried farewells ;
Rise, rise on your mountains, ye Spaniards ;
Or start from your old battle-dells.

There are streams of unconquer'd Asturias,
That have roll'd with your father's free blood ;
Oh ! leave on the graves of the mighty
Proud marks where their children have stood !

THE CURFEW-SONG OF ENGLAND

HARK ! from the dim church tower,
The deep, slow curfew's chime !
—A heavy sound unto hall and bower
In England's olden time !
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came
From the fields of his toil at night.
And who might not see his own hearth-flame
In his children's eyes make light.

Sternly and sadly heard,
As it quenched the wood-fire's glow,
Which had cheered the board with the mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow !
Until that sullen boding knell
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit, fell,
With a weight and with a chain.

Woe for the pilgrim then
In the wild deer's forest far !

No cottage-lamp, to the haunts of men,
Might guide him, as a star.
And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
With lone aspirings fill'd,
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,
While the sounds of earth were still'd !

And yet a deeper woe
For the watcher by the bed,
Where the fondly loved in pain lay low,
In pain and sleepless dread !
For the mother, doom'd unseen to keep
By the dying babe, her place,
And to feel its flitting pulse, and weep,
Yet not behold its face !

Darkness in chieftain's hall !
Darkness in peasant's cot !
While freedom, under that shadowy pall,
Sat mourning o'er her lot.
Oh ! the fireside's peace we well may prize !
For blood hath flow'd like rain,
Pour'd forth to make sweet sanctuaries
Of England's homes again.

Heap the yule-faggots high,
Till the red light fills the room !
It is home's own hour when the stormy sky
Grows thick with evening-gloom.
Gather ye round the holy hearth,
And by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
With a thought of the olden days !

THE CALL TO BATTLE

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
 Which ne'er might be repeated.—BYRON.

THE vesper-bell, from church and tower,
 Had sent its dying sound ;
 And the household, in the hush of eve,
 Were met, their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive-wood, with a sudden trumpet's power—
 'We rise on all our hills ! come forth ! 'tis thy country's gathering hour—
 There's a gleam of spears by every stream, in each old battle-dell—
 Come forth, young Juan ! bid thy home a brief and proud farewell !'

Then the father gave his son the sword
 Which a hundred fights had seen—
 'Away ! and bear it back, my boy !
 All that it still hath been !' 10

'Haste, haste ! the hunters of the foe are up, and who shall stand
 The lion-like awakening of the roused indignant land ?
 Our chase shall sound through each defile where swept the clarion's blast,
 With the flying footsteps of the Moor in stormy ages past.'

Then the mother kiss'd her son with tears
 That o'er his dark locks fell :
 'I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,
 Yet I stay thee not—Farewell !' 20

'One moment ! but one moment give to parting thought or word !
 It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's heart is stirred.
 Bear but the memory of thy love about thee in the fight,
 To breathe upon the avenging sword a spell of keener might.'

And a maiden's fond adieu was heard,
 Though deep, yet brief and low :
 'In the vigil, in the conflict, love !
 My prayer shall with thee go !'

Come forth ! come as the torrent comes when the winter's chain is burst !
 So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and silence nursed— 30
 The night is past, the silence o'er—on all our hills we rise—
 We wait thee, youth ! sleep, dream no more ! the voice of battle cries.'

There were sad hearts in a darken'd home,
 When the brave had left their bower ;
 But the strength of prayer and sacrifice
 Was with them in that hour.

SONGS FOR SUMMER HOURS

I—AND I TOO IN ARCADIA

[A celebrated picture of Poussin represents a band of shepherd youths and maidens suddenly checked in their wanderings, and affected with various emotions, by the sight of a tomb which bears this inscription : '*Et in Arcadia ego.*']

THEY have wander'd in their glee
With the butterfly and bee ;
They have climb'd o'er heathery
 swells,
They have wound through forest
 dells ;
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have
 led ;
Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
Unto them have yielded up
Fragrant bell and starry cup : 10
Chaplets are on every brow—
What hath stayed the wanderers now ?
Lo ! a grey and rustic tomb,
Bower'd amidst the rich wood gloom ;
Whence these words their stricken
 spirits melt,
—' I too, Shepherds ! in Arcadia
 dwelt.'

There is many a summer sound
That pale sepulchre around ;
Through the shade young birds are
 glancing,
Insect-wings in sun-streaks dancing ;
Glimpses of blue festal skies 21
Pouring in when soft winds rise ;
Violets o'er the turf below
Shedding out their warmest glow ;
Yet a spirit not its own
O'er the greenwood now is thrown !
Something of an under-note
Through its music seems to float,
Something of a stillness grey
Creeps across the laughing day : 30

Something, dimly from those old
 words felt,
—' I too, Shepherds ! in Arcadia
 dwelt.'

Was some gentle kindred maid
In that grave with dirges laid ?
Some fair creature, with the tone
Of whose voice a joy is gone,
Leaving melody and mirth
Poorer on this alter'd earth ?
Is it thus ? that so they stand,
Dropping flowers from every hand ?
Flowers, and lyres, and gather'd
 store 41
Of red wild-fruit prized no more ?
—No ! from that bright band of
 morn
Not one link hath yet been torn ;
'Tis the shadow of the tomb
Falling o'er the summer-bloom,
O'er the flush of love and life
Passing with a sudden strife ;
'Tis the low prophetic breath
Murmuring from that house of
 death, 50
Whose faint whisper thus their hearts
 can melt,
' I too, Shepherds ! in Arcadia dwelt.'

II—THE WANDERING WIND

THE Wind, the wandering Wind
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones amongst the leaves ?
Oh ! is it from the waters,
Or from the long tall grass ?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings
 pass ?

Or is it from the voices
 Of all in one combined, 10
 That it wins the tone of mastery ?
 The Wind, the wandering Wind !
 No, no ! the strange, sweet accents
 That with it come and go,
 They are not from the osiers,
 Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
 Nor of the cavern'd hill :
 'Tis the human love within us 19
 That gives them power to thrill,
 They touch the links of memory
 Around our spirits twined,
 And we start, and weep, and tremble,
 To the wind, the Wandering Wind !

III—YE ARE NOT MISS'D, FAIR FLOWERS

YE are not miss'd, fair flowers, that
 late were spreading
 The summer's glow by fount and
 breezy grot ;
 There falls the dew, its fairy favours
 shedding,
 The leaves dance on, the young
 birds miss you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rip-
 pling water,
 O lily ! whence thy cup of pearl is
 gone ;
 The bright wave mourns not for its
 loveliest daughter,
 There is no sorrow in the wind's
 low tone.

And thou, meek hyacinth ! afar is
 roving
 The bee that oft thy trembling
 bells hath kiss'd ; 10
 Cradled ye were, fair flowers ! 'midst
 all things loving,
 A joy to all—yet, yet, ye are not
 miss'd !

Ye, that were born to lend the sun-
 beam gladness,
 And the winds fragrance, wander-
 ing where they list,

Oh ! it were breathing words too
 deep in sadness,
 To say—earth's *human* flowers not
 more are miss'd.

IV—WILLOW SONG

WILLOW ! in thy breezy moan
 I can hear a deeper tone ;
 Through thy leaves come whispering
 low
 Faint sweet sounds of long ago.
 Willow, sighing willow !

Many a mournful tale of old
 Heart-sick love to thee hath told,
 Gathering from thy golden bough
 Leaves to cool his burning brow.
 Willow, sighing willow ! 10

Many a swan-like song to thee
 Hath been sung, thou gentle tree !
 Many a lute its last lament
 Down thy moonlight stream hath
 sent :
 Willow, sighing willow !

Therefore, wave and murmur on !
 Sigh for sweet affections gone,
 And for tuneful voices fled,
 And for love, whose heart hath bled,
 Ever, willow, willow ! 20

V—LEAVE ME NOT YET

LEAVE me not yet—through rosy
 skies from far,
 But now the song-birds to their
 nests return ;
 The quivering image of the first pale
 star
 On the dim lake scarce yet begins
 to burn :
 Leave me not yet !

Not yet !—oh, hark ! low tones from
 hidden streams,
 Piercing the shivery leaves, even
 now arise ;

Their voices mingle not with day-
light dreams,
They are of vesper's hymns and
harmonies :

Leave me not yet !

My thoughts are like those gentle
sounds, dear love !

By day shut up in their own still
recess,

They wait for dews on earth, for
stars above,

Then to breathe out their soul of
tenderness :

Leave me not yet !

VI—THE ORANGE BOUGH

Oh ! bring me one sweet orange-
bough,

To fan my cheek, to cool my brow ;
One bough, with pearly blossoms
drest,

And bind it, mother ! on my breast !
Go, seek the grove along the shore,

Whose odours I must breathe no
more ;

The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh ! Love's fond sighs, and fervent
prayer,

And wild farewell, are lingering
there :

Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,
My faint heart, even in death, would
own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to
shed

Life's parting sweetness round my
head,

And bind it, mother ! on my breast
When I am laid in lonely rest.

VII—THE STREAM SET FREE

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream set free !

The troubled haunts of care and
strife

Were not for thee !

The woodland is thy country,
Thou art all its own again ;
The wild birds are thy kindred race,
That fear no chain.

Flow on, rejoice, make music
Unto the glistening leaves !
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds,
And golden eves.

Once more the holy starlight
Sleeps calm upon thy breast,
Whose brightness bears no token
more

Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let freeborn music
Flow with thy wavy line,
While the stock-dove's lingering,
loving voice
Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er
thee,

Strings of the forest-lyre,
All fill'd with answering spirit-
sounds,

In joy respire.

Yet, 'midst thy song's glad changes,
Oh ! keep one pitying tone

For gentle hearts, that bear to thee
Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,
To bring, like healing dew,
A sense, that nature ne'er forsakes
The meek and true.

Then, then, rejoice, make music,
Thou stream, thou glad and free !
The shadows of all glorious flowers
Be set in thee !

VIII—THE SUMMER'S CALL

COME away ! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers ;
O'er the very waters now,

In there play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away !

Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
Come away !

All the air is filled with sound, 10
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
 Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
 Come away;
Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells—
 Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue; 20
In the woods the breath of song
 Night and day
Floats with leafy scents along—
 Come away!
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom—
 Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
 Sheds a ray, 31
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
 Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
 Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
 Bright wings play;
There the deer its couch hath made—
 Come away! 42
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-tune—
 Come away—away!

IX—O SKYLARK, FOR THY WING

O Skylark, for thy wing!
Thou bird of joy and light,
That I might soar and sing
At heaven's empyreal height!
With the heathery hills beneath
me,
Whence the streams in glory
spring,

And the pearly clouds to wreath
me, 7
O Skylark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear,
Where the low mists cannot rise!
And a thousand joyous measures
From my chainless heart
should spring,
Like the bright rain's vernal
treasures,
As I wander'd on thy wing.

But oh! the silver chords,
That around the heart are spun,
From gentle tones and words,
And kind eyes that make our sun!
To some low sweet nest return-
ing, 21
How soon my love would
bring,
There, there the dews of morning,
O Skylark! on thy wing!

GENIUS SINGING TO LOVE

That voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy plea-
sures
The things of nature utter; birds or
trees,
Or where the tall grass 'mid the heath-
plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.
COLERIDGE.

I HEARD a song upon the wandering
wind,
A song of many tones—though one
full soul
Breathed through them all implor-
ingly; and made
All nature as they pass'd, all quiver-
ing leaves
And low responsive reeds and waters
thrill,
As with the consciousness of human
prayer.
—At times the passion-kindled
melody
Might seem to gush from Sappho's
fervent heart,

Over the wild sea-wave ;—at times
the strain
Flow'd with more plaintive sweet-
ness, as if born 10
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone
Vauluse ;
And sometimes, with its melancholy
swell,
A graver sound was mingled, a deep
note
Of Tasso's holy lyre ;—yet still the
tones
Were of a suppliant ;—' *Leave me
not !* ' was still
The burden of their music ; and
I knew
The lay which Genius, in its loneli-
ness,
Its own world amidst the o'erpeopled
world,
Hath ever breathed to Love.

They crown me with the glistening
crown, 20
Borne from a deathless tree ;
I hear the pealing music of renown—
O Love ! forsake me not !
Mine were a lone dark lot,
Bereft of thee !
They tell me that my soul can
throw
A glory o'er the earth ;
From thee, from *thee*, is caught that
golden glow !
Shed by thy gentle eyes
It gives to flower and skies 30
A bright new birth ! .

Thence gleams the path of morn-
ing
Over the kindling hills, a sunny
zone !
Thence to its heart of hearts the
rose is burning
With lustre not its own !
Thence every wood-recess
Is filled with loveliness,
Each bower, to ringdoves and dim
violets known.

I see all beauty by the ray
That streameth from thy smile ; 40
Oh ! bear it, bear it not away !
Can that sweet light beguile ?
Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,
To linger long by earthly streams ;
I clasp it with the alloy
Of fear 'midst quivering joy,
Yet must I perish if the gift depart—
Leave me not, Love ! to mine own
beating heart !

The music from my lyre
With thy swift step would flee ; 50
The world's cold breath would
quench the starry fire
In my deep soul—a temple fill'd with
thee !
Scal'd would the fountains lie,
The waves of harmony,
Which thou alone canst free !

Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,
Whence the oracle hath fled ;
Like a harp which none might waken
But a mighty master dead ;
Like the vase of a perfume scatter'd,
Such would my spirit be ; 61
So mute, so void, so shatter'd,
Bereft of thee !

Leave me not, Love ! or if this
earth
Yield not for thee a home,
If the bright summer-land of thy
pure birth
Send thee a silvery voice that
whispers—' *Come !* '
Then, with the glory from the rose,
With the sparkle from the stream,
With the light thy rainbow-presence
throws 70
Over the poet's dream ;
With all the Elysian hues
Thy pathway that suffuse,
With joy, with music, from the
fading grove,
Take me, too, heavenward, on thy
wing, sweet Love.

MUSIC AT A DEATHBED

Music! why thy power employ
 Only for the sons of joy?
 Only for the smiling guests
 At natal, or at nuptial feasts?
 Rather thy lenient numbers pour
 On those whom secret griefs devour;
 And with some softly-whisper'd air
 Smooth the brow of dumb despair!
 WARTON, from *Euripides*.

BRING music! stir the brooding air
 With an ethereal breath!
 Bring sounds, my struggling soul to
 bear
 Up from the couch of death!

A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
 Such as the southern breeze
 Might waft, at golden fall of day,
 O'er blue transparent seas!

Oh no! not such! that lingering
 spell
 Would lure me back to life, 10
 When my wean'd heart hath said
 farewell,
 And pass'd the gates of strife.

Let not a sigh of human love
 Blend with the song its tone
 Let no disturbing echo move
 One that must die alone!

But pour a solemn-breathing strain
 Fill'd with the soul of prayer;
 Let a life's conflict, fear, and pain,
 And trembling hope be there. 20

Deeper, yet deeper! in my thought
 Lies more prevailing sound,
 A harmony intensely fraught
 With pleading more profound

A passion unto music given,
 A sweet, yet piercing cry:
 A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,
 A bright faith's victory!

Deeper! Oh! may no richer power
 Be in those notes enshrined? 30
 Can all, which crowds on earth's last
 hour,
 No fuller language find?

Away! and hush the feeble song,
 And let the chord be still'd!
 Far in another land erelong
 My dream shall be fulfill'd.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE

['I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin—a plain quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms: He fell here at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last.'—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany*.]

THOU didst fall in the field with thy
 silver hair,
 And a banner in thy hand;
 Thou wert laid to rest from thy
 battles there,
 By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the
 bugle's blast,
 Thy long bright years had sped;
 And a warrior's bier was thine at
 last,
 When the snows had crown'd thy
 head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old
 chief!
 Brothers and friends, perchance;
 But thou wert yet as the fadeless
 leaf, 11
 And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leap'd
 high,
 And thy voice the war-horse knew;
 And the first to arm, when the foe
 was nigh,
 Wert thou, the bold and true.
 Now mayst thou slumber—thy work
 is done—
 Thou of the well-worn sword!
 From the stormy fight in thy fame
 thou'rt gone,
 But not to the festal board. 20

The corn sheaves whisper thy grave
around,

Where fiery blood hath flow'd :
Oh ! lover of battle and trumpet-
sound !

Thou art couch'd in a still abode !

A quiet home from the noonday's
glare,

And the breath of the wintry
blast—

Didst thou toil through the days of
thy silvery hair, ²⁷

To win thee but *this* at last ?

THE FALLEN LIME-TREE

OH, joy of the peasant ! O stately
lime !

Thou art fall'n in thy golden honey-
time.

Thou whose wavy shadows,

Long and long ago,

Screen'd our grey forefathers

From the noontide's glow ;

Thou, beneath whose branches,

Touch'd with moonlight gleams,

Lay our early poets,

Wrapt in fairy dreams. ¹⁰

O tree of our fathers ! O hallow'd
tree !

A glory is gone from our home with
thee.

Where shall now the weary
Rest through summer eves ?

Or the bee find honey,

As on thy sweet leaves ?

Where shall now the ringdove

Build again her nest ?

She so long the inmate

Of thy fragrant breast ? ²⁰

But the sons of the peasant have lost
in thee

Far more than the ringdove, far more
than the bee !

These may yet find coverts

Leafy and profound,

Full of dewy dimness,

Odour and soft sound :

But the gentle memories

Clinging all to thee,

When shall they be gather'd

Round another tree ? ³⁰

O pride of our fathers ! O hallow'd
tree !

The crown of the hamlet is fallen in
thee !

SONGS OF CAPTIVITY

INTRODUCTION

ONE hour for distant homes to weep

'Midst Afric's burning sands,

One silent sunset hour was given

To the slaves of many lands.

They sat beneath a lonely palm,

In the gardens of their lord ;

And mingling with the fountain's
tune,

Their songs of exile pour'd.

And strangely, sadly, did those lays

Of Alp and ocean sound, ¹⁰

With Afric's wild red skies above
And solemn wastes around.

Broken with tears were oft their
tones,

And most when most they tried

To breathe of hope and liberty,

From hearts that inly died.

So met the sons of many lands,

Parted by mount and main ;

So did they sing in brotherhood,

Made kindred by the chain. ²⁰

I—THE BROTHER'S DIRGE

In the proud old fanes of England .
My warrior-fathers lie,
Banners hang drooping o'er their
dust

With gorgeous blazonry.
But thou, but *thou*, my brother !
O'er thee dark billows sweep,
The best and bravest heart of all
Is shrouded by the deep.

In the old high wars of England
My noble fathers bled ; 10
For her lion-kings of lance and spear
They went down to the dead.
But thou, but thou, my brother !
Thy life-drops flow'd for me—
Would I were with thee in thy
rest,
Young sleeper of the sea.

In a shelter'd home of England
Our sister dwells alone,
With quick heart listening for the
sound
Of footsteps that are gone, 20
She little dreams, my brother !
Of the wild fate we have found ;
1, 'midst the Afric sands a slave,
Thou, by the dark seas bound,

II—THE ALPINE HORN

The Alpine horn ! the Alpine horn !
Oh ! through my native sky,
Might I but hear its deep notes borne
Once more-- but once—and die !

Yet, no ! 'midst breezy hills thy
breath,
So full of hope and morn,
Would win me from the bed of
death -
O joyous Alpine horn !

But *here* the echo of that blast,
To many a battle known, 10
Seems mournfully to wander past,
A wild, shrill, wailing tone !

Haunt me no more ! for slavery's air
Thy proud notes were not born ;
The dream but deepens my despair—
Be hush'd, thou Alpine horn !

III—O YE VOICES

O YE voices round my own hearth
singing !
As the winds of May to memory
sweet,
Might I yet return, a worn heart
bringing,
Would those vernal tones the
wanderer greet,
Once again ?

Never, never ! Spring hath smiled
and parted
Oft since then your fond farewell
was said ;
O'er the green turf of the gentle-
hearted
Summer's hand the rose-leaves
may have shed,
Oft again ! 10

Or if still around my heart ye linger,
Yet, sweet voices ! there must
change have come.
Years have quell'd the free soul of
the singer,
Vernal tones shall greet the
wanderer home
Ne'er again !

IV—I DREAM OF ALL THINGS
FREE

I DREAM of all things free !
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea,
Like an arrow to its mark !
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee ;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
 A bright-eyed mountain king ! 10
 In my visions I have heard
 The rushing of his wing.
 I follow some wild river,
 On whose breast no sail may be ;
 Dark woods around it shiver—
 —I dream of all things free !

Of a happy forest child,
 With the fawns and flowers at
 play ;
 Of an Indian 'midst the wild,
 With the stars to guide his way :
 Of a chief his warriors leading, 21
 Of an archer's greenwood tree :—
 My heart in chains is bleeding,
 And I dream of all things free !

V—FAR O'ER THE SEA

WHERE are the vintage songs
 Wandering in glee ?
 Where dance the peasant bands
 Joyous and free ?
 Under a kind blue sky,
 Where doth my birthplace lie ?
 —Far o'er the sea.

Where floats the myrtle-scent
 O'er vale and lea,
 When evening calls the dove 10
 Homewards to flee ?
 Where doth the orange gleam
 Soft on my native stream ?
 —Far o'er the sea !

Where are sweet eyes of love
 Watching for me ?
 Where o'er the cabin roof
 Waves the green tree ?
 Where speaks the vesper-chime 20
 Still of a holy time ?
 —Far o'er the sea.

Dance on, ye vintage bands,
 Fearless and free !
 Still fresh and greenly wave,
 My father's tree !
 Still smile, ye kind blue skies !
 Though your son pines and dies
 Far o'er the sea !

VI—THE INVOCATION

OH ! art thou still on earth, my love?
 My only love !
 Or smiling in a brighter home,
 Far, far above ?
 Oh ! is thy sweet voice fled, my love?
 Thy light step gone ?
 And art thou not, in earth or heaven,
 Still, still my own ?
 I see thee with thy gleaming hair,
 In midnight dreams !
 But cold, and clear, and spirit-like
 Thy soft eye seems.
 Peace in thy saddest hour, my love !
 Dwelt on thy brow ;
 But something mournfully divine
 There shineth now !
 And silent ever is thy lip,
 And pale thy cheek ;—
 Oh ! art thou earth's, or art thou
 heaven's,
 Speak to me, speak !

VII—THE SONG OF HOPE

DROOP not, my brothers ! I hear
 a glad strain—
 We shall burst forth like streams
 from the winter night's chain ;
 A flag is unfurl'd, a bright star of the
 sea,
 A ransom approaches—we yet shall
 be free !
 Where the pines wave, where the
 light chamois leaps,
 Where the lone eagle hath built on
 the steep ;
 Where the snows glisten, the moun-
 tain-rills foam,
 Free as the falcon's wing, yet shall
 we roam.
 Where the hearth shines, where the
 kind looks are met,
 Where the smiles mingle, our place
 shall be yet ! 10
 Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the
 sea—
 Droop not, my brothers ! we yet
 shall be free !

THE BIRD AT SEA

BIRD of the greenwood !

Oh ! why art thou here ?
Leaves dances not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near.

All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood !
Away, away !

Where the mast quivers
Thy place will not be,
As 'midst the waving
Of wild rose and tree.
How shouldst thou battle
With storm and with spray ?
Bird of the greenwood !
Away, away !

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine leaves are fann'd ?
'Midst the wild billows
Why then delay ?
Bird of the greenwood !
Away, away !

'Chide not my lingering
Where storms are dark ;
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark ;
A heart that hath cherish'd
Through winter's long day,
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away !'

THE DYING GIRL AND
FLOWERS

['I desire as I look on these, the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more ?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast ? or whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould.'—*Conversations with an ambitious Student in ill-health.*]

BEAR them not from grassy dells
Where wild bees have honey-cells ;

Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds ;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird, whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree : 10
Oh ! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to earth again.

10 Spread them not before the eyes
Closing fast on summer skies !
Woo thou not the spirit back
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have
birth
Wide o'er all the colour'd earth !

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;
20 From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her
bed ;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time
eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower hath gush'd her
30 love ;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu. 30

Types of lovelier forms than these
In their fragile mould she sees ;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore, in the lily's leaf
She can read no word of grief ;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell ! fare-
well ! 40
And her dim yet speaking eye
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;
From her chamber take the gloom
With a light and flush of bloom :
So should one depart, who goes
Where no death can touch the rose !

THE IVY-SONG

OH ! how could fancy crown with
thee,

In ancient days, the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the Vine ?

Ivy ! *thy* home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song and beaker once went
round,

But now are known no more,
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine. 10

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadow'd the victor's tent :

Though shining there in deathless
green

Triumphantly thy boughs might
wave,

Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave—

Urn and sculpture half divine
Yield their place to thine. 20

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone the Italian sunbeams
dwell,

Where hollow sounds the lightest
tread—

Ivy ! they know thee well !
And far above the festal vine

Thou wav'st where once-proud
banners hung,

Where mouldering turrets crest the
Rhine,

—The Rhine, still fresh and young !
Tower and rampart o'er the
Rhine,

Ivy ! all are thine ! 30

High from the fields of air look down—
Those eyries of a vanish'd race,
Where harp, and battle, and renown,
Have pass'd, and left no trace.

But thou art there !—serenely bright,
Meeting the mountain storms with
bloom,

Thou that wilt climb the loftiest
height, 37

Or crown the lowliest tomb !

Ivy, Ivy ! all are thine,
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same ; our pilgrim tread
O'er classic plains, through deserts
free,

On the mute path of ages fled,
Still meets decay and thee.

And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, stern in power,
—Days pass—thou Ivy never sere,¹
And thou shalt have thy dower.

All are thine, or must be
thine—

Temple, pillar, shrine ! 50

THE MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S

[The choral music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill. The majestic harmony of effect thus produced, is not a little deepened by the character of the church itself ; which though small, yet with its dark rich fretwork, knightly helmets and banners, and old monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalrous antiquity. The imagination never fails to recognize it as a fitting scene for high solemnities of old ;—a place to witness the solitary vigil of arms, or to resound with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike king.]

All the choir
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas.
MILTON.

AGAIN ! oh, send that anthem peal
again

Through the arch'd roof in triumph
to the sky !

¹ 'Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere.'—*Lycidas*.

Bid the old tombs ring proudly to
the strain,
The banners thrill as if with victory !
Such sounds the warrior awestruck
might have heard,
While arm'd for fields of chivalrous
renown :
Such the high hearts of kings might
well have stirr'd,
While throbbing still beneath the
recent crown !

Those notes once more !—they bear
my soul away,
They lend the wings of morning to
its flight : 10

No earthly passion in the exulting
lay
Whispers one tone to win me from
that height.

All is of Heaven !—Yet wherefore to
mine eye
Gush the vain tears unbidden from
their source ?

Even while the waves of that strong
harmony
Roll with my spirit on their sounding
course !

Wherefore must rapture its full heart
reveal
Thus by the burst of sorrow's token-
shower ?

—Oh ! is it not, that humbly we
may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest
hour ? 20

KEENE; OR, LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON

[This lament is intended to imitate
the peculiar style of the Irish Keenes,
many of which are distinguished by a
wild and deep pathos, and other charac-
teristics analogous to those of the
national music.]

DARKLY the cloud of night comes
rolling on ;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd
son !

Silent and dark !

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at
morn,

Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
Oh, my bright first-born !

At the glad sound of that foot-
step

My heart within me smiled ;
—Thou wert brought me back all
silent 10

On thy bier, my child !

Darkly the cloud of night comes
rolling on ;

Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd
son !

Silent and dark !

I thought to see thy children
Laugh on me with thine eyes ;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee, 19
Thy kindred's graves among ;

I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
I shall hear it not long !

Darkly the cloud of night comes
rolling on ;

Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd
son !

Silent and dark !

And I too shall find slumber
With my lost one, in the earth ;
—Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth !

Let the roof go down !—let silence
On the home for ever fall, 31
Where my boy lay cold, and heard
not

His lone mother's call !

Darkly the cloud of night comes
rolling on ;

Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd
son !

Silent and dark !

FAR AWAY

FAR away!—my home is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a moun-
tain shore ;
In the woods I hear my brothers
play,
'Midst the flowers my sister sings
once more.

Far away !

Far away ! my dreams are far away,
When at midnight, stars and
shadows reign ;
'Gentle child,' my mother seems to
say,
'Follow me where home shall
smile again !'

Far away ! 10

Far away ! my hope is far away,
Where love's voice young gladness
may restore ;
—Q thou dove ! now soaring through
the day,
Lend me wings to reach that
better shore,

Far away !

THE LYRE AND FLOWER

ALYRE its plaintive sweetness pour'd
Forth on the wild wind's track ;
The stormy wanderer jarr'd the
chord,

But gave no music back.

—Oh, child of song !

Bear hence to heaven thy fire !
What hopest thou from the
reckless throng ;

Be not like that lost lyre !

Not like that lyre !

A flower its leaves and odours cast
On a swift-rolling wave ; 11
The unceding torrent darkly pass'd,
And back no treasure gave.

—Oh ! heart of love !

Waste not thy precious dower !
Turn to thine only home above,
Be not like that lost flower !
Not like that flower !

SISTER ! SINCE I MET THEE
LAST

SISTER ! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past,
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies ;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known ;
Through thy soul a storm hath
moved,

—Gentle sister, thou hast loved !

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled
thought ; 10

Far along the wandering stream
Thou art follow'd by a dream :
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own :
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain ?
—Sister, thou hast loved in vain !

Tell me not the tale, my flower !
On my bosom pour that shower !
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted ;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted ;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd !
Home alone can give thee rest. 23
—Weep, sweet sister, on my breast !

THE LONELY BIRD

FROM a ruin thou art singing,
Oh ! lonely, lonely bird !
The soft blue air is ringing
By thy summer music stirr'd ;
But all is dark and cold beneath,
Where harps no more are heard :
Whence winn'st thou that exulting
breath,
Oh ! lonely, lonely bird ?

Thy song flows richly swelling
To a triumph of glad sounds, 10
As from its cavern dwelling
A stream in glory bounds !

Though the castle echoes catch no
tone

Of human step or word,
Though the fires be quenched and the
feasting done,

Oh ! lonely, lonely bird !

How can that flood of gladness

Rush through thy fiery lay,
From the haunted place of sadness,
From the bosom of decay ? 20

While dirge-notes in the breeze's
moan,

Through the ivy garlands heard,
Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,
Oh ! lonely, lonely bird !

There's many a heart, wild singer,

Like thy forsaken tower,
Where joy no more may linger,

Where love hath left his bower :
And there's many a spirit e'en like
thee,

To mirth as lightly stirr'd, 30
Though it soar from ruins in its glee,
Oh ! lonely, lonely bird !

DIRGE AT SEA

SLEEP !—we give thee to the wave,
Red with life-blood from the brave,
Thou shalt find a noble grave.

Fare thee well !

Sleep ! thy billowy field is won.

Proudly may the funeral gun,
'Midst the hush at set of sun,
Boom thy knell !

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,
Never there may flower be shed, 10
Marble rear'd, or brother's head
Bow'd to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
Borne through battle high and free,
Long the red-cross flag shall be.

Sleep ! oh, sleep !

PILGRIM'S SONG TO THE EVENING STAR

O soft star of the west !

Gleaming far,
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star !

Thou bring'st from rock and wave

The sea bird to her nest,

The hunter from the hills,

The fisher back to rest.

Light of a thousand streams,

Gleaming far ! 10

O soft star of the west,

Blessed star !

No bowery roof is mine,

No hearth of love and rest,

Yet guide me to my shrine,

O soft star of the west !

There, there my home shall be,

Heaven's dew shall cool my breast,

When prayer and tear gush free,

O soft star of the west ! 20

O soft star of the west,

Gleaming far !
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star !

Shine from thy rosy heaven,

Pour joy on earth and sea !

Shine on, though no sweet eyes

Look forth to watch for me !

Light of a thousand streams,

Gleaming far ! 30

O soft star of the west !

Blessed star !

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS

['We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments ; and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other.'—WASHINGTON IRVING.]

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,

When calms had still'd the tide ;

A few bright days of summer glee

There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
 Rose mingling thence in mirth ;
 And sweetly floated o'er the wave
 The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
 Cloudless and lovely slept ; 10
 While dancing step, and festive strain
 Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were link'd, and answer-
 ing eyes
 With kindly meaning shone ;
 Oh ! brief and passing sympathies,
 Like leaves together blown.

A little while such joy was cast
 Over the deep's repose,
 Till the loud singing winds at last
 Like trumpet music rose. 20

And proudly, freely on their way
 The parting vessels bore ;
 In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
 To meet—oh, never more !

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
 To aid in hours of woe ;
 And thus bright spirits mingle here,
 Such ties are formed below.

COME AWAY

COME away !—the child where
 flowers are springing,
 Round its footsteps on the moun-
 tain slope,
 Hears a glad voice from the upland
 singing.
 Like the skylark's with its tone of
 hope :

Come away !

Bounding on, with sunny lands
 before him,
 All the wealth of glowing life out-
 spread,
 Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er
 him,
 By that strain the youth in joy is
 led :

Come away ! 10

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling
 O'er the sweetness of the voice
 within ;
 Yet its tones, on restless manhood
 calling,
 Urge the hunter still to chase, to
 win :

Come away !

Come away !—the heart, at last
 forsaken,
 Smile by smile, hath proved each
 hope untrue ;
 Yet a breath can still those words
 awaken,
 Though to other shores far hence
 they woo :

Come away ! 20

In the light leaves, in the reed's
 faint sighing,
 In the low sweet sounds of early
 spring,
 Still their music wanders—till the
 dying
 Hears them pass, as on a spirit's
 wing :

Come away !

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL

[‘ Fair Helen of Kirconnel,’ as she is
 called in the *Scottish Minstrelsy*, throw-
 ing herself between her betrothed lover
 and a rival by whom his life was assailed,
 received a mortal wound, and died in the
 arms of the former.]

HOLD me upon thy faithful heart,
 Keep back my flitting breath ;
 'Tis early, early to depart,
 Beloved !—yet this is death !

Look on me still :—let that kind eye
 Be the last light I see !
 Oh ! sad it is in spring to die,
 But yet I die for thee !

For thee, my own ! thy stately head
 Was never thus to bow— 10
 Give tears when with me love hath
 fled,
 True love, thou know'st it now !

Oh, the free streams look'd bright
where'er

We in our gladness roved ;
And the blue skies were very fair—
O friend ! because we loved.

Farewell !—I bless thee—live thou
on,

When this young heart is low !
Surely my blood thy life hath won—
Clasp me once more—I go ! 20

MUSIC FROM SHORE

A sound comes on the rising breeze,
A sweet and lovely sound !
Piercing the tumult of the seas
That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it
comes,

From hills with murmuring trees,
From paths by still and happy
homes—

That sweet sound on the breeze.

Why should its faint and passing sigh
Thus bid my quick pulse leap ? 10
No part in earth's glad melody
Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot
Whence those rich breathings
flow !

Kind hearts, although they know me
not,

Like mine there beat and glow.

And blessing, from the bark that
roams

O'er solitary seas, 18

To those that far in happy homes
Give sweet sounds to the breeze !

LOOK ON ME WITH THY CLOUDLESS EYES

Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
Truth in their dark transparence lies;
Their sweetness gives me back the
tears

And the free trust of early years—
My gentle child !

The spirit of my infant prayer
Shines in the depths of quiet there ;
And home and love once more are
mine,

Found in that dewy calm divine,
My gentle child !

Oh ! heaven is with thee in thy
dreams, 11
Its light by day around thee gleams :
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal
skies ;

Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
My gentle child !

IF THOU HAST CRUSH'D A FLOWER

O cast thou not
Affection from thee ! In this bitter
world

Hold to thy heart that only treasure
fast ;

Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath
to dim

The bright gem's purity !

If thou hast crush'd a flower,
The root may not be blighted ;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted :
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token !

If thou hast loosed a bird
Whose voice of song could cheer
thee, 10

Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near
thee :

But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will
bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow
Through the leaves their bloom
revealing : 20

But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
 With a bright draught fill'd—oh !
 never
 Shall earth give back that lavish'd
 wealth
 To cool thy parch'd lips' fever !

The heart is like that cup,
 If thou waste the love it bore thee ;
 And like that jewel gone,
 Which the deep will not restore
 thee ;
 And like that string of harp or lute
 Whence the sweet sound is
 scatter'd :—
 30
 Gently, oh ! gently touch the chords
 So soon for ever shatter'd.

BRIGHTLY HAST THOU FLED

BRIGHTLY, brightly hast thou fled,
 Ere one grief had bow'd thy head,
 Brightly didst thou part !
 With thy young thoughts pure from
 spot,
 With thy fond love wasted not,
 With thy bounding heart.
 Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,
 Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,
 Ere with dust o'erspread :
 Lilies ne'er by tempest blown, 10
 White rose which no stain hath
 known.
 Be about thee shed !

So we give thee to the earth,
 And the primrose shall have birth
 O'er thy gentle head ;
 Thou, that like a dewdrop borne
 On a sudden breeze of morn,
 Brightly thus hast fled !

THE BED OF HEATH

SOLDIER, awake ! the night is past ;
 Hear'st thou not the bugle's blast ?
 Feel'st thou not the dayspring's
 breath ?
 Rouse thee from thy bed of heath !
 Arm, thou bold and strong !

Soldier, what deep spell hath bound
 thee ?

Fiery steeds are neighing round thee ;
 Banners to the fresh wind play,—
 Rise, and arm ;—'tis day, 'tis day !
 And thou hast slumber'd long.

' Brother, on the heathery lea 11
 Longer yet my sleep must be ;
 Though the morn of battle rise,
 Darkly night rolls o'er my eyes.
 Brother, this is death !

' Call me not when bugles sound,
 Call me not when wine flows round ;
 Name me but amidst the brave ;
 Give me but a soldier's grave—
 But my bed of heath !' 20

FAIRY SONG

HAVE ye left the greenwood lone ?
 Are your steps for ever gone ?
 Fairy King and Elfin Queen,
 Come ye to the sylvan scene,
 From your dim and distant shore,
 Never more ?

Shall the pilgrim never hear
 With a thrill of joy and fear,
 In the hush of moonlight hours,
 Voices from the folded flowers, 10
 Faint sweet flute-notes as of yore,
 Never more ?

' Mortal ! ne'er shall bowers of earth
 Hear again our midnight mirth :
 By our brooks and dingles green
 Since unhallow'd steps have been,
 Ours shall thread the forests hoar
 Never more.

' Ne'er on earthborn lily's stem
 Will we hang the dewdrop's gem ;
 Ne'er shall reed or cowslip's head
 Quiver to our dancing tread, 22
 By sweet fount or murmuring shore,
 Never more !'

WHAT WOKE THE BURIED SOUND

WHAT woke the buried sound that
lay

In Memnon's harp of yore ?
What spirit on its viewless way
Along the Nile's green shore ?

Oh ! not the night, and not the
storm,

And not the lightning's fire,
But sunlight's torch, the kind, the
warm,

This, this awoke the lyre.

What wins the heart's deep chords to
pour

Thus music forth on life ?¹⁰
Like a sweet voice prevailing o'er
The truant sounds of strife.—

Oh ! not the conflict 'midst the
throng,

Not e'en the trumpet's hour ;
Love is the gifted and the strong,
To wake that music's power !

OH ! IF THOU WILT NOT GIVE THINE HEART

OH ! if thou wilt not give thine
heart,

Give back mine own to me,¹
Or bid thine image thence depart,
And leave me lone, but free.

Yet no ! this mournful love of mine
I would not from me cast !

Let me but dream 'twill win me thine
By its deep truth at last.

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live
Through years without reply ?

Oh ! if thine heart thou wilt not
give¹¹

Give me a thought, a sigh !

LOOK ON ME THUS NO MORE

It is thy pity makes me weep,
My soul was strong before ;
Silent, yet strong its griefs to keep
From vainly gushing o'er !
Turn from me, turn those gentle
eyes—

* In this fond gaze my spirit dies.
Look on me thus no more !

Too late that softness comes to bless,
My heart's glad life is o'er ;
It will but break with tenderness,
Which cannot now restore !

The lyre-strings have been jarr'd too
long,¹²
Winter hath touch'd the source of
song !

Look on me thus no more !

SING TO ME, GONDOLIER !

SING to me, Gondolier !
Sing words from Tasso's lay ;
While blue, and still, and clear,
Night seems but softer day :
The gale is gently falling,
As if it paused to hear
Some strain the past recalling—
Sing to me, Gondolier !

' Oh, ask me not to wake
The memory of the brave ;¹⁰
Bid no high numbers break
The silence of the wave.
Gone are the noble-hearted,
Closed the bright pageants here ;
And the glad song is departed
From the mournful Gondolier !'

O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS

O'ER the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one,
Back to thine home !

¹ The first two lines of this song are translated literally from the German.

When the bright fire shineth,
Sad looks thy place,
While the true heart pineth
Missing thy face.

Music is sorrowful
Since thou art gone,
Sisters are mourning thee,
Come to thine own !

Hark ! the home voices call
Back to thy rest ;
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast !

O'er the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one,
Back to thine home !

O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING !

O THOU breeze of spring !
Gladdening sea and shore,
Wake the woods to sing,
Wake my heart no more !
Streams have felt the sighing
Of thy scented wing,
Let each fount replying
Hail thee, breeze of spring,
Once more !

O'er long-buried flowers
Passing not in vain,
Odours in soft showers
Thou hast brought again.
—Let the primrose greet thee,
Let the violet pour
Incense forth to meet thee—
Wake my heart no more !
No more !

From a funeral urn
Bower'd in leafy gloom,
Even *thy* soft return
Calls not song or bloom.
Leave my spirit sleeping
Like that silent thing ;
Stir the founts of weeping
There, O breeze of spring,
No more !

COME TO ME, DREAMS OF HEAVEN

Come to me, dreams of heaven !
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning
given,
Up to celestial air.
Away, far, far away,
From bowers by tempests riven,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
O blessed dreams of heaven !

Come but for one brief hour,
Sweet dreams ! and yet again, 10
O'er burning thought and memory
shower
Your soft effacing rain !
Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have
striven,
Where living founts for ever shine—
O blessed dreams of heaven !

GOOD-NIGHT ¹

DAY is past !
Stars have set their watch at last,
Founts that through the deep woods
flow
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good-night !

Go to rest !
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast !
If within that secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell, 10
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good-night !

Joy be thine !
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine !
Go, and in the spirit-land
Meet thy home's long-parted band,
Be their eyes all love and light—
Good-night !

¹ For a melody of Eisenhofer's.

Peace to all ! 19
 Dreams of heaven on mourners fall !
 Exile ! o'er thy couch may gleams
 Pass from thine own mountain
 streams ;
 Bard ! away to worlds more bright—
 Good-night !

LET HER DEPART

HER home is far, oh ! far away
 The clear light in her eyes
 Hath nought to do with earthly day,
 'Tis kindled from the skies.
 Let her depart !

She looks upon the things of earth,
 Even as some gentle star
 Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,
 How softly, yet how far !
 Let her depart ! 10

Her spirit's shope—her bosom's love—
 Oh ! could they mount and fly !
 She never sees a wandering dove,
 But for its wings to sigh.
 Let her depart !

She never hears a soft wind bear
 Low music on its way,
 But deems it sent from heavenly air,
 For her who cannot stay.
 Let her depart ! 20

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
 She breathes and moves alone,
 Pining for those bright bowers and
 streams
 Where her beloved is gone.
 Let her depart !

HOW CAN THAT LOVE SO DEEP, SO LONE

How can that love so deep, so lone,
 So faithful unto death,
 Thus fitfully in laughing tone,
 In airy word, find breath ?

Nay, ask how on the dark wave's
 breast
 The lily's cup may gleam,
 Though many a mournful secret rest
 Low in the unfathom'd stream.

That stream is like my hidden love,
 In its deep cavern's power, 10
 And like the play of words above,
 That lily's trembling flower.

WATER-LILIES

A FAIRY SONG

COME away, elves ! while the dew is
 sweet,
 Come to the dingles where fairies
 meet ;
 Know that the lilies have spread
 their bells
 O'er all the pools in our forest dells ;
 Stilly and lightly their vases rest
 On the quivering sleep of the water's
 breast,
 Catching the sunshine through leaves
 that throw
 To their scented bosoms an emerald
 glow ;
 And a star from the depth of each
 pearly cup,
 A golden star, unto heaven looks up,
 As if seeking its kindred where
 bright they lie, 11
 Set in the blue of the summer sky.
 —Come away ! under arching boughs
 we'll float,
 Making those urns each a fairy boat ;
 We'll row them with reeds o'er the
 fountains free,
 And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer
 be,
 And we'll send out wild music so
 sweet and low,
 It shall seem from the bright flower's
 heart to flow,
 As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's
 low sigh,
 Or water drops train'd into melody.
 —Come away ! for the midsummer
 sun grows strong, 21
 And the life of the lily may not be long.

THE BROKEN FLOWER

O! wear it on thy heart, my love !
 Still, still a little while !
 Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
 Though faded be their smile.
 Yet, for the sake of what hath been,
 Oh, cast it not away !
 'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
 A long, bright, golden day,

My love !
A long, bright, golden day ! 10

A little while around thee, love !
 Its fragrance yet shall cling,
 Telling, that on thy heart hath lain
 A fair, though faded thing.
 But not even that warm heart hath
 power

To win it back from fate :
—Oh ! I am like thy broken flower,
Cherish'd too late, too late.
My love !
Cherish'd, alas ! too late ! 20

I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET
AGAIN

I WOULD we had not met again !
 I had a dream of thee,
 Lovely, though sad, on desert plain,
 Mournful on midnight sea.

What though it haunted me by night,
And troubled through the day ?
It touched all earth with spirit-light,
It glorified my way !

Oh ! what shall now my faith restore
In holy things and fair ? 10
We met—I saw thy soul once more—
The world's breath had been there !

Yes ! it was sad on desert-plain,
Mournful on midnight sea,
Yet would I buy with life again
That one deep dream of thee !

FAIRIES' RECALL

WHILE the blue is richest
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows
On the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers
In the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood !
Oh ! return, return !

Round the forest fountain,
On the river shore, ro
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more ;
While the joyous bounding
Of your dewy feet
Rings to that old chorus :
' The daisy is so sweet ! ' ¹

Oberon, Titania,
Did your starlight mirth,
With the song of Avon,
Quit this work-day earth ? 20
Yet while green leaves glisten,
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory,
Oh, return, return !

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA

Oh ! tell me not the woods are fair,
Now Spring is on her way ;
Well, well I know how brightly there
In joy the young leaves play ;
How sweet on winds of morn or eve
The violet's breath may be ;—
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.

The wild wave's thunder on the shore,
The curlew's restless cries, 10
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.
Come back, my ocean rover ! come !
There's but one place for me.
Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
My lone rock by the sea !

¹ See the chorus of Fairies in *The Flower and the Leaf*, erroneously ascribed to Chaucer.

O YE VOICES GONE

Oh! ye voices gone,
 Sounds of other years!
 Hush that haunting tone,
 Melt me not to tears!

All around forget,
 All who loved you well,
 Yet, sweet voices, yet
 O'er my soul ye swell.

With the winds of spring,
 With the breath of flowers,
 Floating back, ye bring
 Thoughts of vanish'd hours.

Hence your music take,
 Oh! ye voices gone!
 This lone heart ye make
 But more deeply lone.

BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM AT
REST

By a mountain stream at rest
 We found the warrior lying,
 And around his noble breast
 A banner clasp'd in dying:
 Dark and still
 Was every hill,
 And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,
 To a lonely bed we bore him;
 'Twas a green, still, solemn place,
 Where the mountain-heath waves
 o'er him.
 Woods alone
 Seem to moan,
 Wild streams to deplore him.

Yet, from festive hall and lay
 Our sad thoughts oft are flying,
 To those dark hills far away,
 Where in death we found him lying;
 On his breast
 A banner press'd,
 And the night-wind o'er him
 sighing.

IS THERE SOME SPIRIT
SIGHING

Is there some spirit sighing
 With sorrow in the air,
 Can weary hearts be dying,
 Vain love repining *there*?
 If not, then how can that wild wail,
 O sad Aeolian lyre!
 Be drawn forth by the wandering
 gale,
 From thy deep thrilling wire?

No, no!—thou dost not borrow
 That sadness from the wind,
 Nor are those tones of sorrow
 In thee, O harp! enshrined;
 But in our own hearts deeply set
 Lies the true quivering lyre,
 Whence love, and memory, and
 regret,
 Wake answers from thy wire.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND

THE trumpet of the battle
 Hath a high and thrilling tone;
 And the first deep gun of an ocean
 fight
 Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England!
 Is in that name of thine,
 To strike the fire from every heart
 Along the banner'd line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
 Of yore, the brave and true,
 When the bow was bent on Cressy's
 field,
 And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
 Through the battles of the sea,
 When the red-cross flag o'er smoke
 wreaths play'd,
 Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
 Its echoes have been known,
 By a thousand streams the hearts
 lie low,
 That have answer'd to its tone. ¹⁹

A thousand ancient mountains
 Its pealing note hath stirr'd ;
 —Sound on, and on, for evermore,
 O thou victorious word !

OLD NORWAY

A MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG

[‘ To a Norwegian the words *Gamlé Norgé* (Old Norway) have a spell in them immediate and powerful ; they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard, in an instant, repeated by every voice ; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained ; not a drop is left ; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus “ *For Norgé !* ” the national song of Norway. Here (at Christiansand), and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamlé Norgé*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted ; and one might suppose for the moment, that the party was a party of patriots assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom.—DERWENT CONWAY’S *Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway and Sweden*.]

The following words were written to the national air, as contained in the work above cited.]

ARISE ! old Norway sends the word
 Of battle on the blast ;
 Her voice the forest pines hath
 stirr’d,
 As if a storm went past ;

Her thousand hills the call have
 heard,
 And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm, free hunters ! for the
 chase,
 The kingly chase of foes ;
 ’Tis not the bear or wild wolf’s race,
 Whose trampling shakes the
 snows ; ¹⁰
 Arm, arm ! ’tis on a nobler trace
 The northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
 With many an icy bed ;
 Heap there the rocks for funeral
 piles,
 Above the invader’s head !
 Or let the seas, that guard our isles,
 Give burial to his dead !

COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP !

COME to me, gentle Sleep !
 I pine, I pine for thee ;
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the
 deep,
 And set my spirit free !
 Each lonely, burning thought
 In twilight languor steep—
 Come to the full heart, long o’er-
 wrought,
 O gentle, gentle Sleep !

Come with thine urn of dew,
 Sleep, gentle Sleep ! yet bring
 No voice, love’s yearning to renew,
 No vision on thy wing ! ¹²
 Come, as to folding flowers,
 To birds in forests deep—
 Long, dark, and dreamless be thine
 hours,
 O gentle, gentle Sleep !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

LINES

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE ON THE
SEASHORE

O WANDERER ! would thy heart
forget
Each earthly passion and regret,
And would thy wearied spirit rise
To commune with its native skies ;
Pause for a while, and deem it
sweet
To linger in this calm retreat ;
And give thy cares, thy griefs, a short
suspense,
Amidst wild scenes of lone magnifi-
cence.

Unmix'd with aught of meaner
tone,
Here nature's voice is heard alone :
When the loud storm, in wrathful
hour,
Is rushing on its wing of power,
And spirits of the deep awake,
And surges foam, and billows
break,
And rocks and ocean-caves around
Reverberate each awful sound ;
That mighty voice, with all its dread
control,
To loftiest thought shall wake thy
thrilling soul.

But when no more the sea-winds
rave,
When peace is brooding on the
wave,
And from earth, air, and ocean rise
No sounds but plaintive melodies ;
Sooth'd by their softly mingling
swell,
As daylight bids the world farewell,
The rustling wood, the dying
breeze,
The faint, low rippling of the seas,

A tender calm shall steal upon thy
breast,
A gleam reflected from the realms
of rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath
stung,
Friends have deceived, neglect
hath wrung ?
Hast thou some grief that none
may know,
Some lonely, secret, silent woe ?
Or have thy fond affections fled
From earth, to slumber with the
dead ?—
Oh ! pause awhile—the world
disown,
And dwell with nature's self alone !
And though no more she bids arise
Thy soul's departed energies,
And though thy joy of life is o'er,
Beyond her magic to restore ;
Yet shall her spells o'er every passion
steal,
And soothe the wounded heart they
cannot heal.

DIRGE OF A CHILD

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being ! seen and gone !
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed One !
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blush'd into dawn and pass'd away.
Yes ! thou art fled, ere guilt had
power
To stain thy cherub-soul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
That never felt a storm !
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's
breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly call'd thee
hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one
blight

O'er thy sweet innocence :
And thou, that brighter home to
bless,

Art pass'd, with all thy loveliness !

Oh ! hadst thou still on earth
remain'd, ¹⁹

Vision of beauty ! fair, as brief !
How soon thy brightness had been
stain'd

With passion or with grief !
Now not a sullying breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb ;
No sculptured image there shall
mourn ;

Ah ! fitter far the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn.

Fragrance, and flowers, and dews,
must be ²⁹

The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorn'd with Nature's brightest
wreath ;

Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe ;

And oft, upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring
there.

And oh ! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit ! visit our repose ;
And bear, from thine own world of
rest, ³⁹

Some balm for human woes !
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine to messenger of heaven ?

INVOCATION

Hush'd is the world in night and
sleep,

Earth, Sea, and Air, are still as
death ;

Too rude to break a calm so deep,
Were music's faintest breath.

Descend, bright Visions ! from aerial
bowers,
Descend to gild your own soft, silent
hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,
The weary day have mortals past ;
Now, dreams of bliss ! be yours to
reign,

And all your spells around them
cast ; ¹⁰

Steal from their hearts the pang,
their eyes the tear,

And lift the veil that hides a brighter
sphere.

O ! bear your softest balm to those
Who fondly, vainly, mourn the
dead,

To them that world of peace
disclose,

Where the bright soul is fled :
Where Love, immortal in his native
clime,

Shall fear no pang from fate, no
blight from time.

Or to his loved, his distant land,
On your light wings the exile
bear ; ²⁰

To feel once more his heart
expand,

In his own genial mountain-air ;
Hear the wild echoes' well-known
strains repeat,

And bless each note, as Heaven's own
music sweet.

But oh ! with Fancy's brightest
ray,

Blest dreams ! the bard's repose
illumine ;

Bid forms of heaven around him
play,

And bowers of Eden bloom !
And waft his spirit to its native skies
Who finds no charm in life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,
Through folded leaves no murmurs
creep, ³²

Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling light
 Falls on the placid brow of sleep.
 Descend, bright visions ! from your airy bower :
 Dark, silent, solemn, is your favourite hour.

TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL SIR EDWARD
PAKENHAM

BRAVE spirit ! mourn'd with fond regret,
 Lost in life's pride, in valour's noon,
 Oh ! who could deem *thy* star should set
 So darkly and so soon !

Fatal, though bright, the fire of mind
 Which mark'd and closed thy brief career,
 And the fair wreath, by Hope entwined,
 Lies wither'd on thy bier.

The soldier's death hath been thy doom,
 The soldier's tear thy meed shall be ;
 Yet, son of war ! a prouder tomb
 Might Fate have rear'd for thee.

Thou shouldst have died, O high-soul'd chief !
 In those bright days of glory fled,
 When triumph so prevail'd o'er grief,
 We scarce could mourn the dead.

Noontide of fame ! each tear-drop then
 Was worthy of a warrior's grave :
 When shall affection weep again
 So proudly o'er the brave ? 20

There, on the battle-fields of Spain,
 'Midst Roncesvalles' mountain-scene,
 Or on Vittoria's blood-red plain,
 Meet had thy deathbed been.

We mourn not that a hero's life
 Thus in its ardent prime should close ;
 Hadst thou but fallen in nobler strife,
 But died 'midst conquer'd foes !

Yet hast thou still (though victory's flame
 In that last moment cheer'd thee not) 30
 Left Glory's isle another name,
 That ne'er may be forgot :

And many a tale of triumph won
 Shall breathe that name in Memory's ear,
 And long may England mourn a son
Without reproach or fear.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR HENRY ELLIS

WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF
WATERLOO

Happy are they who die in youth
 when their renown is around them.—
 OSSIAN.

WEEP'ST thou for him, whose doom
 was seal'd
 On England's proudest battle-field ?
 For him, the lion-heart, who died
 In victory's full resistless tide ?
 Oh, mourn him not !
 By deeds like his that field was won,
 And Fate could yield to Valour's son
 No brighter lot. 8

He heard his band's exulting cry,
 He saw the vanquish'd eagles fly ;
 And envied be his death of fame,
 It shed a sunbeam o'er his name
 That naught shall dim :
 No cloud obscured his glory's day,
 It saw no twilight of decay—
 Weep not for him !

And breathe no dirge's plaintive moan,
 A hero claims far loftier tone !

Oh! proudly should the war-song swell,	Yet, gallant heart! to swell thy praise,
Recording how the mighty fell 20 In that dread hour,	Vain were the minstrel's noblest lays; Since he, the soldier's guiding-star,
When England, 'midst the battle- storm—	The Victor-chief, the lord of war, Has own'd thy fame : 29
The avenging angel—rear'd her form In tenfold power.	And oh ! like <i>his</i> approving word, What trophied marble could record A warrior's name ?

GUERRILLA SONG

FOUNDED ON THE STORY RELATED OF THE SPANISH PATRIOT MINA

OH ! forget not the hour, when through forest and vale
We return'd with our chief to his dear native halls ;
Through the woody Sierra there sigh'd not a gale,
And the moonbeam was bright on his battlement-walls ;
And nature lay sleeping in calmness and light,
Round the home of the valiant, that rose on our sight.

We enter'd that home—all was loneliness round,
The stillness, the darkness, the peace of the grave ;
Not a voice, not a step, bade its echoes resound,
Ah ! such was the welcome that waited the brave ! 10
For the spoilers had pass'd, like the poison-wind's breath,
And the loved of his bosom lay silent in death.

Oh! forget not that hour—let its image be near,
In the light of our mirth, in the dreams of our rest,
Let its tale awake feelings too deep for a tear,
And rouse into vengeance each arm and each breast,
Till cloudless the dayspring of liberty shine
O'er the plains of the olive, and hills of the vine.

THE AGED INDIAN

<p>WARRIORS ! my noon of life is past, The brightness of my spirit flown ; I crouch before the wintry blast, Amidst my tribe I dwell alone ; The heroes of my youth are fled, They rest among the warlike dead.</p>	<p>The records of your wars are gone, Your names forgot by all but one.</p>
<p>Ye slumberers of the narrow cave ! My kindred-chiefs in days of yore, Ye fill an unremember'd grave, Your fame, your deeds, are known no more.</p>	<p>Soon shall that one depart from earth, To join the brethren of his prime ; Then will the memory of your birth Sleep with the hidden things of time.</p>
	<p>With him, ye sons of former days ! Fades the last glimmering of your praise.</p>

<p>His eyes, that hail'd your spirits' flame, Still kindling in the combat's shock, Have seen, since darkness veil'd your fame, 21 Sons of the desert and the rock ! Another, and another race, Rise to the battle and the chase.</p> <p>Descendants of the mighty dead ! Fearless of heart, and firm of hand ! O ! let me join their spirits fled, O ! send me to their shadowy land. Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart, He shrinks not from the friendly dart. 30</p> <p>These feet no more can chase the deer, The glory of this arm is flown ;— Why should the feeble linger here, When all the pride of life is gone ? Warriors ! why still the stroke deny, Think ye Ontara fears to die ?</p>	<p>He fear'd not in his flower of days, When strong to stem the torrent's force, When through the desert's pathless maze 39 His way was as an eagle's course ! When war was sunshine to his sight, And the wild hurricane, delight !</p> <p>Shall then the warrior tremble now ? Now, when his envied strength is o'er ? Hung on the pine his idle bow, His pirogue useless on the shore ? When age hath dimm'd his failing eye, Shall he, the joyless, fear to die ?</p> <p>Sons of the brave ! delay no more, The spirits of my kindred call ; 50 'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er ! Oh ! bid the aged cedar fall ! To join the brethren of his prime, The mighty of departed time.</p>
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EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS

SOFT skies of Italy ! how richly drest,
Smile these wild scenes in your purple glow !
What glorious hues, reflected from the west,
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow !

Yon torrent, foaming down the granite steep,
Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam ;
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep,
Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain-stream.

Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
That still at eve its lofty temple knows ;
From rock and torrent fade the tints away,
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose :
While through the pine-wood gleams the vesper star,
And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar.

DIRGE OF THE HIGHLAND CHIEF IN 'WAVERLEY'

Son of the mighty and the free !
 High-minded leader of the brave !
 Was it for lofty chief like thee

To fill a nameless grave ?
 Oh ! if amidst the valiant slain
 The warrior's bier had been thy lot,
 E'en though on red Culloden's plain,
 We then had mourn'd thee
 not.

But darkly closed thy dawn of fame,
 That dawn whose sunbeam rose so
 fair ; 10
 Vengeance alone may breathe thy
 name,

The watchword of Despair !
 Yet oh ! if gallant spirit's power
 Hath e'er ennobled death like thine,
 Then glory mark'd *thy* parting hour,
 Last of a mighty line !

O'er thy own towers the sunshine
 falls,

But cannot chase their silent gloom ;
 Those beams that gild thy native
 walls

Are sleeping on thy tomb !
 Spring on thy mountains laughs the
 while, 21

Thy green woods wave in vernal air,
 But the loved scenes may vainly
 smile :

Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle-sound
 Is mingling with the torrent's roar,
 Unmark'd, the wild deer sport
 around :

Thou lead'st the chase no
 more !
 Thy gates are closed, thy halls are
 still,

Those halls where peal'd the choral
 strain ; 30

They hear the wind's deep murmur-
 ing thrill,
 And all is hush'd again.

No banner from the lonely tower
 Shall wave its blazon'd folds on high ;
 There the tall grass, and summer
 flower,

Unmark'd shall spring and
 die.

No more thy bard, for other ear,
 Shall wake the harp once loved by
 thine—

Hush'd be the strain *thou* canst not
 hear,

Last of a mighty line ! 40

THE CRUSADERS' WAR-SONG

CHIEFTAINS, lead on ! our hearts
 beat high.

Lead on to Salem's towers !
 Who would not deem it bliss to die,
 Slain in a cause like ours ?

The brave who sleep in soil of thine,
 Die not entomb'd but shrined,
 O Palestine !

Souls of the slain in holy war !

Look from your sainted rest.
 Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,
 To mingle with the blest ; 10
 Tell us how short the death-pang's
 power,

How bright the joys of your im-
 mortal bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel
 train !

Pour forth your loftiest lays ;
 Each heart shall echo to the strain
 Breath'd in the warrior's praise.
 Bid every string triumphant swell
 The inspiring sounds that heroes love
 so well.

Salem ! amidst the fiercest hour,
 The wildest rage of fight, 20

Thy name shall lend our falchions
 power,
 And nerve our hearts with
 might.

Envied be those for thee that fall, Who find their graves beneath thy sacred wall.	Should shroud their forms, O blessed Palestine ! 30
For them no need that sculptured tomb Should chronicle their fame, Or pyramid record their doom, Or deathless verse their name ; It is enough that dust of thine	Chieftains, lead on ! our hearts beat high For combat's glorious hour ; Soon shall the red-cross banner fly On Salem's loftiest tower ! We burn to mingle in the strife, Where <i>but</i> to die ensures eternal life.

THE DEATH OF CLANRONALD

[It was in the Battle of Sheriffmoor that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengary, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, 'To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!' The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them.—See the *Quarterly Review* article of 'Culloden Papers'.]

On ! ne'er be Clanronald the valiant forgot !
Still fearless and first in the combat, he fell ;
But we paused not one tear-drop to shed o'er the spot,
We spared not one moment to murmur ' Farewell ' .
We heard but the battle-word given by the chief,
' To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief ! '

And wildly, Clanronald ! we echo'd the vow,
With the tear on our cheek, and the sword in our hand
Young son of the brave ! we may weep for thee now,
For well has thy death been avenged by thy band, 10
When they join'd, in wild chorus, the cry of the chief,
' To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief ! '

Thy dirge in that hour was the bugle's wild call,
The clash of the claymore, the shout of the brave ;
But now thy own bard may lament for thy fall,
And the soft voice of melody sigh o'er thy grave—
While Albyn remembers the words of the chief,
' To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief ! '

Thou art fallen, O fearless one ! flower of thy race :
Descendant of heroes ! thy glory is set : 20
But thy kindred, the sons of the battle and chase,
Have proved that thy spirit is bright in them yet !
Nor vainly have echo'd the words of the chief,
' To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief ! '

TO THE EYE

THRONE of expression ! whence the spirit's ray
 Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,
 Where fancy's fire, affection's melting beam,
 Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn supreme,
 And many a feeling, words can ne'er impart,
 Finds its own language to pervade the heart ;
 Thy power, bright orb, what bosom hath not felt,
 To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt !
 And by some spell of undefined control,
 With magnet-influence touch the secret soul !

10

Light of the features ! in the morn of youth
 Thy glance is nature, and thy language, truth ;
 And ere the world, with all-corrupting sway,
 Hath taught e'en *thee* to flatter and betray,
 The ingenuous heart forbids thee to reveal,
 Or speak one thought that interest would conceal ;
 While yet thou seem'st the cloudless mirror, given
 But to reflect the purity of heaven ;
 O ! then how lovely, there unveil'd, to trace
 The unsullied brightness of each mental grace !

20

When Genius lends thee all his living light,
 Where the full beams of intellect unite ;
 When love illumines thee with his varying ray,
 Where trembling Hope and tearful Rapture play ;
 Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam subdues,
 Tempering its lustre with a veil of dews ;
 Still does thy power, whose all-commanding spell
 Can pierce the mazes of the soul so well,
 Bid some new feeling to existence start,
 From its deep slumbers in the inmost heart.

30

And O ! when thought, in ecstasy sublime,
 That soars triumphant o'er the bounds of time,
 Fires thy keen glance with inspiration's blaze,
 The light of heaven, the hope of nobler days,
 (As glorious dreams, for utterance far too high,
 Flash through the mist of dim mortality ;)
 Who does not own, that through thy lightning-beams
 A flame unquenchable, unearthly, streams ?
 That pure, though captive effluence of the sky,
 The vestal-ray, the spark that cannot die !

40

THE HERO'S DEATH

<p>LIFE's parting beams were in his eye, Life's closing accents on his tongue, When round him, pealing to the sky, The shout of victory rung !</p> <p>Then, ere his gallant spirit fled, A smile so bright illumed his face— Oh ! never, of the light it shed, Shall memory lose a trace !</p>	<p>His was a death, whose rapture high Transcended all that life could yield ; His warmest prayer was so to die, On the red battle-field !</p> <p>And they may feel, who loved him most, 13 A pride so holy and so pure : Fate hath no power o'er those who boast A treasure thus secure !</p>
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STANZAS ON THE LATE NATIONAL CALAMITY, THE DEATH OF
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

['Hélas ! nous composions son histoire de tout ce qu'on peut imaginer de plus glorieux—Le passé et le présent nous garantissoient l'avenir—Telle étoit l'agréable histoire que nous faisons ; et pour achever ces nobles projets, il n'y avoit que la durée de sa vie ; dont nous ne croyions pas devoir être en peine, car, qui eût pu seulement penser que les années eussent dû manquer à une jeunesse oui sembloit si vive ? '—BOSSUET.]

I

MARK'D ye the mingling of the city's throng,
Each mien, each glance, with expectation bright ?
Prepare the pageant, and the choral song,
The pealing chimes, the blaze of festal light !
And hark ! what rumour's gathering sound is nigh ?
Is it the voice of joy, that murmur deep ?
Away ! be hush'd ! ye sounds of revelry.
Back to your homes, ye multitudes, to weep !
Weep ! for the storm hath o'er us darkly past.
And England's royal flower is broken by the blast ! 10

II

Was it a dream ? so sudden and so dread
That awful fiat o'er our senses came !
So loved, so blest, is that young spirit fled,
Whose early grandeur promised years of fame ?
Oh ! when hath life possess'd, or death destroy'd
More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that smiled ?
When hath the spoiler left so dark a void ?
For all is lost—the mother and her child !
Our morning-star hath vanish'd, and the tomb
Throws its deep lengthen'd shade o'er distant years to come. 20

III

Angel of Death ! did not presaging sign
Announce thy coming, and thy way prepare ?
No warning voice, no harbinger was thine,
Danger and fear seem'd past—but thou wert there !
Prophetic sounds along the earthquake's path
Foretell the hour of nature's awful throes ;
And the volcano, ere it burst in wrath,
Sends forth some herald from its dread repose :
But *thou*, dark Spirit ! swift and unforeseen,
Cam'st like the lightning's flash, when heaven is all serene. 30

IV

And she is gone—the royal and the young,
In soul commanding, and in heart benign ;
Who, from a race of kings and heroes sprung,
Glow'd with a spirit lofty as her line.
Now may the voice she loved on earth so well
Breathe forth her name, unheeded and in vain ;
Nor can those eyes on which her own would dwell,
Wake from that breast one sympathy again :
The ardent heart, the towering mind are fled,
Yet shall undying love still linger with the dead. 40

V

Oh ! many a bright existence we have seen
Quench'd, in the glow and fulness of its prime ;
And many a cherish'd flower, ere now, hath been
Cropt, ere its leaves were breathed upon by time.
We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,
Whose fields of triumph gave them but a bier ;
And we have wept when soaring genius died,
Check'd in the glory of his mid career !
But here our hopes were centred—all is o'er.
All thought in this absorb'd—she was—and is no more ! 50

VI

We watch'd her childhood from its earliest hour,
From every word and look blest omens caught ;
While that young mind developed all its power,
And rose to energies of loftiest thought.
On her was fix'd the patriot's ardent eye,
One hope still bloom'd—one vista still was fair ;
And when the tempest swept the troubled sky
She was our dayspring—all was cloudless *there* ;
And oh ! how lovely broke on England's gaze,
E'en through the mist and storm, the light of distant days. 60

VII

Now hath one moment darken'd future years,
And changed the track of ages yet to be !—
Yet, mortal ! 'midst the bitterness of tears,
Kneel, and adore the inscrutable decree !

Oh ! while the clear perspective smiled in light,
 Wisdom should *then* have temper'd hope's excess,
 And, lost One ! when we saw thy lot so bright,
 We might have trembled at its loveliness :
 Joy is no earthly flower—nor framed to bear,
 In its exotic bloom, life's cold, ungenial air.

70

VIII

All smiled around thee—Youth, and Love, and Praise,
 Hearts all devotion and all truth were thine !
 On thee was riveted a nation's gaze,
 As on some radiant and unsullied shrine.
 Heiress of empires ! thou art pass'd away,
 Like some fair vision, that arose to throw,
 O'er one brief hour of life, a fleeting ray,
 Then leave the rest to solitude and woe !
 Oh ! who shall dare to woo such dreams again !
 Who hath not wept to know, that tears for thee were vain ?

80

IX

Yet there is one who loved thee—and whose soul
 With mild affections nature form'd to melt ;
 His mind hath bow'd beneath the stern control
 Of many a grief—but *this* shall be unfelt !
 Years have gone by—and given his honour'd head
 A diadem of snow—his eye is dim—
 Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath spread,
 The past, the future, are a dream to him !
 Yet, in the darkness of his fate, alone
 He dwells on earth, while thou, in life's full pride art gone !

90

X

The Chastener's hand is on us—we may weep,
 But not repine—for many a storm hath past,
 And, pillow'd on her own majestic deep,
 Hath England slept, unshaken by the blast !
 And War hath raged o'er many a distant plain,
 Trampling the vine and olive in his path ;
 While she, that regal daughter of the main,
 Smiled, in serene defiance of his wrath !
 As some proud summit, mingling with the sky,
 Hears calmly far below the thunders roll and die.

100

XI

Her voice hath been the awakener—and her name
 The gathering word of nations—in her might,
 And all the awful beauty of her fame,
 Apart she dwelt, in solitary light.
 High on her cliffs, alone and firm she stood,
 Fixing the torch upon her beacon-tower ;
 That torch, whose flame, far streaming o'er the flood,
 Hath guided Europe through her darkest hour
 Away, vain dreams of glory !—in the dust
 Be humbled, ocean-queen ! and own thy sentence just !

110

XII

Hark ! 'twas the death bell's note ! which, full and deep,
Unmix'd with aught of less majestic tone,
While all the murmurs of existence sleep,
Swell'd on the stillness of the air alone !
Silent the throngs that fill the darken'd street,
Silent the slumbering Thames, the lonely mart ;
And all is still, where countless thousands meet,
Save the full throbbing of the awe-struck heart !
All deeply, strangely, fearfully serene,
As in each ravaged home the avenging one had been.

120

XIII

The sun goes down in beauty—his farewell,
Unlike the world he leaves, is calmly bright ;
And his last mellow'd rays around us dwell,
Lingering, as if on scenes of young delight.
They smile and fade—but, when the day is o'er,
What slow procession moves, with measur'd tread ?—
Lo ! those who weep, with her who weeps no more,
A solemn train—the mourners and the dead !
While, throned on high, the moon's untroubled ray
Looks down, as earthly hopes are passing thus away.

130

XIV

But other light is in that holy pile,
Where, in the house of silence, kings repose ;
There, through the dim arcade, and pillar'd aisle,
The funeral torch its deep-red radiance throws.
There pall, and canopy, and sacred strain,
And all around the stamp of woe may bear ;
But Grief, to whose full heart those forms are vain,
Grief unexpress'd, unsoothed by them—is there.
No darker hour hath Fate for him who mourns,
Than when the all he loved, as dust, to dust returns.

140

XV

We mourn—but not *thy* fate, departed One !
We pity—but the living, not the dead ;
A cloud hangs o'er us—' the bright day is done '¹
And with a father's hopes, a nation's fled.
And he, the chosen of thy youthful breast,
Whose soul with thine had mingled every thought ;
He, with thine early fond affections blest,
Lord of a mind with all things lovely fraught ;
What but a desert to his eye, that earth,
Which but retains of thee the memory of thy worth ?

150

¹ ' The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.'—SHAKESPEARE.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

XVI

Oh ! there are griefs for nature too intense,
Whose first rude shock but stupefies the soul ;
Nor hath the fragile and o'erlabour'd sense
Strength e'en to *feel*, at once, their dread control.
But when 'tis past, that still and speechless hour
Of the seal'd bosom, and the tearless eye,
Then the roused mind awakes, with tenfold power
To grasp the fulness of its agony !
Its death-like torpor vanish'd—and its doom ;
To cast its own dark hues o'er life and nature's bloom. 160

XVII

And such *his* lot, whom thou hast loved and left.
Spirit ! thus early to thy home recall'd !
So sinks the heart, of hope and thee bereft,
A warrior's heart, which danger ne'er appall'd.
Years may pass on—and, as they roll along,
Mellow those pangs which now his bosom rend ;
And he once more, with life's unheeding throng,
May, though alone in soul, in seeming blend ;
Yet still, the guardian-angel of his mind
Shall thy loved image dwell, in Memory's temple shrined. 170

XVIII

Yet must the days be long ere time shall steal
Aught from his grief whose spirit dwells with thee ;
Once deeply bruised, the heart at length may heal,
But all it was—oh ! never more shall be.
The flower, the leaf, o'erwhelm'd by winter snow,
Shall spring again, when beams and showers return ;
The faded cheek again with health may glow,
And the dim eye with life's warm radiance burn ;
But the pure freshness of the mind's young bloom,
Once lost, revives alone in worlds beyond the tomb. 180

XIX

But thou—thine hour of agony is o'er,
And thy brief race in brilliance hath been run,
While Faith, that bids fond nature grieve no more,
Tells that thy crown—though not on earth—is won.
Thou, of the world so early left, hast known
Nought but the bloom and sunshine—and for thee,
Child of propitious stars ! for thee alone
The course of love ran smooth,¹ and brightly free—
Not long such bliss to mortal could be given,
It is enough for earth to catch one glimpse of heaven. 190

¹ 'The course of true love never did run smooth.'—SHAKESPEARE.

XX

What though, ere yet the noonday of thy fame
 Rose in its glory on thine England's eye,
 The grave's deep shadows o'er thy prospect came ?
 Ours is that loss—and thou wert blest to die !
 Thou might'st have lived to dark and evil years,
 To mourn thy people changed, thy skies o'ercast ;
 But thy spring morn was all undimm'd by tears,
 And thou wert loved and cherish'd to the last !
 And thy young name, ne'er breathed in ruder tone,
 Thus dying, thou hast left to love and grief alone.

200

XXI

Daughter of Kings ! from that high sphere look down,
 Where still in hope, affection's thoughts may rise ;
 Where dimly shines to thee that mortal crown,
 Which earth display'd to claim thee from the skies.
 Look down ! and if thy spirit yet retain
 Memory of aught that once was fondly dear,
 Soothe, though unseen, the hearts that mourn in vain,
 And, in their hours of loneliness—be near !
 Blest was thy lot e'en here—and one faint sigh,
 Oh ! tell those hearts, hath made that bliss eternity !

210

Nov. 23, 1817.

SONG

FOUNDED ON AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE

<p>AWAY ! though still thy sword is red With life-blood from my sire, No drop of thine may now be shed To quench my bosom's fire ; Though on my heart 'twould fall more blest, Than dews upon the desert's breast. I've sought thee 'midst the sons of men, Through the wide city's fanes ; I've sought thee by the lion's den, O'er pathless, boundless plains ; No step that mark'd the burning waste, But mine its lonely course hath traced. Thy name hath been a baleful spell, O'er my dark spirit cast ; No thought may dream, no words may tell, What there unseen hath pass'd :</p>	<p>This wither'd cheek, this faded eye, Are seals of thee—behold ! and fly ! Hath not my cup for thee been pour'd, Beneath the palm-tree's shade ? Hath not soft sleep thy frame restored, Within my dwelling laid ? What though unknown—yet who shall rest Secure—if not the Arab's guest ? Haste thee ! and leave my threshold- floor, Inviolatè and pure ! Let not thy presence tempt me more, —Man may not thus endure ! Away ! I bear a fetter'd arm, A heart that burns—but must not harm !</p>
--	--

30

<p>Begone ! outstript the swift gazelle ! The wind in speed subdued ! Fear cannot fly so swift, so well, As vengeance shall pursue ; And hate, like love, in parting pain, Smiles o'er <i>one</i> hope—we meet again ! To-morrow—and the avenger's hand, The warrior's dart is free ! E'en now, no spot in all thy land, Save <i>this</i>, had shelter'd thee, 40</p>	<p>Let blood the monarch's hall profane,— The Arab's tent must bear no stain ! Fly ! may the desert's fiery blast Avoid thy secret way ! And sternly, till thy steps be past, Its whirlwinds sleep to-day ! I would not that thy doom should be Assign'd by Heaven to aught but me.</p>
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THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH

[The beautiful constellation of the Cross is seen only in the southern hemisphere. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spanish traveller in South America.]

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
 Where savannahs, in boundless magnificence, spread,
 And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
 The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fir-tree waves o'er me, the fire-flies' red light
 With its quick-glancing splendour illumines the night ;
 And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth,
 How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn
 In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn, 10
 Bright Cross of the South ! and beholding thee shine,
 Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main
 My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,
 And planted their faith in the regions that see
 Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
 Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,
 Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the deep
 Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep ! 20

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world,¹
 When first his bright banner of faith was unfurl'd ;
 Even such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
 Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou.

¹ Constantine.

And to me, as I traversed the world of the west,
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest ;
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,
Thy hues have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on—my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not ;
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee !

30

But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes, and of visions divine ;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.

THE SLEEPER OF MARATHON

I LAY upon the solemn plain,
And by the funeral mound,
Where those who died not there in
vain,
Their place of sleep had found.

'Twas silent where the free blood
gush'd,
When Persia came array'd—
So many a voice had there been
hush'd,
So many a footstep stay'd.

I slumber'd on the lonely spot
So sanctified by death :
I slumber'd—but my rest was not¹⁰
As theirs who lay beneath.

For on my dreams, that shadowy
hour,
They rose—the chainless dead—
All arm'd they sprang, in joy, in
power,
Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears, on that red field,
Flash as in time gone by—
Chased to the seas without his shield,
I saw the Persian fly.²⁰

I woke—the sudden trumpet's blast
Call'd to another fight—
From visions of our glorious past
Who doth not wake in might ?

TO MISS F. A. L. ON HER
BIRTHDAY

WHAT wish can Friendship form for
thee
What brighter star invoke to
shine ?—

Thy path from every thorn is free,
And every rose is thine !

Life hath no purer joy in store,
Time hath no sorrow to efface ;
Hope cannot paint one blessing more
Than memory can retrace !

Some hearts a boding fear might
own,
Had Fate to *them* thy portion
given,¹⁰
Since many an eye by tears alone,
Is taught to gaze on Heaven !

And there are virtues oft conceal'd,
Till roused by anguish from repose,
As odorous trees no balm will yield,
Till from their wounds it flows.

But fear not *thou* the lesson fraught
With Sorrow's chast'ning power to
know ;
Thou need'st not thus be sternly
taught,
'To melt at others' woe.'²⁰

Then still, with heart as blest, as
warm,

Rejoice thou in thy lot on earth :
Ah ! why should Virtue dread the
storm,
If sunbeams prove her worth ?

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF THE ALBUM OF THE SAME

WHAT first should consecrate as
thine,

The volume, destined to be fraught
With many a sweet and playful
line,

With many a pure and pious
thought ?

It should be, what a loftier strain
Perchance less meetly would im-
part ;

What never yet was pour'd in vain,—
The blessing of a grateful heart—
For kindness, which hath soothed the
hour 9

Of anxious grief, of weary pain,
And oft, with its beguiling power,
Taught languid Hope to smile
again ;

Long shall that fervent blessing rest
On thee and thine, and heaven-
wards borne,

Call down such peace to soothe *thy*
breast,

As *thou* wouldst bear to all that
mourn.

TO THE SAME—ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER

SAY not 'tis fruitless, nature's holy tear,
Shed by affection o'er a parent's bier !
More blest than dew on Hermon's brow that falls,
Each drop to life some latent virtue calls ;
Awakes some purer hope, ordain'd to rise,
By earthly sorrow strengthen'd for the skies,
Till the sad heart, whose pangs exalt its love,
With its lost treasure, seeks a home—above.

But grief will claim her hour,—and He, whose eye
Looks pitying down on nature's agony,
He, in whose love the righteous calmly sleep,
Who bids us hope, forbids us not to weep !
He, too, hath wept—and sacred be the woes
Once borne by him, their inmost source who knows,
Searches each wound, and bids His Spirit bring
Celestial healing on its dove-like wing !

10

And who but He shall soothe, when one dread stroke,
Ties, that were fibres of the soul, hath broke ?
Oh ! well may those, yet lingering here, deplore
The vanish'd light, that cheers their path no more !
The Almighty hand, which many a blessing dealt,
Sends its keen arrows not to be unfelt !
By fire and storm Heaven tries the Christian's worth,
And joy departs, to wean us from the earth,
Where still too long, with beings born to die,
Time hath dominion o'er Eternity.

20

Yet not the less, o'er all the heart hath lost,
 Shall Faith rejoice, when Nature grieves the most ;
 Then comes her triumph ! through the shadowy gloom
 Her star in glory rises from the tomb, 30
 Mounts to the day-spring, leaves the cloud below,
 And gilds the tears that cease not yet to flow !
 Yes, all is o'er ! fear, doubt, suspense are fled,
 Let brighter thoughts be with the virtuous dead !
 The final ordeal of the soul is past,
 And the pale brow is seal'd to Heaven at last ! ¹

And thou, loved spirit ! for the skies mature,
 Steadfast in faith, in meek devotion pure ;
 Thou that didst make the home thy presence blest,
 Bright with the sunshine of thy gentle breast, 40
 Where peace a holy dwelling-place had found,
 Whence beam'd her smile benignantly around ;
 Thou, that to bosoms widow'd and bereft
 Dear, precious records of thy worth hast left,
 The treasured gem of sorrowing hearts to be,
 Till Heaven recall surviving love to thee !—

O cherish'd and revered ! fond memory well
 On thee, with sacred, sad delight, may dwell !
 So pure, so blest thy life, that death alone
 Could make more perfect happiness thine own ; 50
 He came—thy cup of joy, serenely bright,
 Full to the last, still flow'd in cloudless light ;
 He came—an angel, bearing from on high
 The all it wanted—Immortality !

A DIRGE

WEEP for the early lost !—
 How many flowers were mingled in the crown
 Thus, with the lovely, to the grave gone down,
 E'en when life promised most,
 How many hopes have wither'd—they that bow
 To Heaven's dread will, feel all its mysteries now.

Did the young mother's eye
 Behold her child, and close upon the day,
 Ere from its glance the awakening spirit's ray
 In sunshine could reply ? 10
 —Then look for clouds to dim the fairest morn !
 Oh ! strong is faith, if woe like this be borne.

¹ ' Till we have sealed the servants of God in their foreheads.'—*Rev.* vii. 3.

For there is hush'd on earth
 A voice of gladness—there is veil'd a face,
 Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place,
 By the once-joyous hearth.
 A smile hath pass'd, which fill'd its home with light
 A soul, whose beauty made that smile so bright !

But there *is* power with faith !
 Power, e'en though nature, o'er the untimely grave 20
 Must weep, when God resumes the gem He gave ;
 For sorrow comes of Death,
 And with a yearning heart we linger on,
 When they, whose glance unlock'd its founts, are gone !

But glory from the dust,
 And praise to Him, the merciful, for those
 On whose bright memory love may still repose,
 With an immortal trust !
 Praise for the dead, who leave us, when they part,
 Such hope as she hath left—' the pure in heart.' 30

1823.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE THE THIRD

' Among many nations was there no king like him.'—*Neh.* xiii. 26.

' Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel ? —
 2 *Sam.* iii. 38.

ANOTHER warning sound ! The funeral bell,
 Startling the cities of the isle once more
 With measured tones of melancholy swell,
 Strikes on the awakened heart from shore to shore.
 He at whose coming monarchs sink to dust,
 The chambers of our palaces hath trod,
 And the long-suffering spirit of the just,
 Pure from its ruins, hath returned to God !
 Yet may not England o'er her Father weep :
 Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too many, and too deep. 10
 Vain voice of Reason, hush !—they yet must flow,
 The unrestrained, involuntary tears ;
 A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,
 Roused by the glorious shades of vanished years.
 Tell us no more 'tis not the time for grief,
 Now that the exile of the soul is past,
 And Death, blest messenger of Heaven's relief,
 Hath borne the wanderer to his rest at last ;
 For him, eternity hath tenfold day,
 We feel, we know, 'tis thus—yet nature will have way. 20
 What though amidst us, like a blasted oak,
 Saddening the scene where once it nobly reign'd,
 A dread memorial of the lightning stroke,
 Stamp'd with its fiery record, he remain'd ;

Around that shatter'd tree still fondly clung
 The undying tendrils of our love, which drew
 Fresh nurture from its deep decay, and sprung
 Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin true ;
 While England hung her trophies on the stem.
 That desolately stood, unconscious e'en of *THEM*. 30

Of *them* unconscious ! Oh, mysterious doom !
 Who shall unfold the counsels of the skies ?
 His was the voice which roused, as from the tomb,
 The realm's high soul to loftiest energies !
 His was the spirit, o'er the isles which threw
 The mantle of its fortitude ; and wrought
 In every bosom, powerful to renew
 Each dying spark of pure and generous thought ;
 The star of tempests ! beaming on the mast,¹
 The seaman's torch of Hope, 'midst perils deepening fast. 40

Then from the unslumbering influence of his worth,
 Strength, as of inspiration, fill'd the land ;
 A young, but quenchless, flame went brightly forth,
 Kindled by him—who saw it not expand !
 Such was the will of heaven—the gifted seer,
 Who with his God had communed, face to face,
 And from the house of bondage, and of fear,
 In faith victorious, led the chosen race ;
 He through the desert and the waste their guide,
 Saw dimly from afar, the promised land—and died. 50

O full of days and virtues ! on thy head
 Centred the woes of many a bitter lot ;
 Fathers have sorrow'd o'er their beauteous dead,
 Eyes, quench'd in night, the sunbeam have forgot ;
 Minds have striven buoyantly with evil years,
 And sunk beneath their gathering weight at length ;
 But Pain for thee had fill'd a cup of tears,
 Where every anguish mingled all its strength ;
 By thy lost child we saw thee weeping stand,
 And shadows deep around fell from the Eternal's hand. 60

Then came the noon of glory, which thy dreams
 Perchance of yore had faintly prophesied ;
 But what to *thee* the splendour of its beams ?
 The ice-rock glows not 'midst the summer's pride !
 Nations leap'd up to joy—as streams that burst,
 At the warm touch of spring, their frozen chain,
 And o'er the plains, whose verdure once they nursed,
 Roll in exulting melody again ;
 And bright o'er earth the long majestic line
 Of England's triumphs swept, to rouse all hearts—but thine. 70

¹ The glittering meteor, like a star, which often appears about a ship during tempests ; if seen upon the main-mast, is considered by the sailors as an omen of good weather.—See DAMPIER'S *Voyages*.

Oh ! what a dazzling vision, by the veil
 That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut from thee,
 When sceptred chieftains throng'd with palms to hail
 The crowning isle, the anointed of the sea !
 Within thy palaces the lords of earth
 Met to rejoice—rich pageants glitter'd by,
 And stately revels imaged, in their mirth,
 The old magnificence of chivalry.
 They reach'd not thee—amidst them, yet alone,
 Stillness and gloom begirt one dim and shadowy throne. 80
 Yet there was mercy still—if joy no more
 Within that blasted circle might intrude,
 Earth had no grief whose footstep might pass o'er
 The silent limits of its solitude !
 If all unheard the bridal song awoke
 Our hearts' full echoes, as it swell'd on high ;
 Alike unheard the sudden dirge, that broke
 On the glad strain, with dread solemnity !
 If the land's rose unheeded wore its bloom,
 Alike unfelt the storm that swept it to the tomb. 90
 And she, who, tried through all the stormy past,
 Severely, deeply proved, in many an hour,
 Watch'd o'er thee, firm and faithful to the last,
 Sustain'd, inspired, by strong affection's power ;
 If to thy soul her voice no music bore—
 If thy closed eye and wandering spirit caught
 No light from looks, that fondly would explore
 Thy mien, for traces of responsive thought ;
 Oh ! thou wert spared the pang that would have thrill'd
 Thine inmost heart, when death that anxious bosom still'd. 100
 Thy loved ones fell around thee. Manhood's prime,
 Youth, with its glory, in its fullness, age,
 All, at the gates of their eternal clime
 Lay down, and closed their mortal pilgrimage ;
 The land wore ashes for its perish'd flowers,
 The grave's imperial harvest. Thou, meanwhile,
 Didst walk unconscious through thy royal towers,
 The one that wept not in the tearful isle !
 As a tired warrior, on his battle-plain,
 Breathes deep in dreams amidst the mourners and the slain. 110
 And who can tell what visions might be thine ?
 The stream of thought, though broken, still was pure !
 Still o'er that wave the stars of heaven might shine,
 Where earthly image would no more endure !
 Though many a step, of once-familiar sound,
 Came as a stranger's o'er thy closing ear,
 And voices breathed forgotten tones around,
 Which that paternal heart once thrill'd to hear ;
 The mind hath senses of its own, and powers
 To people boundless worlds, in its most wandering hours. 120

Nor might the phantoms to thy spirit known
 Be dark or wild, creations of remorse ;
 Unstain'd by thee, the blameless past had thrown
 Nor fearful shadows o'er the future's course :
 For thee no cloud, from memory's dread abyss,
 Might shape such forms as haunt the tyrant's eye ;
 And, closing up each avenue of bliss,
 Murmur their summons, to ' despair and die ! '
 No ! e'en though joy depart, though reason cease,
 Still virtue's ruin'd home is redolent of peace. 130
 They might be with thee still—the loved, the tried,
 The fair, the lost—they might be with thee still !
 More softly seen, in radiance purified
 From each dim vapour of terrestrial ill ;
 Long after earth received them, and the note
 Of the last requiem o'er their dust was pour'd,
 As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might float
 Those forms, from us withdrawn—to thee restored !
 Spirits of holiness, in light reveal'd,
 To commune with a mind whose source of tears was seal'd. 140
 Came they with tidings from the worlds above,
 Those viewless regions where the weary rest ?
 Sever'd from earth, estranged from mortal love,
 Was thy mysterious converse with the blest ?
 Or shone their visionary presence bright
 With human beauty ?—did their smiles renew
 Those days of sacred and serene delight,
 When fairest beings in thy pathway grew ?
 Oh ! Heaven hath balm for every wound it makes,
 Healing the broken heart ; it smites, but ne'er forsakes. 150
 These may be fantasies—and this alone,
 Of all we picture in our dreams, is sure ;
 That rest, made perfect, is at length thine own,
 Rest, in thy God immortally secure !
 Enough for tranquil faith ; released from all
 The woes that graved Heaven's lessons on thy brow,
 No cloud to dim, no fetter to enthrall,
 Haply thine eye is on thy people now ;
 Whose love around thee still its offerings shed,
 Though vainly sweet, as flowers, grief's tribute to the dead. 160
 But if the ascending, disembodied mind,
 Borne, on the wings of morning, to the skies,
 May cast one glance of tenderness behind
 On scenes once hallow'd by its mortal ties,
 How much hast thou to gaze on ! all that lay
 By the dark mantle of thy soul conceal'd,
 The might, the majesty, the proud array
 Of England's march o'er many a noble field,
 All spread beneath thee, in a blaze of light,
 Shine like some glorious land, view'd from an Alpine height. 170

Away, presumptuous thought !—departed saint !

To thy freed vision what can earth display

Of pomp, of royalty, that is not faint,

Seen from the birth-place of celestial day ?

Oh ! pale and weak the sun's reflected rays

E'en in their fervour of meridian heat,

To him, who in the sanctuary may gaze

On the bright cloud that fills the mercy-seat

And thou mayst view, from thy divine abode,

The dust of empires flit before a breath of God.

180

And yet we mourn thee ! Yes ! thy place is void

Within our hearts—there veil'd thine image dwelt,

But cherish'd still ; and o'er that tie destroy'd,

Though faith rejoice, fond nature still must melt.

Beneath the long-loved sceptre of thy sway

Thousands were born, who now in dust repose,

And many a head, with years and sorrows grey,

Wore youth's bright tresses, when thy star arose ;

And many a glorious mind, since that fair dawn,

Hath fill'd our sphere with light, now to its source withdrawn.

190

Earthquakes have rock'd the nations :—things revered,

The ancestral fabrics of the world, went down

In ruins, from whose stones Ambition rear'd

His lonely pyramid of dread renown.

But when the fires that long had slumber'd, pent

Deep in men's bosoms, with volcanic force,

Bursting their prison-house, each bulwark rent,

And swept each holy barrier from their course,

Firm and unmoved, amidst that lava-flood,

Still, by thine arm upheld, our ancient landmarks stood.

200

Be they eternal !—Be thy children found

Still to their country's altars true like thee !

And, while ' the name of Briton ' is a sound

Of rallying music to the brave and free,

With the high feelings, at the word which swell,

To make the breast a shrine for Freedom's flame,

Be mingled thoughts of him, who loved so well,

Who left so pure, its heritage of fame !

Let earth with trophies guard the conqueror's dust,

Heaven in our souls embalms the memory of the just.

210

All else shall pass away—the thrones of kings,

The very traces of their *tombs* depart ;

But number not with perishable things

The holy records Virtue leaves the heart,

Heirlooms from race to race !—and oh ! in days,

When, by the yet unborn, thy deeds are blest,

When our sons learn, ' as household words ' , thy praise,

Still on thine offspring may thy spirit rest !

And many a name of that imperial line,

Father and patriot ! blend, in England's songs, with thine !

220

ELYSIUM

[' In the Elysium of the ancients we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes, that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the infernal regions.'—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme*.]

FAIR wert thou in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious
 flowers
And summer winds and low-toned
 silvery streams,
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel
 bowers,
 Where, as they pass'd, bright
 hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such
 as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest
 things !

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters
 cast,
From purple skies ne'er deep'ning
 into night,
Yet soft as if each moment were
 their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains !—but *thy*
 golden day
Was not as those that warn us of
 decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Aeolian sound went
 by,
From fountain-voices in their secret
 glades,
And low reed-whispers, making
 sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh,
And young leaves trembling to the
 wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touch'd them with
 a hue of death !

And the transparent sky
Rang as a dome, all thrilling to the
 strain
Of harps that, 'midst the woods,
 made harmony
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling
 not the brain

With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still
 draw birth
From the bewildering music of the
 earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving
 asphodel ?
Call'd from the dim procession of the
 dead,
Who, 'midst the shadowy amaranth-
 bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and
 inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal
 gale ?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nations'
 feasts, went round !
They of the lyre, whose forgotten
 lays
Forth on the winds had sent their
 mighty sound,
And in all regions found
 their echoes 'midst the mountains !—
 and become
In man's deep heart as voices of his
 home !

They of the daring thought !
Daring and powerful, yet to dust
 allied—
Whose flight through stars, and seas,
 and depths, had sought
The soul's far birthplace—but with-
 out a guide !
Sages and seers, who died,

And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most *loved* are they 50
Of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice,
In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps; till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,
'Midst her green valleys, earth retain'd no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face, 60
A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home;—thou hadst no wreaths for *these*,
Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless trees!

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind! From *thy* bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head—

Thou wert for nobler dead!
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sigh'd to bid the festal sun farewell! 70

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast

Kept the mute woes and burning thoughts of years,
As embers in a burial-urn compress'd;
He might not be thy guest!
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Came o'er *his* path, and whisper'd 'Liberty!'

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear, 80
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile!—Elysium! what wert *thou*
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown
Which, in its clear eye shone
Like spring's first waking! but that light was past— 90
Where went the dewdrop swept before the blast?

Not where *thy* soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!
Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep!
Fade, with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love! 1 98

¹ The form of this poem was a good deal altered by Mrs. Hemans some years after its first publication, and, though done so perhaps to advantage, one verse

THE FUNERAL GENIUS

AN ANCIENT STATUE

['Debout, couronné de fleurs, les bras élevés et posés sur sa tête, et le dos appuyé contre un pin, ce génie semble exprimer par son attitude le repos des morts. Les bas-reliefs des tombeaux offrent souvent des figures semblables.'—VISCONTI, *Description des Antiques du Musée Royal*.]

THOU shouldst be look'd on when the starlight falls
Through the blue stillness of the summer air,
Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls—
It hath too fitful and too wild a glare !
And thou !—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems
To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow ; for so the dead
Were crown'd of old, with pale spring flowers like these
Sleep on thine eye hath sunk ; yet softly shed,
As from the wing of some faint southern breeze : 10
And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom
Which of the grove seems breathing—not the tomb.

They fear'd not death, whose calm and gracious thought
Of the last hour, hath settled thus in thee !
They who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,
And laid thy head against the forest tree,
As that of one, by music's dreamy close,
On the wood-violets lull'd to deep repose.

They fear'd not death !—yet who shall say his touch
Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair ? 20
Doth he bestow, or will he leave so much
Of tender beauty as thy features wear ?
Thou sleeper of the bower ! on whose young eyes
So still a night, a night of summer, lies !

was omitted. As originally written, the two following stanzas concluded the piece :

<p>For the most loved are they Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice, In regal halls ! the shades o'erhang their way The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice, And gentle hearts rejoice Around their steps ; till silently they die, As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.</p>	<p>And the world knows not then, Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled ! Yet these are they, who on the souls of men Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread, The long-remember'd dead ! But not with <i>thee</i> might aught save glory dwell— Fade, fade away, thou shore of asphodel !</p>
---	--

Had they seen aught like thee ?—Did some fair boy
Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest ?

—His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,
But drooping, as with heavy dew oppress'd :
And his eye veil'd so softly by its fringe,
And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge ?

30

Oh ! happy, if to them the one dread hour
Made known its lessons from a brow like thine !
If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power
Came by a look so tranquilly divine !
—Let him, who *thus* hath seen the lovely part,
Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart !

But thou, fair slumberer ! was there less of woe,
Or love, or terror, in the days of old,
That men pour'd out their gladdening spirit's flow,
Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold,
And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king,
Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting ?

40

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid
Far more than we—for loftier faith is ours !
Their gems were lost in ashes—yet they made
The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,
With fragrant wreaths, and summer boughs array'd,
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed
O'er its dim precincts ?—do we not intrust
But for a time, its chambers with our dead,
And strew immortal seed upon the dust ?
—Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,
When living light hath touch'd the brow of death ?

50

THE TOMBS OF PLATAEA

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS

AND there they sleep !—the men who stood
In arms before the exulting sun,
And bathed their spears in Persian blood,
And taught the earth how freedom might be won.

They sleep !—the Olympic wreaths are dead,
The Athenian lyres are hush'd and gone ;
The Dorian voice of song is fled—
Slumber, ye mighty ! slumber deeply on.

They sleep, and seems not all around
As hallow'd unto glory's tomb ?
Silence is on the battle ground,
The heavens are loaded with a breathless gloom.

10

And stars are watching on their height,
 But deemly seen through mist and cloud,
 And still and solemn is the light
 Which folds the plain, as with a glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen ! here thy beams
 Are not as those the shepherd loves,
 Nor look they down on shining streams,
 By Naiads haunted in their laurel groves : 20

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,
 In shadowy quiet, 'midst its vines ;
 No temple gleaming from the steep,
 'Midst the grey olives, or the mountain pines :

But o'er a dim and boundless waste,
 Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's, brood,
 Where man's departed steps are traced
 But by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And be it thus !—What slave shall tread
 O'er freedom's ancient battle-plains ? 30
 Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,
 When their bright Land sits weeping o'er her chains :

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,
 And where the Spartan sword flash'd high,
 And where the pæan strains were sung,
 From year to year swell'd on by liberty !

Here should no voice, no sound, be heard,
 Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
 Save of the leader's charging word,
 Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through heaven ! 40

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave !
 No vines festoon your lonely tree !¹
 No harvest o'er your war-field wave,
 Till rushing winds proclaim—the land is free !

THE VIEW FROM CASTRI

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants here,
 Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie ;
 There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
 Breath'd from the cavern's misty chambers nigh :
 There have been voices, through the sunny sky,
 And the pine-woods, their choral hymn-notes sending,
 And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,
 With incense-clouds around the temple blending,
 And throngs with laurel-boughs, before the altar bending.

¹ A single tree appears in Mr. Williams's impressive picture.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles 10
 Brought to the day-god's now-forsaken throne ;
 Thunders have peal'd along the rock-defiles,
 When the far-echoing battle-horn made known
 That foes were on their way !—the deep wind's moan
 Hath chill'd the invader's heart with secret fear,
 And from the Sybil-grottoes, wild and lone,
 Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,
 From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk !—but thou unchanged art there !
 Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams ! 20
 Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
 With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams,
 And all thy founts of song ! their bright course teems
 With inspiration yet ; and each dim haze,
 Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems
 As with its mantle veiling from our gaze
 The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days !

Away, vain phantasies !—doth less of power
 Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,
 Though in deep stillness now, the ruin's flower 30
 Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy breast ?
 —Lift through the free blue heavens thine arrowy crest !
 Let the great rocks their solitude regain !
 No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest
 With their full chords :—but silent be the strain !
 Thou hast a mightier voice to speak the Eternal's reign !

THE FESTAL HOUR

WHEN are the lessons given
 That shake the startled earth ? When wakes the foe
 While the friend sleeps ! When falls the traitor's blow ?
 When are proud sceptres riven,
 High hopes o'erthrown ?—It is when lands rejoice,
 When cities blaze and lift the exulting voice,
 And wave their banners to the kindling heaven !

Fear ye the festal hour !
 When mirth o'erflows, then tremble !—'Twas a night 10
 Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance, and light,
 When through the regal bower
 The trumpet peal'd, ere yet the song was done,
 And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,
 And trampling armies, ruthless in their power.

The marble shrines were crown'd :
 Young voices, through the blue Athenian sky,
 And Dorian reeds, made summer-melody,

And censers waved around ;
 And lyres were strung and bright libations pour'd !
 When, through the streets, flash'd out the avenging sword, 20
 Fearless and free, the sword with myrtles bound !¹

Through Rome a triumph pass'd.
 Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams went by
 That long array of glorious pageantry,
 With shouts and trumpet-blast.
 An empire's gems their starry splendour shed
 O'er the proud march ; a king in chains was led ;
 A stately victor, crown'd and robed, came last.²

And many a Dryad's bower
 Had lent the laurels which, in waving play, 30
 Stirr'd the warm air, and glisten'd round his way,
 As a quick-flashing shower.
 —O'er his own porch, meantime, the cypress hung,
 Through his fair halls a cry of anguish rung—
 Woe for the dead !—the father's broken tower !

A sound of lyre and song,
 In the still night, went floating o'er the Nile,
 Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile,
 Swept with that voice along ;
 And lamps were shining o'er the red wine's foam 40
 Where a chief revell'd in a monarch's dome,
 And fresh rose-garlands deck'd a glittering throng.

'Twas Antony that bade
 The joyous chords ring out !—but strains arose
 Of wilder omen at the banquet's close !
 Sounds, by no mortal made,³
 Shook Alexandria through her streets that night,
 And pass'd—and with another sunset's light,
 The kingly Roman on his bier was laid.

Bright 'midst its vineyards lay 50
 The fair Campanian city,⁴ with its towers
 And temples gleaming through dark olive-bowers,
 Clear in the golden day ;
 Joy was around it as the glowing sky,
 And crowds had fill'd its halls of revelry,
 And all the sunny air was music's way.

¹ The sword of Harmodius.

² Paulus Aemilius, one of whose sons died a few days before, and another shortly after, his triumph on the conquest of Macedon, when Perseus, king of that country, was led in chains.

³ See the description given by Plutarch, in his life of Antony, of the supernatural sounds heard in the streets of Alexandria the night before Antony's death.

⁴ Herculaneum, of which it is related that all the inhabitants were assembled in the theatres when the shower of ashes which covered the city descended.

A cloud came o'er the face
 Of Italy's rich heaven!—its crystal blue
 Was changed, and deepen'd to a wrathful hue
 Of night, o'ershadowing space,
 As with the wings of death!—in all his power
 Vesuvius woke, and hurl'd the burning shower
 And who could tell the buried city's place?

60

Such things have been of yore,
 In the gay regions where the citrons blow,
 And purple summers all their sleepy glow
 On the grape-clusters pour;
 And where the palms to spicy winds are waving,
 Along clear seas of melting sapphire, laving,
 As with a flow of light, their southern shore.

70

Turn we to other climes!—
 Far in the Druid-Isle a feast was spread,
 'Midst the rock-altars of the warrior dead:¹
 And ancient battle-rhymes
 Were chanted to the harp; and yellow mead
 Went flowing round, and tales of martial deed,
 And lofty songs of Britain's elder time;

But, ere the giant-fane
 Cast its broad shadows on the robe of even,
 Hush'd were the bards, and in the face of heaven,
 O'er that old burial-plain
 Flash'd the keen Saxon dagger!—Blood was streaming
 Where late the mead-cup to the sun was gleaming,
 And Britain's hearths were heap'd that night in vain—

80

For they return'd no more!
 They that went forth at morn, with reckless heart,
 In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear their part;
 And, on the rushy floor,
 And the bright spears and bucklers of the walls,
 The high wood-fires were blazing in their halls;
 But not for them—they slept—their feast was o'er!

90

Fear ye the festal hour!
 Aye, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows!
 Tame down the swelling heart!—the bridal rose,
 And the rich myrtle's flower
 Have veil'd the sword!—Red wines have sparkled fast
 From venom'd goblets, and soft breezes pass'd,
 With fatal perfume, through the revel's bower.

¹ Stonehenge, said by some traditions to have been erected to the memory of Ambrosius, an early British king; and by others mentioned as a monumental record of the massacre of British chiefs here alluded to.

Twine the young glowing wreath !
 But pour not all your spirit in the song,
 Which through the sky's deep azure floats along,
 Like summer's quickening breath !
 The ground is hollow in the path of mirth :
 Oh ! far too daring seems the joy of earth,
 So darkly press'd and girdled in by death !

100

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

[In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well attested that this prince repeatedly declared he "would trample the audacious rustics under his feet"; and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death.

'The 15th October, 1315, dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line with various emotions. Montfort de Tettmang led the cavalry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The fifty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winterthur,

where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullen, and dismayed.'—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.]

THE wine-month¹ shone in its golden prime,

And the red grapes clustering hung,
 But a deeper sound, through the
 Switzer's clime,

Than the vintage-music, rung.

A sound, through vaulted
 cave,

A sound, through echoing
 glen,

Like the hollow swell of a rushing
 wave;

—'Twas the tread of steel-girt
 men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
 'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
 Till the Alps replied to that voice of
 war II

With a thousand of their own.

And through the forest-
 glooms

Flash'd helmets to the day,

And the winds were tossing
 knightly plumes,

Like the larch-boughs in their
 play.

In Hasli's² wilds there was gleaming
 steel,

As the host of the Austrian pass'd;
 And the Schreckhorn's³ rocks, with
 a savage peal, 19

Made mirth of his clarion's blast.

¹ Wine-month, the German name for October.

² Hasli, a wild district in the canton of Berne.

³ Schreckhorn, the *peak of terror*, a mountain in the canton of Berne.

Up 'midst the Righi¹ snows
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence
fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering
word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazon'd streamers, and lances
tall,

Moved onwards in princely state.
They came with heavy chains,
For the race despised so long—

But amidst his Alp-domains, ³¹
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of
morn

When they enter'd the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rung the while.

But on the misty height,
Where the mountain-people
stood,

There was stillness, as of night,
When storms at distance
brood. ⁴⁰

There was stillness, as of deep dead
night,

And a pause—but not of fear,
While the Switzers gazed on the
gathering might

Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound those columns
bright

Between the lake and wood,
But they look'd not to the misty
height

Where the mountain-people
stood.

The pass was fill'd with their
serried power,

All helm'd and mail-array'd, ⁵⁰
And their steps had sounds like
a thunder-shower

In the rustling forest-shade.

There were prince and crested
knight,
Hemm'd in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty
height
Where the mountain-people
stood.

And the mighty rocks came bound-
ing down,

Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit
thrown—

—Oh! the herdsman's arm is
strong! ⁶⁰

They came like *lauwine*²
hurl'd

From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through
the snowy world
And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crash'd on the moun-
tain-side,

And the Switzers rush'd from
high,

With a sudden charge, on the flower
and pride

Of the Austrian chivalry:
Like hunters of the deer,
They storm'd the narrow dell,
And first in the shock, with Uri's
spear, ⁷¹
Was the arm of William Tell.³

There was tumult in the crowded
strait,

And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the empire's banner then
From its place of shepherding
free,

Went down before the shepherd-
men, ⁷⁹

The men of the Forest-sea.⁴

¹ Righi, mountain in the canton of Schwytz.

² *Lauwine*, the Swiss name for the avalanche.

³ William Tell's name is particularly mentioned amongst the confederates at Morgarten.

⁴ *Forest-sea*: the lake of the four cantons is also so called.

With their pikes and massy clubs
 they brake
 The cuirass and the shield,
 And the war-horse dash'd to the
 reddening lake
 From the reapers of the field !
 The field—but not of sheaves—
 Proud crests and pennons lay
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-
 wood leaves
 In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh ! the sun in heaven fierce havoc
 view'd,
 When the Austrian turn'd to fly,
 And the brave, in the trampling
 multitude, ⁹¹
 Had a fearful death to die !
 And the leader of the war

At eve unhelm'd was seen,
 With a hurrying step on the wilds
 afar.
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the
 freeman tills
 Went back from the battle-toil,
 To their cabin homes 'midst the
 deep green hills,
 All burden'd with royal spoil.
 There were songs and festal
 fires ¹⁰¹
 On the soaring Alps that
 night,
 When children sprung to greet
 their sires
 From the wild Morgarten
 fight.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP ¹

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells ?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main !—
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
 Bright things which gleam unreck'd of and in vain !—
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !—what wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies !— ¹⁰
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !
 Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more !—thy waves have roll'd
 Above the cities of a world gone by !
 Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.—
 Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play !
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more ! ²⁰
 High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast !
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.—
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !
 Give back the true and brave !

¹ Originally introduced in 'The Forest Sanctuary'.

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long !
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
 But all is not thine own.

30

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown ;
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !—
 Restore the dead, thou sea !

BRING FLOWERS

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd :
 Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale :
 Their breath floats out on the southern gale ;
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !
 He comes with the spoils of nations back,
 The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track,
 The turf looks red where he won the day—
 Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

10

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;
 Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
 And the dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers !

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !
 They were born to blush in her shining hair.
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
 Her place is now by another's side—
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

20

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early dead !
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed !
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers !

30

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
 They are nature's offering, their place is *there* !
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
 With a voice of promise they come and part,
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
 They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers !

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN

Alas ! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair
 She had not known her child.—*Marmion*.

REST, pilgrim, rest !—thou'rt from the Syrian land,
 Thou'rt from the wild and wondrous East, I know
 By the long-wither'd palm-branch in thy hand,
 And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.
 Alas ! the bright, the beautiful, who part
 So full of hope, for that far country's bourne !
 Alas ! the weary and the changed in heart,
 And dimm'd in aspect, who like thee return !

Thou'rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at last :
 Through the high chestnuts lightly plays the breeze, 10
 The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is past,
 The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.
 Thou'rt faint and worn—hear'st thou the fountain welling
 By the grey pillars of yon ruin'd shrine ?
 Seest thou the dewy grapes before thee swelling ?
 —He that hath left me train'd that loaded vine !

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,
 (Oh ! hath a day fled since his childhood's time ?)
 That I might sit and hear the sound I love,
 Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper-chime. 20
 And sit *thou* there !—for he was gentle ever,
 With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,
 And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parch'd lips' fever—
 There in his place thou'rt resting—where is he ?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,
 But once again !—how oft it wanders by,
 In the still hours, like some remember'd strain,
 Troubling the heart with its wild melody !—
 Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim ! hast thou seen 30
 In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
 A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien
 And the dark eye of this Italian shore ?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

The dark, clear, lightning eye !—on heaven and earth
It smiled—as if man were not dust it smiled !
The very air seem'd kindling with his mirth,
And I—my heart grew young before my child !
My blessed child !—I had but him—yet he
Fill'd all my home even with o'erflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—
Where is he now ?—my pride, my flower, my boy !

40

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dew-drop—then his forehead wore
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—
I knew these woods might be his world no more !
He loved me—but he left me !—thus they go
Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd, too much adored !
He heard the trumpet of the Red Cross blow,
And bounded from me with his father's sword !

Thou weep'st—I tremble—thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf ; the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain
Where hosts have met—speak ! answer !—was *he* there ?
Oh ! hath his smile departed ?—Could the grave
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee ?—
No ! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—
That look gives hope—I knew it could not be !

50

Still weep'st thou, wand'rer ?—some fond mother's glance
O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,
Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears ?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me !—what art thou ?
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on ?
Look up !—oh ! is it—that wan cheek and brow !—
Is it—alas ! yet joy !—my son, my son !

60

THE REVELLERS

RING, joyous chords !—ring out again !
A swifter still, and a wilder strain !
They are here—the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.—
But I met a dimly mournful glance
In a sudden turn of the flying dance
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh
In a pause of the thrilling melody !
And it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring-flowers of the festal wreath
Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song !

Ring, joyous chords !—but who art *thou*
 With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow
 And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
 In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes ?
 Thou hast loved, fair girl ! thou hast loved too well !
 Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell ;
 Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth,
 And art unrepaid for their priceless worth ! 20
 Mourn on !—yet come thou not *here* the while,
 It is but a pain to see thee smile !
 There is not a tone in our songs for thee—
 Home with thy sorrows flee !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !—
 But what dost thou with the revel's train ?
 A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
 But thou hast no part in the gladd'ning notes ;
 There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
 But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye ! 30
 Away, there 's a void in thy yearning breast,
 Thou weary man ! wilt thou *here* find rest ?
 Away ! for thy thoughts from the scene hath fled,
 And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead !
 Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth,
 Back to thy silent hearth !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring forth again !
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain !—
 But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,
 And thy cup be crown'd with the foaming wine, 40
 By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
 By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
 I know thee ! it is but the wakeful fear
 Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here !
 I know thee !—thou fearest the solemn night,
 With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might !
 There 's a tone in her voice which thou fain would'st shun,
 For it asks what the secret soul hath done !
 And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away !—
 Back to thy home, and pray ! 50

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain !
 And bring fresh wreaths !—we will banish all
 Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
 On ! through the maze of the fleet dance, on !—
 But where are the young and the lovely ?—gone !
 Where are the brows with the Red Cross crown'd,
 And the floating forms with the bright zone bound ?
 And the waving locks and the flying feet,
 That still should be where the mirthful meet ?— 60
 They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all—
 Alas ! the forsaken hall !

THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP

SLEEP 'midst thy banners furl'd !
Yes ! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,
With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,
Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world !
Sleep while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast—
Oh ! strong is night—for thou too art at rest !

Stillness hath smooth'd thy brow,
And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,
Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee,
Alike unconscious and defenceless thou ! 10
Tread lightly, watchers !—now the field is won,
Break not the rest of Nature's weary son !

Perchance some lovely dream
Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing,
To the green places of thy boyish daring,
And all the windings of thy native stream ;—
Why, this were joy !—upon the tented plain,
Dream on, thou Conqueror !—be a child again !

But thou wilt wake at morn,
With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping, 20
And thy dark troubled thoughts all earth o'ersweeping ;
So wilt thou rise, oh ! thou of woman born !
And put thy terrors on, till none may dare
Look upon thee—the tired one, slumbering there !

Why, so the peasant sleeps
Beneath his vine !—and man must kneel before thee,
And for his birthright vainly still implore thee !
Shalt thou be stay'd because thy brother weeps ?—
Wake ! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world,
Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furl'd ! 30

Forget that thou, even thou,
Hast feebly shiver'd when the wind pass'd o'er thee
And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,
And felt the night-dew chill thy fever'd brow !
Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on !—
Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

OUR LADY'S WELL¹

FOUNT of the woods ! thou art hid no more,
 From heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore.
 For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
 And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls ;
 And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,
 As the boughs are sway'd o'er thy silvery glass ;
 And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown.
 When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone ;
 And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—
 Bright Fount ! thou art nature's own again

10

Fount of the vale ! thou art sought no more
 By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
 When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
 And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.
 There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,
 Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers !
 But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
 And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
 And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
 Bright Fount ! thou art nature's own again !

20

Fount of the Virgin's ruin'd shrine !
 A voice that speaks of the past is thine !
 It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh
 With the notes that ring through the laughing sky ;
 'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,
 And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard !—
 Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,
 To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free ?—
 'Tis that all on earth is of *Time's* domain—
 He hath made thee nature's own again !

30

Fount of the chapel with ages grey !
 Thou art springing freshly amidst decay ;
 Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
 And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now :
 Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
 In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought ;
 If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
 Or prayer, from a chastened heart, to Heaven—
 Be the spot still hallow'd while Time shall reign,
 Who hath made thee nature's own again !

40

¹ A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and, according to Pennant, much the resort of pilgrims.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,
 Glad Summer, fare thee well !
 Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
 In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
 Of thy latest lingering day,
 Oh ! tell me, o'er this chequered
 earth,
 How hast thou pass'd away ?

Brightly, sweet Summer ! brightly
 Thine hours have floated by, 10
 To the joyous birds of the woodland
 boughs,
 The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
 To the wild deer wandering free ;
 And brightly, 'midst the garden
 flowers,
 Is the happy murmuring bee :

But how to human bosoms,
 With all their hopes and fears,
 And thoughts that make them eagle-
 wings,
 To pierce the unborn years ? 20

Sweet Summer ! to the captive
 Thou hast flown in burning dreams
 Of the woods, with all their whisper-
 ing leaves,
 And the blue rejoicing streams ;—

To the wasted and the weary
 On the bed of sickness bound,
 In swift delirious fantasies,
 That changed with every sound ;—

To the sailor on the billows,
 In longings, wild and vain, 30
 For the gushing founts and breezy
 hills,
 And the homes of earth again !

And unto me, glad Summer !
 How hast thou flown to me ?
 My chainless footstep naught hath
 kept
 From thy haunts of song and glee,

Thou hast flown in wayward vision
 In memories of the dead—
 In shadows from a troubled heart,
 O'er thy sunny pathway shed :

In brief and sudden strivings 41
 To fling a weight aside—
 'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
 And all thy roses died.

But oh ! thou gentle Summer .
 If I greet thy flowers once more,
 Bring me again the buoyancy
 Wherewith my soul should soar !

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
 With song and spirit free ; 50
 Or in a purer air than this
 May that next meeting be !

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS

Sing aloud

Old songs, the precious music of the
 heart.—WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
 When days are long and bright,
 And the blue gleam of shining rills
 Is loveliest to the sight !
 Sing them along the misty moor,
 Where ancient hunters roved,
 And swell them through the tor-
 rent's roar,
 The songs our fathers loved !

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
 When harps were in the hall, 10
 And each proud note made lance and
 spear

Thrill on the banner'd wall :
 The songs that through our valleys
 green
 Sent on from age to age,
 Like his own river's voice, have been
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
 Is fill'd with plummy sheaves ;
 The woodman, by the starlight pale,
 Cheer'd homeward through the
 leaves : 20

And unto them the glancing oars
 A joyous measure keep,
 Where the dark rocks that crest our
 shores
 Dash back the foaming deep.
 So let it be !—a light they shed
 O'er each old fount and grove ;
 A memory of the gentle dead,
 A lingering spell of love.
 Murmuring the names of mighty
 men, 29
 They bid our streams roll on,
 And link high thoughts to every glen
 Where valiant deeds were done.
 Teach them your children round the
 hearth,
 When evening fires burn clear,

And in the fields of harvest mirth,
 And on the hills of deer :
 So shall each unforgotten word,
 When far those loved ones roam,
 Call back the hearts which once it
 stirr'd,
 To childhood's holy home. 40

The green woods of their native
 land
 Shall whisper in the strain,
 The voices of their household band
 Shall breathe their names again ;
 The heathery heights in vision rise
 Where, like the stag, they roved—
 Sing to your sons those melodies,
 The songs your fathers loved !

THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR

COME, while in freshness and dew it lies,
 To the world that is under the free, blue skies !
 Leave ye man's home, and forget his care—
 There breathes no sigh on the dayspring's air.

Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells
 A light all made for the poet dwells ;
 A light, colour'd softly by tender leaves,
 Whence the primrose a mellow glow receives.

The stock-dove is there in the beechen tree,
 And the lulling tone of the honey-bee ; 10
 And the voice of cool waters 'midst feathery fern,
 Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is tameless mirth,
 Where the streams, with the lilies they wear, have birth ;
 There is peace where the alders are whispering low :
 Come from man's dwellings with all their woe !

Yes ! we will come—we will leave behind
 The homes and the sorrows of human kind :
 It is well to rove where the river leads
 Its bright blue vein along sunny meads : 20

It is well through the rich wild woods to go,
 And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and doe ;
 And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,
 Where the heart has been fretted by worldly stings ;

And to watch the colours that flit and pass,
 With insect-wings, through the wavy grass ;
 And the silvery gleams o'er the ash-tree's bark,
 Borne in with a breeze through the foliage dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,
 As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea ;
 To the woods, to the dingles where violets blow,
 We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

30

But if, by the forest-brook, we meet
 A line like the pathway of former feet ;—
 If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,
 We reach the grey ruins of tower or cot ;—

If the cell, where a hermit of old hath pray'd
 Lift up its cross through the solemn shade ;—
 Or if some nook, where the wild-flowers wave,
 Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—

40

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be stay'd,
 There our quick spirits awhile delay'd ;
 There will thought fix our impatient eyes,
 And win back our hearts to their sympathies.

For what, though the mountains and skies be fair,
 Steep'd in soft hues of the Summer-air,—
 'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and dreams,
 That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffer'd and nobly striven,
 Where it hath pour'd forth its vows to heaven ;
 Where to repose it hath brightly pass'd,
 O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

50

And by that soul, 'midst groves and rills,
 And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,
 Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod
We, only *we*, may be linked to God !

KINDRED HEARTS

Oh ! ask not, hope thou not too
 much
 Of sympathy below ;
 Few are the hearts whence one same
 touch
 Bids the sweet fountains flow :
 Few—and by still conflicting powers
 Forbidden here to meet—
 Such ties would make this life of ours
 Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be, that thy brother's eye
 Sees not as thine, which turns
 In such deep reverence to the sky,
 Where the rich sunset burns :
 It may be, that the breath of
 spring,
 Born amidst violets lone,
 A rapture o'er thy soul can bring
 A dream, to his unknown.

8

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight !

The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night, 20
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine
own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
And steadfast love of years ;
The kindly, that from childhood
grew,
The faithful to thy tears !
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part, 30
And watch'd through sickness by thy
bed,—
Call *his* a kindred heart !

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,—
Oh ! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto Heaven. 40

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

IN sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and
lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood ;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth !

He heard its life's first murmuring
sound,

A low mysterious tone,
A music sought, but never found
By kings and warriors gone ; 10
He listen'd—and his heart beat
high—

That was the song of victory !
The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rush'd burning through his
frame,—

The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame ;
Though stillness lay, with eve's last
smile—

Round those far fountains of the
Nile.

Night came with stars :—across his
soul 19

There swept a sudden change ;
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal
A shadow dark and strange
Breathed from the thought, so swift
to fall

O'er triumph's hour—and *is this all* ?¹

No more than this !—what seem'd it
now

First by that spring to stand ?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land !
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean
track,

Their wild, sweet voices call'd him
back. 30

They call'd him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen
shade

Their waters glanced away ;

¹ A remarkable description of feelings thus fluctuating from triumph to despondency, is given in Bruce's *Abyssinian Travels*. The buoyant exultation of his spirits on arriving at the source of the Nile, was almost immediately succeeded by a gloom, which he thus portrays : ' I was, at that very moment, in possession of what had for many years been the principal object of my ambition and wishes ; indifference, which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh and the fountains of the Nile, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan rise in one hill. I began, in my sorrow, to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy.'

They call'd him, with their sounding
waves,
Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the
thought

Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between ; 40
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom !

Where was the glow of power and
pride ?

The spirit born to roam ?
His alter'd heart within him died
With yearnings for his home !
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Behold his bursting tears, 50
E'en on that spot where fate had
given

The meed of toiling years !—
Oh, happiness ! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of
thee !

CASABIANCA¹

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his Father's word ; 10
That Father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud :—‘ Say, Father,
say

If yet my task is done ? ’
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son

‘ Speak, Father ! ’ once again he
cried,

‘ If I may yet be gone ! ’
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on. 20

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of
death

In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
‘ My Father ! must I stay ? ’
While o'er him fast, through sail and
shroud,

The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour
wild, 29

They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant
child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder
sound—

The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon
fair,

That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing which perish'd
there 39

Was that young faithful heart !

¹ Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS¹

TWAS a lovely thought to mark the
hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding
flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich
hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep
the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time
have flow'd
In a golden current on, 10
Ere from the garden, man's first
abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly
told—

Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks
of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary
quest, 19
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on
earth,

By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by
flower,

Shutting in turn may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

OUR DAILY PATHS

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.—WORDSWORTH.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise;
We may find it where a hedge-row showers its blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath an aged tree,
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne downwards by the bee;
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is thrown,
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold, blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencill'd shadows lie, 10
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,
Whence the fitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths—but sorrow too is there;
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air!
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance on many-colour'd wings,

¹ This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnaeus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,
 And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades ;
 And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone
 Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone. 20

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we will—
 Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill ?
 No ! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftentimes bind us fast,
 While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles, back,
 And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track ;
 They bar us from our heritage of Spring-time, hope, and mirth,
 And weigh our burden'd spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be ?—Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield !
 A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field ! 30
 A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,
 Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease ?
 Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace ;
 And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
 By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies !

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
 In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb :
 His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
 And his arms folded in majestic gloom ;
 And his bow lay unstrung, beneath the mound
 Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
 Telling the cedars and the pines that there
 Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
 And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer. 10
 Now all was hush'd—and eve's last splendour shone
 With a rich sadness on the attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
 And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave,
 Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
 Between the forest and the lake's bright wave ;
 Till, as a wind might stir a wither'd oak,
 On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said—
 ' I listen'd for the words, which, years ago, 20
 Pass'd o'er these waters : though the voice is fled
 Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
 Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
 Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

' Ask'st thou of him whose house is lone beneath ?
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,
To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.
Many the times of flowers have been since then—
Many, but bringing nought like *him* again !

30

' Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,
O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe ;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying their cedars, like the corn-stalks, low ;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls, as with the morning's wings.

' Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone ?
He told of one, the grave's dark bands who broke,
And our hearts burn'd within us as he spoke.

40

' He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell :
Bright must they be !—for *there* are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say " Farewell ! "
He came to guide us thither ; but away
The Happy call'd him, and he might not stay.

' We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime ;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time—
Therefore we hoped :—but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes—and finds not him !

50

' We gather'd round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree ;
From his clear voice, at first, the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea ;
But swell'd and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

60

' And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
And his white eyelids flutter'd, and his head
Fell back, and mist upon his forehead hung—
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the dead ?
It is enough !—he sank upon my breast—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest !

' We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide ;
We rear'd this Cross in token where he lay,
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord had died !
Now hath he surely reach'd, o'er mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave.

70

'But I am sad!—I mourn the clear light taken
Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast.'

Then spoke the wand'rer forth with kindling eye :
'Son of the wilderness ! despair thou not, 80
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot !
Heaven darkly works—yet, where the seed hath been
There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen.

'Hope on, hope ever !—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long ;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold silent months, the woods among ;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains ; 90

'Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,
But as a lovely song, to leave no trace :
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken,
And the full dayspring rise upon thy race !
And fading mists the better path disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose.'

So by the Cross they parted, in the wild,
Each fraught with musings for life's after-day,
Memories to visit *one*, the forest's child,
By many a blue stream in its lonely way ; 100
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs to press
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

LAST RITES

By the mighty minster's bell,
Tolling with a sudden swell ;
By the colours half-mast high,
O'er the sea hung mournfully ;
Know, a prince hath died !

By the chanted psalm that fills
Reverently the ancient hills,¹
Learn, that from his harvests done,
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.

By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground,
By the volleying muskets' tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride. 10

By the pall of snowy white
Through the yew-trees gleaming
bright ;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep ! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose ! 20

¹ A custom still retained at rural funerals in some parts of England and Wales.

Which is the tenderest rite of all ?—
 Buried virgin's coronal,
 Requiem o'er the monarch'd head,
 Farewell gun for warrior dead,
 Herdsman's funeral hymn ?

Tells not each of human woe !
 Each of hope and strength brought
 low ?
 Number each with holy things,
 If one chastening thought it brings
 Ere life's day grow dim ! 30

THE HEBREW MOTHER

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
 When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
 Went up to Zion ; for the boy was vow'd
 Unto the Temple service :—by the hand
 She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
 Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
 Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
 That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
 To bring before her God. So pass'd they on
 O'er Judah's hills ; and wheresoe'er the leaves 10
 Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
 Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
 With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
 Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest :
 Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
 That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
 The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
 As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
 Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
 Making its bank green gems along the wild, 20
 There, too, she linger'd, from the diamond wave
 Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
 And softly parting clusters of jet curls
 To bathe his brow. At last the fane was reach'd,
 The earth's one sanctuary—and rapture hush'd
 Her bosom, as before her, through the day,
 It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
 In light like floating gold. But when that hour
 Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
 Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye 30
 Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
 Turn'd from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
 Clung even as joy clings—the deep spring-tide
 Of nature then swell'd high, and o'er her child
 Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds
 Of weeping and sad song.—' Alas ! ' she cried,—

' Alas ! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me ;
 The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes ;
 And now fond thoughts arise,

And silver cords again to earth have won me ;
 And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
 How shall I hence depart ? 40

‘ How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
 So late, along the mountains, at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,
 By every place of flowers my course delaying,
 Wove, e’en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
 Beholding thee so fair !

‘ And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
 Will it not seem as if the sunny day 50

Turn’d from its door away ?
 While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
 I languish for thy voice, which past me still
 Went like a singing rill ?

‘ Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
 When from the fount at evening I return,
 With the full water-urn ;

Nor will thy sleep’s low dove-like breathings greet me,
 As ’midst the silence of the stars I wake,
 And watch for thy dear sake. 60

‘ And thou, will slumber’s dewy cloud fall round thee,
 Without thy mother’s hand to smooth thy bed ?

Wilt thou not vainly spread
 Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
 To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
 A cry which none shall hear ?

‘ What have I said, my child !—Will *He* not hear thee,
 Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?

Shall *He* not guard thy rest,
 And, in the hush of holy midnight hear thee,
 Breathe o’er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy 70
 Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

‘ I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
 A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !

And, precious as thou art,
 And pure as dew of Hermon, *He* shall have thee,
 My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !
 And thou shalt be *His* child.

‘ Therefore, farewell !—I go, my soul may fail me,
 As the hart panteth for the water brooks, 80

Yearning for thy sweet looks.
 But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me ;
 Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
 The Rock of Strength.—Farewell !’

THE WRECK

ALL night the booming minute-gun
 Had peal'd along the deep,
 And mournfully the rising sun
 Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
 A barque from India's coral strand,
 Before the raging blast,
 Had vail'd her topsails to the sand,
 And bow'd her noble mast.

The queenly ship !—brave hearts had
 striven,
 And true ones died with her !— 10
 We saw her mighty cable riven,
 Like floating gossamer.
 We saw her proud flag struck that
 morn,
 A star once o'er the seas—
 Her anchor gone, her deck upturn—
 And sadder things than these !

We saw her treasures cast away,—
 The rocks with pearls were sown,
 And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
 Flash'd out o'er fretted stone. 20
 And gold was strewn the wet sands
 o'er,
 Like ashes by a breeze ;
 And gorgeous robes—but oh ! that
 shore
 Had sadder things than these !

We saw the strong man still and low,
 A crush'd reed thrown aside ;
 Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
 Not without strife he died.
 And near him on the seaweed lay—
 Till then we had not wept— 30
 But well our gushing hearts might
 say,
 That there a mother slept !

For her pale arms a babe had press'd
 With such a wreathing grasp,
 Billows had dash'd o'er that fond
 breast,
 Yet not undone the clasp.

Her very tresses had been flung
 To wrap the fair child's form,
 Where still their wet long streamers
 hung,
 All tangled by the storm. 40

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
 Gleam'd up the boy's dead face,
 Like slumber's, trustingly serene,
 In melancholy grace.
 Deep in her bosom lay his head,
 With half-shut violet eye—
 He had known little of her dread,
 Naught of her agony !

Oh ! human love, whose yearning
 heart
 Through all things vainly true, 50
 So stamps upon thy mortal part
 Its passionate adieu—
 Surely thou hast another lot :
 There is some home for thee,
 Where thou shalt rest, remembering
 not
 The moaning of the sea !

THE TRUMPET

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the
 land—
 Light up the beacon-pyre !—
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire.
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast—
 And, hark ! was that the sound of
 seas ?
 A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth ; 10
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth.

The mother on her first-born son Looks with a boding eye— <i>They</i> come not back, though all be won, Whose young hearts leap so high. The bard hath ceased his song, and bound	The falchion to his side ; E'en for the marriage altar crown'd, The lover quits his bride. 20 And all this haste, and change, and fear, By <i>earthly</i> clarion spread !— How will it be when kingdoms hear The blast that wakes the dead ?
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EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL

Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
 Who giveth, upbraiding not ;
 That His light in thy heart become not dim,
 And His love be unforgot ;
 And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
 Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.—BERNARD BARTON.

HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
 With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,
 And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely !—Childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
 Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?— 10
 Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
 What death must fashion for eternity !

O ! joyous creatures ! that will sink to rest,
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew opprest,
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
 Lift up your hearts ! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
 Of hope make melody where'er ye tread, 20
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
 Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread ;
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
 Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe !

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
 And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
 And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
 To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower !
 And to make idols, and to find them clay,
 And to bewail that worship—therefore pray ! 30

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain ;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh ! to love through all things—therefore pray !

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight !
Earth will forsake—O ! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

40

THE HOUR OF DEATH

Il est dans la nature d'aimer à se livrer à l'idée même qu'on redoute.
Corinne.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

10

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

20

We know when moons shall wane,
When Summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee !

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?—
They have *one* season—all are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there. 30

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death ! 40

THE LOST PLEIAD

Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.—BYRON.

AND is there glory from the heavens departed ?—
 O void unmark'd !—thy sisters of the sky
 Still hold their place on high
 Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
 Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye !

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night ?
 She wears her crown of old magnificence,
 Though thou art exiled thence—
 No desert seems to part those urns of light,
 'Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense. 10

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning—
 The shepherd greets them on his mountains free ;
 And from the silvery sea
 To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
 Unchanged they rise, they have not mourn'd for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
 Even as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
 Swept by the wind away ?
 Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
 And was there power to smite them with decay ? 20

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven ?—
 Bow'd be our hearts to think on what we are,
 When from its height afar
 A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
 Shines not the less for that one vanish'd star !

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER

The inviolate Island of the sage and free.—BYRON.

<p>Rocks of my country ! let the cloud Your crested heights array, And rise ye like a fortress proud, Above the surge and spray ! My spirit greets you as ye stand, Breasting the billow's foam : O ! thus forever guard the land, The sever'd land of home ! I have left rich blue skies behind, Lighting up classic shrines ; 10 And music in the southern wind ; And sunshine on the vines. The breathings of the myrtle flowers Have floated o'er my way ; The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours, Hath soothed me with its lay. The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain, The purple heavens of Rome,— Yes, all are glorious ;—yet again I bless thee, land of home ! 20 Forthine the Sabbath peace, my land ! And thine the guarded hearth ; And thine the dead, the noble band, That make thee holy earth. Their voices meet me in thy breeze ; Their steps are on thy plains ; Their names, by old majestic trees, Are whisper'd round thy fanes. Their blood hath mingled with the tide Of thine exulting sea : 30 O be it still a joy, a pride, To live and die for thee !</p>	<p>The thousands that, uncheer'd by praise, Have made one offering of their days ; For Truth, for Heaven, for Free- dom's sake, 9 Resign'd the bitter cup to take ; And silently, in fearless faith, Bowing their noble souls to death. Where sleep they, Earth ?—by no proud stone Their narrow couch of rest is known ; The still sad glory of their name Hallows no mountain unto Fame ; No—not a tree the record bears Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers. Yet haply all around lie strew'd The ashes of that multitude : 20 It may be that each day we tread, Where thus devoted hearts have bled ; And the young flowers our children sow, Take root in holy dust below. O that the many-rustling leaves, Which round our homes the summer weaves, Or that the streams, in whose glad voice Our own familiar paths rejoice, Might whisper through the starry sky, To tell where those blest slumberers lie ! 30 Would not our inmost hearts be still'd, With knowledge of their presence fill'd, And by its breathings taught to prize The meekness of self-sacrifice ? —But the old woods and sounding waves Are silent of those hidden graves.</p>
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THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS

<p>THE kings of old have shrine and tomb In many a minster's haughty gloom ; And green, along the ocean side, The mounds arise where heroes died ; But show me, on thy flowery breast, Earth ! where thy <i>nameless</i> martyrs rest</p>	<p>Would not our inmost hearts be still'd, With knowledge of their presence fill'd, And by its breathings taught to prize The meekness of self-sacrifice ? —But the old woods and sounding waves Are silent of those hidden graves.</p>
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Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
So let it be !—like him, whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay, 40
They sleep in secret,—but their sod,
Unknown to man, is mark'd of God !

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Pregar, pregar, pregar,
Ch' altro ponno i mortali al pianger nati ?
ALFIERI.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest work to leave—
Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household
band ; 10

Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won
Bresthest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain ; 20
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL

Von Bäumen, aus Wellen, aus Mauern,
Wie ruft es dir freundlich und lind !
Was hast du zu wandern, zu trauern ?
Komm' spielen, du freundliches Kind !
DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

O ! WHEN wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves ?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves ?

The Summer-birds are calling
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-vein'd
flowers,
From their banks of moss and
fern, 10

Breathe of the sunny hours—
But when wilt thou return ?

Oh ! thou hast wander'd long
From thy home without a guide ;
And thy native woodland song,
In thine alter'd heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy Spring ;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing. 20

But when wilt thou return ?—
Sweet dewes may freshen soon
The flower, within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again
To the freedom of the woods, 30
To the birds' triumphant strain,
To the mountain solitudes !

But when wilt thou return ?
Along thine own pure air,
There are young sweet voices borne—
Oh ! should not thine be there ?

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee ;
And, by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye, 41
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed—
Oh ! when wilt thou return ?

THE WAKENING

How many thousands are wakening now !
 Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
 To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
 To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some far out on the deep mid-sea,
 To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
 As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
 That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—O ! well may *their* hearts rejoice—
 To the gentle sound of a mother's voice !
 Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
 When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

10

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
 And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
 And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
 Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict-cell,
 To the dull deep note of the warning-bell,
 As it heavily calls them forth to die,
 When the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

20

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
 And some to the din from the city borne,
 And some to the rolling of torrent-floods,
 Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth :
 Each unto light hath a daily birth ;
 Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
 Are the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the call,
 Which from the dust shall awaken us all :
 One !—but to sever'd and distant dooms.
 How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs ?

30

THE BREEZE FROM SHORE

[' Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings ; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.'

CHANNING.]

Joy is upon the lonely seas,
When Indian forests pour
Forth, to the billow and the breeze,
Their odours from the shore ;
Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

Oh ! welcome are the winds that
tell
A wanderer of the deep,
Where, far away, the jasmines
dwell,
And where the myrrh-trees
weep !
Blest, on the sounding surge and
foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home !

The sailor at the helm they meet,
And hope his bosom stirs,
Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to
greet
The fair earth's messengers.
That woo him, from the moaning
main,
Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely
tales
Of many a flowering glade, 20
And fount's bright gleam, in island
vales
Of golden-fruited shade :
Across his lone ship's wake they
bring
A vision and a glow of Spring.

¹ Sestini, the Roman Improvisatore, when on his death-bed at Paris, is said to have poured forth a Farewell to Italy, in his most impassioned poetry

And O ! ye masters of the lay,
Come not even thus your songs
That meet us on life's weary way,
Amidst her toiling throngs ?
Yes ! o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air. 30

Their power is from the brighter
clime
That in our birth hath part ;
Their tones are of the world, which
time
Sears not within the heart :
They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.

They call us, with a voice divine,
Back to our early love,—
Our vows of youth at many a shrine,
Whence far and fast we rove.
Welcome high thought and holy
strain 41
That make us Truth's and Heaven's
again !

THE DYING IMPROVISATORE¹

My heart shall be pour'd over thee—
and break.—*Prophecy of Dante.*

THE spirit of my land,
It visits me once more !—though I
must die
Far from the myrtles which thy
breeze hath fann'd,
My own bright Italy !

It is, it is thy breath,
Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as
waving flame
Is shaken by the wind ;—in life and
death
Still trembling, yet the same !

Oh ! that love's quenchless
power
Might waft my voice to fill thy
summer sky, 10

And through thy groves its dying
music shower
Italy! Italy!

The nightingale is there,
The sunbeam's glow, the citron-
flower's perfume,
The south wind's whisper in the
scented air—
It will not pierce the tomb!

Never, oh! never more,
On my Rome's purple heaven mine
eye shall dwell,
Or watch the bright waves melt along
thy shore—
My Italy! farewell! 20

Alas!—thy hills among,
Had I but left a memory of my
name,
Of love and grief one deep, true,
fervent song,
Unto immortal fame!

But like a lute's brief tone,
Like a rose-odour on the breezes cast,
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen
and gone,
So hath my spirit pass'd—

Pouring itself away
As a wild bird amidst the foliage
turns 30
That which within him triumphs,
beats, or burns,
Into a fleeting lay;

That swells, and floats, and
dies,
Leaving no echo to the summerwoods
Of the rich breathings and impas-
sion'd sighs,
Which thrill'd their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me!
Friends! that upon its murmurs oft
have hung,
When from my bosom, joyously and
free, 39
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue
Of midnight heavens, and on the
star-lit sea,
And when woods kindle into Spring's
first hue,
Sweet friends! remember me!

And in the marble halls,
Where life's full glow the dreams of
beauty wear,
And poet-thoughts embodied light
the walls,
Let me be with you there!

Fain would I bind, for you,
My memory with all glorious things
to dwell; 50
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name
renew—
Sweet friends! bright land!
farewell!

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

'O! mein Geist, ich fühle es in mir,
strebt nach etwas Ueberirdischem, das
keinem Menschen gegönnt ist.'—TIECK.

THE chord, the harp's full chord is
hush'd,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters,
gush'd,
But yesterday.

The awakening note, the breeze-like
swell,
The full o'ersweeping tone,
The sounds that sigh'd 'Farewell,
farewell!'
Are gone—all gone!

The love, whose fervent spirit pass'd
With the rich measure's flow;
The grief, to which it sank at last—
Where are they now? 12

They are with the scents, by Sum-
mer's breath
Borne from a rose now shed:
With the words from lips long seal'd
in death—
For ever fled.

The sea-shell, of its native deep
A moaning thrill retains ;
But earth and air no record keep
Of parted strains.

20

And all the memories, all the dreams,
They woke in floating by ;
The tender thoughts, the Elysian
gleams—
Could these too die ?

They died—as on the water's breast
The ripple melts away,

When the breeze that stirr'd it sinks
to rest—
So perish'd they !

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
And mournful in their close,
Passing, and finding not on earth
Aim or repose.

32

Whence were they ?—like the breath
of flowers

Why thus to come and go ?
A long, long journey must be ours
Ere this we know !

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH

Was mir fehlt ?—Mir fehlt ja alles,
Bin so ganz verlassen hier !—*Tyrolese Melody.*

THE Hearth, the Hearth is desolate, the fire is quench'd and gone
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone ;
The place where mirth and music met is hush'd through day and night.
Oh ! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that there made light !

But scatter'd are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more.
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's joy or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas ! the lonely Hearth !

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung.
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone,—
The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate, the bright fire quench'd and gone.

10

But are they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee ?
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on earth or sea ?—
Oh ! some are hush'd, and some are changed, and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again !

And of the hearts that here were link'd by long-remember'd years,
Alas ! the brother knows not now when fall the sister's tears !
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone,
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quench'd and gone !

19

Not so—'tis not a broken chain—thy memory binds them still,
Thou holy Hearth of other days, though silent now and chill !
The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice, the mother's prayer, though call'd from earth away,
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway ;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the bright fire quench'd and gone !

THE DREAMER

[' There is no such thing as *forgetting*, possible to the mind ; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind ; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.'—*English Opium-Eater*.]

Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep ! the friend of woe,
But 'tis the *happy* who have call'd thee so.—SOUTHEY.

PEACE to thy dreams !—thou art slumbering now,
The moonlight's calm is upon thy brow ;
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies 'midst the hush of thy heart at rest,
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When eve through the woodlands hath sigh'd farewell.

Peace !—the sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay,
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bow'd thee as winds bow the willow's head, 20
The yearnings for faces and voices gone—
All are forgotten !—Sleep on, sleep on !

Are they forgotten ?—It is not so !
Slumber divides not the heart from its woe.
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy grass :
Tremblest thou, Dreamer ?—O love and grief !
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf !

On thy parted lips there 's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still ; 20
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye,
There 's a large tear gathering heavily ;
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit press'd—
Sorrowful Dreamer ! this is not rest !

It is Thought at work amidst buried hours
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perish'd flowers.—
Oh ! we bear within us mysterious things ;
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathom'd springs ;
And Passion—those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still. 30

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch away !
Well might we look on our souls in fear,
They find no fount of oblivion here !
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we if under the wings of death ?

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE

Oh! that I had wings like a dove!
for then would I fly away, and be at rest.
—*Psalm* lv. 6.

OH! for thy wings, thou dove
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy
breast;

That, borne like thee above,
I too might flee away, and be at
rest!

Where wilt thou fold those
plumes,
Bird of the forest-shadows, holiest
bird?

In what rich leafy glooms,
By the sweet voice of hidden waters
stirr'd?

Over what blessed home,
What roof with dark, deep Summer
foliage crown'd, ¹⁰

O! fair as ocean's foam!
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam
around?

Or seek'st thou some old shrine
Of nymph or saint, no more by
votary woo'd,

Though still, as if divine,
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude?

Yet wherefore ask thy way?
Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim,
thou art!

Unto the greenwood spray,
Bearing no dark remembrance at
thy heart! ²⁰

No echoes that will blend
A sadness with the whispers of the
grove;

No memory of a friend
Far off, or dead, or changed to thee,
thou dove!

Oh! to some cool recess
Take, take me with thee on the
summer wind,

Leaving the weariness
And all the fever of this life behind:

The aching and the void
Within the heart, whereunto none
reply, ³⁰

The young bright hopes de-
stroy'd—

Bird! bear me with thee through
the sunny sky!

Wild wish, and longing vain,
And brief upspringing to be glad and
free!

Go to thy woodland reign:
My soul is bound and held—I may
not flee.

For even by all the fears
And thoughts that haunt my dreams
—untold, unknown

And burning woman's tears,
Pour'd from mine eyes in silence and
alone; ⁴⁰

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
High 'midst the gorgeous isles of
cloud to soar,

Soon the strong cords of love
Would draw me earthwards—home-
wards—yet once more.

PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS
TO THE ISLAND OF PLEA-
SURE.¹

[*'Souvent l'âme, fortifiée par la con-
templation des choses divines, voudroit
déployer ses ailes vers le ciel. Elle croit
qu'au terme de sa carrière un rideau va
se lever pour lui découvrir des scènes de
lumière: mais quand la mort touche son
corps périssable, elle jette un regard en
arrière vers les plaisirs terrestres et vers
ses compagnes mortelles.'*—SCHLEGEL,
translated by Madame de Staël.]

FEARFULLY and mournfully
Thou bidd'st the earth farewell,
And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest
one!

In a brighter land to dwell.

¹ Written for a picture in which Psyche, on her flight upwards, is represented looking back sadly and anxiously to the earth.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing !

The sunshine of that shore
Around thee, as a glorious robe,
Shall stream for evermore.

The breezy music wandering 9
There through the Elysian sky,
Hath no deep tone that seems to float
From a happier time gone by.

And there the day's last crimson
Gives no sad memories birth,
No thought of dead or distant
friends,
Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully
Thou bidd'st that earth farewell,
Although thou'rt passing, loveliest
one !
In a brighter land to dwell. 20

A land where all is deathless—
The sunny wave's repose,
The wood with its rich melodies,
The summer and its rose.

A land that sees no parting,
That hears no sound of sighs,
That waits thee with immortal air—
Lift, lift those anxious eyes !

Oh ! how like *thee*, thou trembler !
Man's spirit fondly clings 30
With timid love, to this, its world
Of old familiar things !

We pant, we thirst for fountains
That gush not here below !
On, on we toil, allured by dreams
Of the living water's flow :

We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own ;
For communings more full and high
Than aught by mortal known :

We strive with brief aspirings 41
Against our bonds in vain ;
Yet summon'd to be free at last,
We shrink—and clasp our chain ;

And fearfully and mournfully
We bid the earth farewell,
Though passing from its mists, like
thee,
In a brighter world to dwell.

THE BOON OF MEMORY

Many things answered me.—*Manfred*.

I go, I go !—and must mine image
fade
From the green spots wherein my
childhood play'd,
By my own streams ?
Must my life part from each familiar
place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the
woods no trace
Of its lone themes ?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and
forget
The welcomes there, the hours when
we have met
In grief or glee ?
All the sweet counsel, the communion
high, 10
The kindly words of trust, in days
gone by,
Pour'd full and free ?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory !
give,
To shrine my name in hearts where
I would live
For evermore !
Bid the wind speak of me where I
have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul
hath felt,
A thought restore !

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved
so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the
dell, 20
Set deep that thought !
And let the sunset's melancholy
glow,
And let the Spring's first whisper,
faint and low,
With me be fraught !

And memory answer'd me :—' Wild
wish and vain !
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core.
The place they held in bosoms all
their own,
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new
flowers o'ergrown,
Is theirs no more.' 30

Hast *thou* such power, O Love ?—
And Love replied,
' It is not mine ! Pour out thy soul's
full tide
Of hope and trust,
Prayer, *thee*, devotedness, that boon
to gain—
'Tis but to write with the heart's
fiery rain,
Wild words on dust ! '

Song, is the gift with *thee* ?—I ask
a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass
away
From the still breast ;
Fill'd with a tone—oh ! not for
deathless fame, 40
But a sweet haunting murmur of my
name,
Where it would rest.

And Song made answer—' It is not
in me,
Though call'd immortal ; though my
gifts may be
All but divine.
A place of lonely brightness I can
give :
A changeless one, where *thou* with
Love wouldst live—
This is not mine ! '

Death, Death ! wilt *thou* the restless
wish fulfil ?
And Death, the Strong One, spoke :—
' I can but still 50

Each vain regret.
What if forgotten ?—All thy soul
would crave,
Thou too, within the mantle of the
grave,
Wilt soon forget.'
Then did my heart in lone faint
sadness die,
As from all nature's voices one reply,
But one—was given.
' Earth has no heart, fond dreamer !
with a tone
To send thee back the spirit of thine
own—
Seek it in Heaven.' 60

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS !

I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me
When Spring's young voice awakes
the flowers
For we have wander'd far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's
hours.

I go ; but when you pause to hear,
From distant hills, the Sabbath-
bell
On summer-winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it
well !

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy
blaze, 10
For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends, in other
days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are
stirr'd,
Think of me then !—I go, I go !

ANGEL VISITS

No more of talk where God or angel guest
 With man, as with his friend, familiar used
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast.—MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed ?

Oh ! will ye visit this dim world no more ?
 Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted
 Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore ?
 Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,
 And ye—our faded earth beholds ye not !

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,
 Man wander'd from his Paradise away ;
 Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,
 Came down, high guests ! in many a later day,
 And with the patriarchs, under vine or oak,
 'Midst noontide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

10

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending
 Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,
 That saw your hosts ascending and descending
 On those bright steps between the earth and sky :
 Trembling he woke, and bow'd o'er glory's trace,
 And worshipp'd awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's ¹ brook ye pass'd, such radiance wearing
 As mortal vision might but ill endure ;
 Along the stream the living chariot bearing,
 With its high crystal arch, intensely pure !
 And the dread rushing of your wings that horr
 Was like the noise of waters in their power.

20

But in the Olive-mount, by night appearing,
 'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done !
 Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,
 Fraught with the breath of God, to aid His Son ?
 —Haply of those that, on the moonlit plains
 Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

30

Yet one more task was yours ! your heavenly dwelling
 Ye left, and by the unseal'd sepulchral stone,
 In glorious raiment, sat ; the weepers telling,
 That *He* they sought had triumph'd, and was gone !
 Now have ye left us for the brighter shore,
 Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

¹ Ezekiel, x. 15

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,
 With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,
 Though the fresh glory of those days be over,
 When, 'midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps met ? 40
 Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,
 When love, by strength, o'ermasters agony ?
 Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,
 Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave ?
 When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,
 Lead on the march of death, serenely brave ?
 Dreams !—but a deeper thought our souls may fill—
 One, One is near—a spirit holier still ! 48

IVY SONG

<p>WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME IVY- LEAVES GATHERED FROM THE RUINED CASTLE OF RHEINFELS, ON THE RHINE.</p> <p>Oh, how could Fancy crown with <i>thee</i> In ancient days the God of Wine, And bid thee at the banquet be Companion of the vine ? <i>Thy</i> home, wild plant, is where each sound Of revelry hath long been o'er, Where song's full notes once peal'd around, But now are heard no more.</p> <p>The Roman on his battle-plains, 9 Where kings before his eagles bent, Entwined thee with exulting strains Around the victor's tent : Yet there, though fresh in glossy green, Triumphant thy boughs might wave, Better thou lovest the silent scene Around the victor's grave.</p> <p>Where sleep the sons of ages flown, The bards and heroes of the past ; Where, through the halls of glory gone, Murmurs the wintry blast ; 20 Where years are hastening to efface Each record of the grand and fair ; Thou, in thy solitary grace, Wreath of the tomb ! art there.</p>	<p>Oh, many a temple, once sublime, Beneath a blue Italian sky, Hath naught of beauty left by time, Save thy wild tapestry ! And, rear'd 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine To wave where banners waved of yore, 30 O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine, Along his rocky shore.</p> <p>High from the fields of air look down Those eyries of a vanish'd race— Homes of the mighty, whose renown Hath pass'd, and left no trace. But there thou art !—thy foliage bright Unchanged the mountain storm can brave : Thou, that wilt climb the loftiest height, Or deck the humblest grave ! 40 'Tis still the same ! where'er we tread The wrecks of human power we see— The marvels of all ages fled, Left to decay and thee ! And still let man his fabrics rear, August in beauty, grace, and strength ; Days pass—thou ivy never sere !¹— And all is thine at length !</p>
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¹ 'Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere.'—*Lycidas*.

TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S
CHILDREN ON HIS BIRTH-
DAY.

WHERE sucks the bee now?—
 Summer is flying,
 Leaves round the elm-tree faded are
 lying;
 Violets are gone from their grassy
 dell,
 With the cowslip cups, where the
 fairies dwell;
 The rose from the garden hath pass'd
 away—
 Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal day!

For love bids it welcome, the love
 which hath smiled
 Ever around thee, my gentle child!
 Watching thy footsteps, and guard-
 ing thy bed,
 And pouring out joy on thy sunny
 head.
 Roses may vanish, but *this* will stay—
 Happy and bright is thy natal day!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION

THOU wakest from rosy sleep, to play
 With bounding heart, my boy!
 Before thee lies a long bright day
 Of summer and of joy.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream
 To cloud thy fearless eye;
 Long be it thus—life's early stream
 Should still reflect the sky.

Yet, ere the cares of life lie dim
 On thy young spirit's wings,
 Now in thy morn forget not Him
 From whom each pure thought
 springs!

So, in the onward vail of tears,
 Where'er thy path may be,
 When strength hath bow'd to evil
 years,
 He will remember thee!

16

CHRIST STILLING THE
TEMPEST

FEAR was within the tossing bark
 When stormy winds grew loud,
 And waves came rolling high and
 dark,
 And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their
 dread,
 And baffled in their skill;
 But One was there, who rose and said
 To the wild sea—*Be still!*

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—
 that word
 Pass'd through the gloomy sky;
 The troubled billows knew their
 Lord,
 And fell beneath His eye.

9

And slumber settled on the deep,
 And silence on the blast;
 They sank, as flowers that fold to
 sleep
 When sultry day is past.

O Thou, that in its wildest hour
 Didst rule the tempest's mood,
 Send thy meek spirit forth in power,
 Soft on our souls to brood!

20

Thou that didst bow the billow's
 pride
 Thy mandate to fulfil!
 Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
 Speak, and say, '*Peace, be still!*'

EPITAPH

OVER THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS, A CHILD AND A YOUTH

THOU, that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,
 And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,
 And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,
 Come to this tomb ! it hath a voice for thee !
 Pray !—thou art blest—ask strength for sorrow's hour,
 Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the smile of youth
 Thy thousand hopes ; rejoicing to behold
 All the heart's depths before thee bright with truth,
 All the mind's treasures silently unfold,
 Look on this tomb !—for thee, too, speaks the grave,
 Where God hath seal'd the fount of hope he gave.

10

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

EARTH ! guard what here we lay in holy trust,
 That which hath left our home a darken'd place,
 Wanting the form, the smile, now veil'd with dust ;
 The light departed with our loveliest face.
 Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's hope is free
 We have but lent the beautiful to thee.

But thou, O Heaven ! keep, keep what *Thou* hast taken,
 And with our treasure keep our hearts on high ;
 The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
 The faith, the love, the lofty constancy—
 Guide us where these are with our sister flown—
 They were of Thee, and Thou hast claim'd thine own !

10

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

<p>THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea, For ever and the same ! The ancient rocks yet ring to thee ; Those thunders nought can tame.</p>	<p>The Dorian flute that sigh'd of yore Along the wave, is still ; The harp of Judah peals no more On Zion's awful hill. And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord That breathed the mystic tone ; And the songs at Rome's high triumphs pour'd, Are with her eagles flown.</p>
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Oh ! many a glorious voice is gone
 From the rich bowers of earth,
 And hush'd is many a lovely one
 Of mournfulness or mirth.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
O'er stream and mountain free ;
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders
sang

Hath died in Galilee. 20

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores
rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold ;
And the still midnight hears the
sound, 31
Even as first it roll'd.

Let there be silence, deep and
strange,
Where sceptred cities rose .
Thou speak'st of One who doth not
change—
So may our hearts repose.

THE CHILD AND DOVE

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE
OF LADY LOUISA RUSSELL

THOU art a thing on our dreams to
rise,
'Midst the echoes of long-lost
melodies,
And to fling bright dew from the
morning back,
Fair form ! on each image of child-
hood's track.

Thou art a thing to recall the
hours
When the love of our souls was on
leaves and flowers ;

When a world was our own in some
dim sweet grove,
And treasure untold in one captive
dove.

Are they gone ? can we think it,
while *thou* art there,
Thou joyous child with the clustering
hair ? 10

Is it not spring that indeed breathes
free

And fresh o'er each thought, while
we gaze on thee ?

No ! never more may we smile as
thou
Sheddest round smiles from thy
sunny brow ;

Yet something it is, in our hearts to
shrine

A memory of beauty undimm'd as
thine.

To have met the joy of thy speaking
face,

To have felt the spell of thy breezy
grace,

To have linger'd before thee, and
turn'd, and borne

One vision away of the cloudless
morn. 20

A DIRGE

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit ! rest thee now !
Even while with us thy footstep
trod,
His seal was on thy brow

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !—
They that have seen thy look in
death,
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the
bowers, 9
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;
But oh !—a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE

Oh, fondly, fervently, those two had loved,
 Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust ;
 Had watch'd bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years ;
 And thus they met.

' HASTE, with your torches, haste ! make firelight round ! '—
 They speed, they press—what hath the miner found ?
 Relic or treasure—giant sword of old ?
 Gems bedded deep—rich veins of burning gold ?
 —Not so—the dead, the dead ! An awestruck band,
 In silence gathering round the silent stand,
 Chain'd by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,
 Before the thing that, in the might of death,
 Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
 A sleeper, dreaming not !—a youth with hair 10
 Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair !)
 O'er his cold brow : no shadow of decay
 Had touch'd those pale bright features—yet he wore
 A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
 Who could unfold that mystery ? From the throng
 A woman wildly broke ; her eye was dim,
 As if through many tears, through vigils long,
 Through weary strainings :—all had been for him !
 Those two had loved ! And there he lay, the dead,
 In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood 20
 With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
 And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
 Had long since ebb'd—a meeting sad and strange !
 —O ! are not meetings in this world of change
 Sadder than partings oft ! She stood there, still,
 And mute, and gazing—all her soul to fill
 With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,
 'Midst that rude cavern, touch'd with sculpture's grace,
 By torchlight and by death :—until at last
 From her deep heart the spirit of the past 30
 Gush'd in low broken tones :—' And there thou art !
 And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
 As for a few brief hours !—My friend, my friend !
 First-love, and only one ! Is this the end
 Of hope deferr'd, youth blighted ? Yet thy brow
 Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
 Smiles—how unchanged !—while I, the worn, and weak,
 And faded—oh ! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
 If thou couldst look on me !—a wither'd leaf,
 Sear'd—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief ! 40
 Better to see thee thus ! For thou didst go,
 Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,

Unto the dead. My Ulric ! through the night
 How have I call'd thee ! With the morning light
 How have I watch'd for thee !—wept, wander'd, pray'd,
 Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismay'd,
 In search of thee !—bound my worn life to one—
 One torturing hope ! Now let me die ! 'Tis gone.
 Take thy betroth'd !—And on his breast she fell,
 —Oh ! since their youth's last passionate farewell, 50
 How changed in all but love !—the true, the strong,
 Joining in death whom life had parted long !
 —They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed,
 No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed !
 His name had ceased—her heart outlived each tie,
 Once more to look on that dead face, and die !

ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY

TO THE AIR OF 'AM RHEIN ! AM RHEIN !'

<p>SING, sing in memory of the brave departed, \ Let song and wine be pour'd ! Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless-hearted, Our brethren of the sword ! Oft at the feast, and in the fight, their voices Have mingled with our own ; Fill high the cup, but when the soul rejoices, Forget not who are gone ! They that stood with us, 'midst the dead and dying, On Albuera's plain ; 10 They that beside us cheerly track'd the flying, Far o'er the hills of Spain ; They that amidst us, when the shells were showering From old Rodrigo's wall, The rampart scaled, through clouds of battle towering, First, first at Victory's call ! They that upheld the banners, proudly waving, In Roncesvalles' dell ; With England's blood the southern vineyards laving, Forget not how they fell ! 20</p>	<p>Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed, Let song and wine be pour'd ! Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless-hearted, Our brethren of the sword !</p> <p style="text-align: center;">HAUNTED GROUND</p> <p>And slight, withal, may be the things which bring Back on the heart the weight which it would fling Aside for ever—it may be a sound, A tone of music, Summer eve, or Spring, A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound, Striking the electric train, wherewith we are darkly bound.—BYRON.</p> <p>YES, it is haunted, this quiet scene, Fair as it looks, and all softly green ; Yet fear thou not—for the spell is thrown, And the might of the shadow, on me alone.</p> <p>Are thy thoughts wandering to elves and fays, And spirits that dwell where the water plays ?</p>
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<p>Oh ! in the heart there are stronger powers, That sway, though viewless, this world of ours ! Have I not lived 'midst these lonely dells, And loved, and sorrow'd, and heard farewells, And learn'd in my own deep soul to look, And tremble before that mysterious book ? Have I not, under these whispering leaves, Woven such dreams as the young heart weaves ? Shadows—yet unto which life seem'd bound ; And is it not—is it not haunted ground ? Must I not hear what <i>thou</i> hearest not, Troubling the air of the sunny spot ? Is there not something to rouse but me, Told by the rustling of every tree ? Song hath been here—with its flow of thought, Love—with its passionate visions fraught ; Death—breathing stillness and sadness round— And is it not—is it not haunted ground ? Are there no phantoms, but such as come By night from the darkness that wraps the tomb ?— A sound, a scent, or a whispering breeze, Can summon up mightier far than these !</p>	<p>But I may not linger amidst them here ! Lovely they are, and yet things to fear ; Passing and leaving a weight behind, And a thrill on the chords of the stricken mind. Away, away !—that my soul may soar As a free bird of blue skies once more ! Here from its wing it may never cast The chain by those spirits brought back from the past. Doubt it not—smile not—but go thou, too, Look on the scenes where thy childhood grew— Where thou hast pray'd at thy mother's knee, Where thou hast roved with thy brethren free ; Go thou, when life unto thee is changed, Friends thou hast loved as thy soul, estranged ; When from the idols thy heart hath made, Thou hast seen the colours of glory fade ; Oh ! painfully then, by the wind's low sigh, By the voice of the stream, by the flower-cup's dye, By a thousand tokens of sight and sound, Thou wilt feel thou art treading on haunted ground.</p>
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THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF JOHN HUNTER

Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods,
 Where the Red Indian lays his father's dust,
 And, by the rushing of the torrent floods
 To the Great Spirit, bows in silent trust ?
 Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming main,
 To pour itself upon the wilds again ?

They are gone forth, the desert's warrior-race,
 By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe ;
 But where art thou, the swift one in the chase,
 With thy free footstep and unfailing bow ?
 Their singing shafts have reach'd the panther's lair,
 And where art thou ?—thine arrows are not there.

10

They rest beside their streams—the spoil is won—
 They hang their spears upon the cypress bough ;
 The night-fires blaze, the hunter's work is done—
 They hear the tales of old—but where art thou ?
 The night-fires blaze beneath the giant pine,
 And there a place is fill'd that once was thine.

For thou art mingling with the city's throng,
 And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow aside ;
 Child of the forests ! thou art borne along,
 E'en as ourselves, by life's tempestuous tide.
 But will this be ? and canst thou *here* find rest ?
 Thou hadst thy nurture on the desert's breast.

20

Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear,
 From the savannah-land, the land of streams ?
 Hear'st thou not murmurs which none else may hear ?
 Is not the forest's shadow on thy dreams ?
 They call—wild voices call thee o'er the main,
 Back to thy free and boundless woods again.

30

Hear them not ! hear them not !—thou canst not find
 In the far wilderness what once was thine !
 Thou hast quaff'd knowledge from the founts of mind,
 And gather'd loftier aims and hopes divine.
 Thou knowest the soaring thought, the immortal strain—
 Seek not the deserts and the woods again !

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF * * *

In the full tide of melody and mirth—

While joy's bright spirit beams from every eye,
Forget not him, whose soul, though fled from earth,
Seems yet to speak in strains that cannot die.

Forget him not, for many a festal hour,

Charm'd by those strains, for us has lightly flown,
And memory's visions, mingling with their power,
Wake the heart's thrill at each familiar tone.

Blest be the harmonist, whose well-known lays

Revive life's morning dreams when youth is fled,
And, fraught with images of other days,
Recall the loved, the absent, and the dead.

10

His the dear art whose spells awhile renew

Hope's first illusions in their tenderest bloom—
Oh ! what were life, without such moments threw
Bright gleams, 'like angel-visits,' o'er its gloom ?

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS

Yes, thou hast met the sun's last
smile

From the haunted hills of Rome ;
By many a bright Aegean isle
Thou hast seen the billows foam.

From the silence of the Pyramid,
Thou hast watch'd the solemn flow
Of the Nile, that with its waters hid
The ancient realm below.

Thy heart hath burn'd, as shepherds
sung

Some wild and warlike strain,
Where the Moorish horn once
proudly rung
Through the pealing hills of Spain.

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,
With a sound yet murmuring in thy
dreams

Of the glory that is gone.

But go thou to the pastoral vales
Of the Alpine mountains old,

If thou wouldst hear immortal
tales
By the wind's deep whispers told !

19

Go, if thou lovest the soil to tread
Where man hath nobly striven,
And life, like incense, hath been
shed,
An offering unto Heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the
pines,
Hath swept a noble flood ;
The nurture of the peasant's vines
Hath been the martyr's blood !

A spirit, stronger than the sword,
And loftier than despair,
Through all the heroic region pour'd,
Breathes in the generous air.

30

A memory clings to every steep
Of long-enduring faith,
And the sounding streams glad
record keep
Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant *where* his sires
For truth and freedom bled ?

Ask, where were lit the torturing
fires,

Where lay the holy dead ?— 40

And he will tell thee, all around,
On fount, and turf, and stone,
Far as the chamois' foot can bound,
Their ashes have been sown !

Go, when the Sabbath-bell is heard ¹

Up through the wilds to float,

When the dark old woods and caves
are stirr'd

To gladness by the note.

When forth, along their thousand
rills,

The mountain people come, 50
Join thou their worship on those
hills

Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,
And while the torrent's voice,

Like the swell of many an organ,
blends,

Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through
scorn,

Through shame, through death
made strong,

Before the rocks and heavens have
borne

Witness of God so long ! 60

SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER

PILGRIM ! O say, hath thy cheek been fann'd
By the sweet winds of my sunny land ?
Know'st thou the sound of its mountain pines ?
And hast thou rested beneath its vines ?

Hast thou heard the music still wandering by,
A thing of the breezes, in Spain's blue sky,
Floating away over hill and heath,
With the myrtle's whisper, the citron's breath ?

Then say, are there fairer vales than those
Where the warbling of fountains for ever flows ? 10
Are there brighter flowers than mine own, which wave
O'er Moorish ruin and Christian grave ?

O sunshine and song ! they are lying far
By the streams that look to the western star ;
My heart is fainting to hear once more
The water-voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for thee,
And brave, my Spain ! though thou art not free ;
But I call them blest—they have rent *their* chain—
They sleep in thy *valleys*, my sunny Spain ! 20

¹ See GILLY'S *Researches among the Mountains of Piedmont*, for an interesting account of a Sabbath-day among the upper regions of the Vaudois. The inhabitants of these Protestant valleys, who, like the Swiss, repair with their flocks and herds to the summit of the hills during the summer, are followed thither by their pastors, and at that season of the year assemble on that sacred day to worship in the open air.

THE CONTADINA

WRITTEN FOR A PICTURE

Not for the myrtle, and not for the vine,
 Though its grape, like a gem, be the sunbeam's shrine;
 And not for the rich blue heaven that showers
 Joy on thy spirit, like light on the flowers;
 And not for the scent of the citron trees—
 Fair peasant! I call thee not blest for *these*.

Not for the beauty spread over thy brow,
 Though round thee a gleam, as of spring, it throw;
 And not for the lustre that laughs from thine eye,
 Like a dark stream's flash to the sunny sky, 10
 Though the south in its riches nought lovelier sees—
 Fair peasant! I call thee not blest for *these* :

But for those breathing and loving things—
 For the boy's fond arm that around thee clings,
 For the smiling cheek on thy lap that glows,
 In the peace of a trusting child's repose—
 For the hearts whose home is thy gentle breast 18
 Oh! richly I call thee, and deeply blest!

TROUBADOUR SONG

<p>THE warrior cross'd the ocean's foam For the stormy fields of war; The maid was left in a smiling home And a sunny land afar. His voice was heard where javelin showers Pour'd on the steel-clad line; Her step was 'midst the summer flowers, Her seat beneath the vine. His shield was cleft, his lance was riven, And the red blood stain'd his crest; While she—the gentlest wind of 10 heaven Might scarcely fan her breast. Yet a thousand arrows pass'd him by, And again he cross'd the seas; But she had died as roses die That perish with a breeze.</p>	<p>As roses die, when the blast is come For all things bright and fair— There was death within the smiling home— 19 How had death found her there?</p>
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ON A FLOWER FROM THE
FIELD OF GRÜTLI

WHENCE art thou, flower? from
 holy ground,
 Where freedom's foot hath been!
 Yet bugle-blast or trumpet sound
 Ne'er shook that solemn scene.
 Flower of a noble field! thy birth
 Was not where spears have cross'd,
 And shiver'd helms have strewn the
 earth,
 'Midst banners won and lost.

But where the sunny hués and
showers

Unto thy cup were given, 10
There met high hearts at midnight
hours,

Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledged that man
should roam

Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of
prayer,

Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle
there, 19

Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,

That calm devoted band,
And rose, and made their spirits felt
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grütli's free-born
flower!

Even in thy pale decay
There dwells a breath, a tone, a
power, 27

Which all high thoughts obey.

ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL

AND was thy home, pale wither'd
thing,

Beneath the rich blue southern
sky?

Wert thou a nursling of the Spring,
The winds and suns of glorious Italy?

Those suns in golden light e'en now,
Look o'er the poet's lovely grave,

Those winds are breathing soft,
but thou

Answering their whisper, there no
more shalt wave.

The flowers, o'er Posilippo's brow,
May cluster in their purple bloom

But on the o'ershadowing ilex-
bough, 11

Thy breezy place is void by Virgil's
tomb.

Thy place is void; oh! none on
earth,

This crowded earth, may so
remain,

Save that which souls of loftiest
birth

Leave when they part, their brighter
home to gain.

Another leaf, ere now, hath sprung
On the green stem which once was
thine;

When shall another strain be sung
Like his whose dust hath made that
spot a shrine? 20

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON

YES, it is ours!—the field is won,
A dark and evil field!

Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his
bloody shield!

Let me not hear your trumpets
ring,

Swell not the battle-horn!

Thoughts far too sad those notes
will bring,

When to the grave my glorious
flower is borne!

Speak not of victory!—in the
name

There is too much of woe! 10

Hush'd be the empty voice of
Fame—

Call me back his whose graceful head
is low.

Speak not of victory!—from my
halls

The sunny hour is gone!

The ancient banner on my walls,
Must sink erelong—I had but him—
but one!

Within the dwelling of my sires
 The hearths will soon be cold,
 With me must die the beacon-fires
 That stream'd at midnight from the
 mountain-hold. 20

And let them fade, since this must
 be,
 My lovely and my brave !
 Was thy bright blood pour'd forth
 for me,
 And is there but for stately youth
 a grave ?

Speak to me once again, my boy !
 Wilt thou not hear my call ?
 Thou wert so full of life and joy,
 I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou
 couldst fall !

Thy mother watches from the
 steep
 For thy returning plume ; 30
 How shall I tell her that thy sleep
 Is of the silent house, the untimely
 tomb ?

Thou didst not seem as one to
 die,
 With all thy young renown !
 —Ye saw his falchion's flash on
 high,
 In the mid-fight, when spears and
 crests went down !

Slow be your march ! the field is
 won !
 A dark and evil field !
 Lift from the ground my noble
 son,
 And bear him homewards on his
 bloody shield. 40

A FRAGMENT

REST on your battle-fields, ye brave !
 Let the pines murmur o'er your
 grave,
 Your dirge be in the moaning wave—
 We call you back no more !

Oh ! there was mourning when ye
 fell,
 In your own vales a deep-toned
 knell,
 An agony, a wild farewell ;—
 But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame ;
 The hills keep record of your name,
 And never can a touch of shame
 Darken the buried brow. 12

But we on changeful days are cast,
 When bright names from their place
 fall fast ;
 And ye that with your glory past,
 We cannot mourn you now.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

SON of the ocean isle !
 Where sleep your mighty dead ?
 Show me what high and stately pile
 Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind
 sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
 By the pyramid o'ersway'd, 10
 With fearful power the noonday
 reigns,
 And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
 From heaven look fiercely red,
 Unfelt by those whose task is done!—
 There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
 Along the Indian shore,
 And far by Ganges' banks at night,
 Is heard the tiger's roar. 20

But let the sound roll on !
 It hath no tone of dread,
 For those that from their toils are
 gone ;—
 There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow's flight be sped ! 30
Why should *they* reckon whose task is
done ?—
There slumber England's dead !

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the
sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !
Let the fresh wreaths be shed !
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead. 40

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields
close,
And the northern night-clouds
lower.

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is
done,—

Even there sleep England's dead.
The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave ! 50
Are not the rocks their funera^l piles,
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind
sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS

WRITTEN FOR AN EISTEDDVOD, OR MEETING OF WELSH BARDS,

Held in London, May 22, 1822

[The *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the British bards, were anciently ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon ; or, according to the expression employed on these occasions, ' in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light.' The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the circle of federation. The presiding bard stood on a large stone (Maen Gorsedd, or the stone of assembly) in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting. The bards always stood in their uni-coloured robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the circle of federation.—See OWEN'S translation of *The Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.]

WHERE met our bards of old ?—the glorious throng,
They of the mountain and the battle-song ?
They met—oh ! not in kingly hall or bower,
But where wild Nature girt herself with power :
They met—where streams flash'd bright from rocky caves,
They met—where woods made moan o'er warriors' graves,
And where the torrent's rainbow spray was cast,
And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,
And, 'midst the eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
The crested Roman, in his hour of pride ;
And where the Carnedd,¹ on its lonely hill,
Bore silent record of the mighty still ;

10

¹ *Carnedd*, a stone-barrow, or cairn.

And where the Druid's ancient Cromlech ¹ frown'd,
 And the oaks breathed mysterious murmurs round.
 There throng'd the inspired of yore !—on plain or height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light,
 And, baring unto heaven each noble head,
 Stood in the circle, where none else might tread.
 Well might their lays be lofty !—soaring thought
 From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught : 20
 Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,
 Which startled eagles from their lone domains,
 And, like a breeze in chainless triumph, went
 Up through the blue resounding firmament.

Whence came the echoes to those numbers high ?
 'Twas from the battle fields of days gone by,
 And from the tombs of heroes, laid to rest
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast ;
 And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,
 Sever'd by cloud and storm from all below ; 30
 And the turf-mounds, ² once girt by ruddy spears,
 And the rock-altars of departed years.

Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,
 The winds a thousand wild responses bore ;
 And the green land, whose every vale and glen
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,
 On all her hills awakening to rejoice,
 Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.
 For us, not ours the festival to hold,
 'Midst the stone-circles, hallow'd thus of old ; 40
 Not where great Nature's majesty and might
 First broke, all-glorious, on our infant sight ;
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and brave,
 Not by the mountain-llyn, ³ the ocean wave,
 In these late days we meet—dark Mona's shore,
 Eryri's ⁴ cliffs resound with harps no more !

But, as the stream (though time or art may turn
 The current, bursting from its cavern'd urn,
 To bathe soft vales of pasture and of flowers,
 From Alpine glens, or ancient forest bowers) 50
 Alike, in rushing strength, or sunny sleep,
 Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep ;
 Thus, though our paths be changed, still warm and free,
 Land of the bard ! our spirit flies to thee !

¹ *Cromlech*, a Druidical monument or altar. The word means a stone of covenant.

² The ancient British chiefs frequently harangued their followers from small artificial mounds of turf.—See PENNANT.

³ *Llyn*, a lake or pool.

⁴ *Eryri*, Snowdon.

To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,
Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song !
Nor yield our souls one patriot-feeling less,
To the green memory of thy loveliness,
Than theirs, whose harp-notes peal'd from every height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light !

60

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I come, I come ! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains ;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

10

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky ;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

20

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

30

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !
 Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And youth is abroad in my green domains. 40

But ye !—ye are changed since ye met me last !
 There is something bright from your features pass'd !
 There is that come over your brow and eye,
 Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !
 —Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness yet—
 Oh ! what have you look'd on since last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here
 All whom I saw in the vanish'd year ! 50
 There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
 Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light,
 There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
 No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
 As if for a banquet all earth were spread ;
 There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
 And had not a sound of mortality !
 Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains pass'd ?—
 Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last ! 60

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now,
 Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !
 Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace—
 She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
 With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
 They are gone from amongst you in silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
 Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !—
 But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
 I shall find them there, with their eyes of light ! 70
 Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
 I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft wings borne,
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !
 For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
 Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more ;
 I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
 And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell. 78

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?—*Marmion*.

The stately Homes of England,

How beautiful they stand!

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land.

The deer across their greensward
bound,

Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with
the sound

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!

Around their hearths by night, 10
What gladsome looks of household
love

Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in
song,

Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!

How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness

That breathes from Sabbath hours!

Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's
chime 21

Floats through their woods at
morn;

All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!

By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery
brooks,

And round the hamlet fanes
Through glowing orchards forth they
peep,

Each from its nook of leaves, 30
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!

Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit
loves

Its country and its God! 40

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE

I have dreamt thou wert
A captive in thy hopelessness; afar
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
Whose image unto thee is as a dream
Of fire and slaughter; I can see thee wasting,
Sick for thy native air.—L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far—
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board;
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was pour'd;
The hearth was heap'd with the pine-boughs high,
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds that chanted in Runic rhyme
Their songs of the sword and the olden time;
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
They had summon'd a softer voice to sing,
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood :—in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies ;
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,
Half-veil'd a depth of unfathom'd woe.

20

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seem'd struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush pass'd, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze ;
No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,
But a token of fever, at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crown'd for her bridal-day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

30

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her, woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow ;
Troubled its murmur, and sad, and low ;
But it swell'd into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

40

They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land ! of thee !
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful sounding sea ?
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ?—in silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure, deep sapphire sky ;
How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth ?
Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the north ?

' Yet thus it shall be once, once more !—my spirit shall awake,
And through the mists of death shine out, my country, for thy sake !
That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty and the light,
And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight !
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily !

50

' There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence ! but, oh ! their glorious
blue !

Its very night is beautiful, with the hyacinth's deep hue !
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,
And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloudless dome ;
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more.

'And there are haunts in that green land—oh ! who may dream or tell
 Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell ! 60
 By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves,
 And bowers wherein the forest dove her nest untroubled weaves ;
 The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,
 And the violets gleam like amethysts, from the dewy moss beneath.
 'And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day—
 Sweet sounds ! the soul to hear them fairs in dreams of heaven away !
 They wander through the olive woods, and o'er the shining seas—
 They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy breeze ;
 Lute, voice, and bird, are blending there ;—it were a bliss to die,
 As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily ! 70
 'I may not thus depart—farewell ! yet no, my country ! no !
 Is not love stronger than the grave ? I feel it must be so !
 My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the main,
 And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again.
 Its passion deepens—it prevails !—I break my chain—I come
 To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my home !'

And her pale arms dropp'd the ringing lyre—
 There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire—
 And her dark rich tresses, in many a fold,
 Loosed from their braids, down her bosom roll'd. 80
 For her head sank back on the rugged wall—
 A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall ;
 She had pour'd out her soul with her song's last tone ;
 The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone !

IVAN THE CZAR

[Ivan le Terrible, étant déjà devenu vieux, assiégeait Novogorod. Les Boyards, le voyant affaibli, lui demandèrent s'il ne voulait pas donner le commandement de l'assaut à son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande à cette proposition, que rien ne put l'apaiser ; son fils se prosterna à ses pieds ; il le repoussa avec un coup d'une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père, alors au désespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut que peu de mois à son fils.—*Dix Années d'Exil, par MADAME DE STAËL.*]

Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus. Ich muss
 Ihn wieder haben ! . . .
 . . . Trostlose Allmacht,
 Die nicht einmal in Gräber ihren Arm
 Verlängern, eine kleine Uebereilung
 Mit Menschenleben nicht verbessern
 kann !—SCHILLER.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
 The old and haughty Czar,
 Lonely, though princes girt him
 round,
 And leaders of the war :
 He had cast his jewell'd sabre,
 That many a field had won,
 To the earth beside his youthful
 dead—
 His fair and first-born son.
 With a robe of ermine for its bed,
 Was laid that form of clay, 10
 Where the light a stormy sunset shed,
 Through the rich tent made way ;
 And a sad and solemn beauty
 On the pallid face came down,
 Which the Lord of nations mutely
 watch'd,
 In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones, at last, of woe and fear
 From his full bosom broke—
 A mournful thing it was to hear 19
 How then the proud man spoke !
 The voice that through the combat
 Had shouted far and high,
 Came forth in strange, dull, hollow
 tones,
 Burden'd with agony.

'There is no crimson on thy cheek,
 And on thy lip no breath ;
 I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
 They tell me this is death !
 And fearful things are whispering
 That I the deed have done— 30
 For the honour of thy father's name,
 Look up, look up, my son !

'Well might I know death's hue and
 mien,
 But on *thine* aspect, boy !
 What, till this moment, have I seen
 Save pride and tameless joy ?
 Swiftest thou wert to battle,
 And bravest there of all—
 How could I think a warrior's frame
 Thus like a flower should fall ? 40

'I will not bear that still cold look—
 Rise up, thou fierce and free !
 Wake as the storm wakes ! I will
 brook

All, save this calm, from thee !
 Lift brightly up, and proudly,
 Once more thy kindling eyes !
 Hath my word lost its power on
 earth ?
 I say to thee, arise !

'Didst thou not know I loved thee
 well ?

Thou didst not ! and art gone, 50
 In bitterness of soul, to dwell
 Where man must dwell alone.
 Come back, young fiery spirit !
 If but one hour, to learn
 The secrets of the folded heart
 That seem'd to thee so stern.

'Thou wert the first, the first, fair
 child

That in mine arms I press'd :
 Thou wert the bright one, that hast
 smiled

Like summer on my breast ! 60
 I rear'd thee as an eagle,
 To the chase thy steps I led,
 I bore thee on my battle-horse,
 I look upon thee—dead !

'Lay down my warlike banners here,
 Never again to wave,
 And bury my red sword and spear,
 Chiefs ! in my first born's grave !
 And leave me !—I have conquer'd,
 I have slain—my work is done !
 Whom have I slain ?—ye answer
 not— 71

Thou too art mute, my son !
 And thus his wild lament was pour'd
 Through the dark resounding
 night,
 And the battle knew no more his
 sword,

Nor the foaming steed his might.
 He heard strange voices moaning
 In every wind that sigh'd ;
 From the searching stars of heaven
 he shrank—
 Humbly the conqueror died. 80

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY¹

Thy cheek too swiftly flushes, o'er thine
 eye
 The lights and shadows come and go too
 fast ;
 Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy
 voice
 Are sounds of tenderness too passionate
 For peace on earth ; oh ! therefore,
 child of song !
 'Tis well thou shouldst depart.

A SOUND of music, from amidst the
 hills,
 Came suddenly, and died ; a fitful
 sound

¹ Founded on the following circumstance related in the *PERCY Anecdotes of Imagination* :—

'It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, the Irish bard, even in his gayest mood, never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo,

<p>Of mirth, soon lost in wail.—Again it rose, And sank in mournfulness.—There sat a bard By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept Flashing through rock and wood ; the sunset's light Was on its wavy, silver-gleaming hair, And the wind's whisper in the moun- tain-ash, Whose clusters droop'd above. His head was bowed, His hand was on his harp, yet thence its touch Had drawn but broken strains ; and many stood, Waiting around in silent earnestness, The unchaining of his soul, the gush of song— Many and graceful forms :—yet one alone Seem'd present to his dream ; and she, indeed, With her pale, virgin brow, and changeable cheek, And the clear starlight of her serious eyes, Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful, E'en painfully !—a creature to be- hold With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught unseen Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth Too dim without its brightness !— Did such fear</p>	<p>O'ershadow in that hour the gifted one, By his own rushing stream ?—Once more he gazed Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more From the deep chords his wandering hand brought out A few short festive notes, an opening strain Of bridal melody, soon dash'd with grief, As if some wailing spirit in the strings Met and o'ermaster'd him ; but yielding then To the strong prophet-impulse, mournfully, Like moaning waters o'er the harp he pour'd The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Voice of the grave ! I hear thy thrilling call ; It comes in the dash of the foaming wave, In the sere-leaf's trembling fall ! In the shiver of the tree, I hear thee, O thou voice ! And I would thy warning were but for me, That my spirit might rejoice.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">But thou art sent For the sad earth's young and fair, For the graceful heads that have not bent To the wintry hand of care ! They hear the wind's low sigh, And the river sweeping free,</p>
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whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief ; and addressing himself in Irish to her mother, "Madam," said he, "I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me ; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us ; nay," said he, emphatically, "she will not survive twelve months." The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard.'

And the green reeds murmuring
heavily,
And the woods—but they hear
not thee ! 50

Long have I striven
With my deep foreboding soul,
But the full tide now its bounds
hath riven,
And darkly on must roll.
There's a young brow smiling
near,
With a bridal white rose
wreath—
Unto me it smiles from a flowery bier,
Touch'd solemnly by death !

Fair art thou, Morna !
The sadness of thine eye 60
Is beautiful as silvery clouds
On the dark blue summer sky !
And thy voice comes like the sound
Of a sweet and hidden rill,
That makes the dim woods tuneful
round—
But soon it must be still !

Silence and dust
On thy sunny lips must lie—
Make not the strength of love thy
trust,
A stronger yet is nigh ! 70
No strain of festal flow
That my hand for thee hath
tried,
But into dirge notes wild and
low
Its ringing tones have died.

Young art thou, Morna !
Yet on thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
A spirit hath been shed !
And the glance is thine which
sees
Through nature's awful heart—

But bright things go with the
summer breeze, 8r
And thou too must depart !

Yet shall I weep ?
I know that in thy breast
There swells a fount of song too
deep,
Too powerful for thy rest !
And the bitterness I know,
And the chill of this world's
breath—
Go, all undimm'd, in thy glory go !
Young and crown'd bride of
death ! 90

Take hence to heaven
Thy holy thoughts and bright,
And soaring hopes, that were not
given
For the touch of mortal blight !
Might we follow in thy track,
This parting should not be !
But the spring shall give us violets
back,
And every flower but thee !

There was a burst of tears around the
bard :
All wept but one, and she serenely
stood, 100
With her clear brow and dark
religious eye
Raised to the first faint star above
the hills,
And cloudless ; though it might be
that her cheek
Was paler than before.—So Morna
heard
The minstrel's prophecy.
And spring return'd,
Bringing the earth her lovely things
again,
All, save the loveliest far ! A voice,
a smile,
A young sweet spirit gone. 108

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE

FROM 'THE PORTRAIT GALLERY,' AN UNFINISHED POEM

If there be but one spot upon thy name,
 One eye thou fear'st to meet, one human voice
 Whose tones thou shrink'st from—Woman! veil thy face
 And bow thy head—and die!

THOU seest her pictured with her shining hair,
 (Famed were those tresses in Provençal song.)
 Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair

Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along
 Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving
 'Midst the rich curls; and oh! how meekly loving
 Its earnest looks are lifted to the face

Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace!
 Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less
 Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,
 Than might beseem a mother's;—on her brow

10

Something too much there sits of native scorn,
 And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,

As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.
 These may be dreams—but how shall woman tell
 Of woman's shame, and not with tears?—She fell!
 That mother left that child!—went hurrying by
 Its cradle—haply not without a sigh,
 Haply one moment o'er its rest serene

She hung—but no! it could not thus have been,
 For *she went on*!—forsook her home, her hearth,
 All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,
 To live a gaudy and dishonour'd thing,
 Sharing in guilt the splendours of a king.

20

Her lord, in very weariness of life,
 Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife;
 He reck'd no more of glory:—grief and shame
 Crush'd out his fiery nature, and his name
 Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls
 Crept year by year; the minstrel pass'd their walls;
 The warder's horn hung mute:—meantime the child
 On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,
 A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew
 Into sad youth; for well, too well, she knew
 Her mother's tale! Its memory made the sky
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye;
 Check'd on her lip the flow of song, which fain
 Would there have linger'd; flush'd her cheek to pain,
 If met by sudden glance; and gave a tone
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,

30

40

E'en to the spring's glad voice. Her own was low
 And plaintive.—Oh ! there lie such depths of woe
 In a *young* blighted spirit ! Manhood rears
 A haughty brow, and age has done with tears ;
 But youth bows down to misery, in amaze
 At the dark cloud o'er mantling its fresh days—
 And thus it was with her. A mournful sight

In one so fair—for she indeed was fair—
 Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light,

Hers were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,
 And with long lashes o'er a white rose cheek,
 Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek,
 Still that fond child's—and oh ! the brow above
 So pale and pure ! so form'd for holy love
 To gaze upon in silence !—But she felt
 That love was not for her, though hearts would melt
 Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given
 Went with her ; and low prayers, that call'd on Heaven
 To bless the young Isaure.

50

One sunny morn

With alms before her castle gate she stood,
 'Midst peasant groups ; when, breathless and o'erworn,
 And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,
 A stranger through them broke :—the orphan maid,
 With her sweet voice and proffer'd hand of aid,
 Turn'd to give welcome ; but a wild sad look
 Met hers—a gaze that all her spirit shook ;
 And that pale woman, suddenly subdued
 By some strong passion, in its gushing mood,
 Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears
 As rain the hoarded agonies of years
 From the heart's urn ; and with her white lips press'd
 The ground they trod ; then, burying in her vest
 Her brow's deep flush, sobb'd out—' Oh ! undefiled !
 I am thy mother—spurn me not, my child ! '

60

70

Isaure had pray'd for that lost mother ; wept
 O'er her stain'd memory, while the happy slept
 In the hush'd midnight : stood with mournful gaze
 Before yon picture's smile of other days,
 But never breathed in human ear the name
 Which weigh'd her being to the earth with shame.
 What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,
 The dark remembrances, the alter'd guise,
 Awhile o'erpower'd her ?—from the weeper's touch
 She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much
 For that all-humbled one ; its mortal stroke
 Came down like lightning, and her full heart broke
 At once in silence. Heavily and prone
 She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold stone,

80

Those long fair tresses—*they* still brightly wore
 Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more— 90
 Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty roll'd,
 And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.

Her child bent o'er her—call'd her—'twas too late—
 Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate !
 The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—
 How didst thou fall, O bright-hair'd Ermengarde !

THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES

O good old man ! how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times.
As You Like It.

FALLEN was the House of Giafar ; and its name,
 The high romantic name of Barmecide,
 A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
 By the swift Tigris's wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
 Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
 Had so pass'd sentence : but man's chainless heart
 Hides that within its depths which never yet
 The oppressor's thought could reach.

Tw'as desolate
 Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
 Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased 10
 The lights, the perfumes, and the genii tales
 Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
 Was there—the fountain's ; through those eastern courts,
 Over the broken marble and the grass,
 Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice !—an aged man,
 Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
 His silvery hair, came day by day, and sate
 On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,
 From the forsaken walls and dim arcades, 20
 A tone that shook them with its answering thrill
 To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
 He told that sad yet stately solitude,
 Pouring his memory's fullness o'er its gloom,
 Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,
 By song or high recital of their deeds,
 Bright solemn shadows of its vanish'd race
 To people their own halls : with these alone,
 In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts
 Held still unbroken converse. He had been 30
 Rear'd in this lordly dwelling, and was now
 The ivy of its ruins, unto which

His fading life seem'd bound. Day roll'd on day,
 And from that scene the loneliness was fled;
 For crowds around the grey-hair'd chronicler
 Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
 Fear with deep feeling strives; till, as a breeze
 Wanders through forest branches, and is met
 By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
 The spirit of his passionate lament, 40
 As through their stricken souls it pass'd awoke
 One echoing murmur.—But this might not be
 Under a despot's rule, and, summon'd thence,
 The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne:
 Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,
 And with his white lips rigidly compress'd;
 Till, in submissive tones, he ask'd to speak
 Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
 Was it to sue for grace?—His burning heart
 Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye, 50
 And he was changed!—and thus, in rapid words,
 The o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way.

'And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,
 With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave?
 What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land?
 I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band!

'My chiefs! my chiefs! the old man comes that in your halls was nursed—
 That follow'd you to many a fight, where flash'd your sabres first—
 That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart:—
 Oh! must the music of that name with him from earth depart? 60

'It shall not be! a thousand tongues, though human voice were still,
 With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill;
 The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wandering seeds are sown,
 And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.

'For it is not as a flower whose scent with the dropping leaves expires,
 And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires;
 It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the sword,
 It hath left upon our desert sands a light in blessings pour'd.

'The founts, the many gushing founts, which to the wild ye gave,
 Of you, my chiefs, shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave! 70
 And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's way,
 Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

'The very walls your bounty rear'd for the stranger's homeless head,
 Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead!
 Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cittern
 rung,
 And the serpent in your palaces lie coil'd amidst its young.

'It is enough ! mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees—
 I leave your name in lofty faith, to the skies and to the breeze !
 I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair.
 And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs, are there !' 80

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
 O'er Haroun's eyes had gather'd, and a thought—
 Oh ! many a sudden and remorseful thought—
 Of his youth's once loved friends, the martyr'd race,
 O'erflow'd his softening heart.—'Live ! live !' he cried,
 'Thou faithful unto death ! live on, and still
 Speak of thy lords—they *were* a princely band !' 87

THE SPANISH CHAPEL¹

<p>Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb, In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes, Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom, Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.—MOORE.</p> <p>I MADE a mountain brook my guide Through a wild Spanish glen, And wander'd on its grassy side, Far from the homes of men.</p> <p>It lured me with a singing tone, And many a sunny glance, To a green spot of beauty lone, A haunt for old romance.</p> <p>A dim and deeply bosom'd grove Of many an aged tree, 10 Such as the shadowy violets love, The fawn and forest bee.</p> <p>The darkness of the chestnut-bough There on the waters lay, The bright stream reverently below Check'd its exulting play ;</p> <p>And bore a music all subdued, And led a silvery sheen On through the breathing solitude Of that rich leafy scene. 20</p> <p>For something viewlessly around Of solemn influence dwelt, In the soft gloom and whispery sound, Not to be told, but felt ;</p>	<p>While sending forth a quiet gleam Across the wood's repose, And o'er the twilight of the stream, A lowly chapel rose.</p> <p>A pathway to that still retreat Through many a myrtle wound, And there a sight—how strangely sweet ! 31 My steps in wonder bound,</p> <p>For on a brilliant bed of flowers, E'en at the threshold made, As if to sleep through sultry hours, A young fair child was laid.</p> <p>To sleep ?—oh ! ne'er on childhood's eye And silken lashes press'd, Did the warm <i>living</i> slumber lie With such a weight of rest ! 40</p> <p>Yet still a tender crimson glow Its cheek's pure marble dyed— 'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow Through roses heap'd beside.</p> <p>I stoop'd—the smooth round arm was chill, The soft lip's breath was fled, And the bright ringlets hung so still— The lovely child was dead !</p> <p>'Alas !' I cried, 'fair faded thing ! Thou hast wrung bitter tears, 50 And thou hast left a woe, to cling Round yearning hearts for years !'</p>
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¹ Suggested by a scene beautifully described in the *Recollections of the Peninsula*.

But then a voice came sweet and low—

I turn'd, and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadow'd image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

'Stranger! thou pitiest me,' she said 61

With lips that faintly smiled,
'As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

'But know, the time-worn heart
may be

By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to Heaven!'

THE KAISER'S FEAST

[Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire in the twelfth century, that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. 'After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany; and, by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened.'—MISS BINGER'S *Memoir of the Queen of Bohemia*.]

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall—

The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall,
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's
flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs
crown'd.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand? 10

And suddenly from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail band?
The strings were hush'd—the knights
made way

For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's
place,

And still before him stood;
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his
face

Flush'd the proud warrior blood:
And 'Speak, my mother! speak!' 21
he cried,

'Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side
In weeds of sadness drest?'

'Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son!
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one!

Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit
lies— 31

Thy brother's children see!

'And where is he, thy brother,
where?

He in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew?
How would his arms thy neck en-
twine,

His fond lips press thy brow!
My son! oh, call these orphans
thine!—

Thou hast no brother now! 40

'What! from their gentle eyes doth
naught

Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers?
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When rear'd together there,
Through the old woods like fawns ye
flew—

Where is thy brother—where?

'Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen ! 50
How is it that such things can be
As though they ne'er had been ?
Evil was this world's breath, which
came

Between the good and brave !
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offer'd to the grave.

'And let them, let them there be
pour'd !

Though all unfelt below—
Thine own wrung heart, to love
restored,

Shall soften as they flow. 60
Oh ! death is mighty to make peace ;
Now bid his work be done !

So many an inward strife shall cease :
Take, take these babes, my son !

His eye was dimm'd—the strong
man shook

With feeling long suppress'd ;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strain'd them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight ;
And eyes were wet 'midst the brave
that met 71

At the Kaiser's feast that night.

TASSO AND HIS SISTER

'Devant vous est Sorrente ; là
demeuroit la sœur de Tasse, quand il
vint en pèlerin demander à cette obscure
amie un asyle contre l'injustice des
princes.—Ses longues douleurs avaient
presque égaré sa raison ; il ne lui restoit
plus que son génie.'—*Corinne*.

SHE sat, where on each wind that
sigh'd,

The citron's breath went by,
While the red gold of eventide
Burn'd in the Italian sky.
Her bower was one where daylight's
close

Full of sweet laughter found,
As thence the voice of childhood rose
To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful, at her knee,
Her children stood that hour, 10
Their bursts of song and dancing glee
Hush'd as by words of power.
With bright fix'd wondering eyes
that gazed

Up to their mother's face,
With brows through parted ringlets
raised

They stood in silent grace.

While she—yet something o'er her
look 17

Of mournfulness was spread—
Forth from a poet's magic book
The glorious numbers read ;
The proud undying lay, which pour'd
Its light on evil years ;
His of the gifted pen and sword,¹
The triumph—and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
Which Venice once might hear
Sung on her glittering seas at night
By many a gondolier ;
Of him she read, who broke the charm
That wrapt the myrtle grove ;
Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's
arm, 31

That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright
page glow'd,

Young holy hearts were stirr'd ;
And the meek tears of woman flow'd
Fast o'er each burning word.
And sounds of breeze, and fount, and
leaf,

Came sweet, each pause between ;
When a strange voice of sudden grief
Burst on the gentle scene. 40

The mother turn'd—a way-worn man,
In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
Of proud yet mournful eye.
But drops, which would not stay for
pride,

From that dark eye gush'd free,
As pressing his pale brow, he cried,
'Forgotten ! e'en by thee !

¹ It is scarcely necessary to recall the well-known Italian saying, that Tasso, with his sword and pen, was superior to all men.

'Am I so changed?—and yet we two
 Oft hand in hand have play'd;—
 This brow hath been all bathed in dew,
 From wreaths which thou hast
 made; 52
 We have knelt down and said one
 prayer,
 And sung one vesper strain;
 My soul is dim with clouds of care—
 Tell me those words again!

'Life hath been heavy on my head,
 I come a stricken deer,
 Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that
 bled,
 To bleed in stillness here.' 60

She gazed, till thoughts that long had
 slept

Shook all her thrilling frame—
 She fell upon his neck and wept,
 Murmuring her brother's name.

Her brother's name!—and who was he,
 The weary one, the unknown.
 That came, the bitter world to flee,
 A stranger to his own?—
 He was the bard of gifts divine
 To sway the souls of men; 70
 He of the song for Salem's shrine,
 He of the sword and pen!

ULLA; OR, THE ADJURATION

Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd
 the stars,
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search
 of thee.
 Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the
 earth,
 And never found thy likeness. Speak to
 me!
 This once—once more!—*Manfred*.

'Thou'rt gone!—thou'rt slumber-
 ing low,

With the sounding seas above
 thee;

It is but a restless woe,
 But a haunting dream to love
 thee!

Thrice the glad swan has sung,
 To greet the spring-time hours,
 Since thine oar at parting flung
 The white spray up in showers.

There's a shadow of the grave on
 thy hearth and round thy home;
 Come to me from the ocean's dead!
 —thou'rt surely of them—
 come! 10

'Twas Ulla's voice—alone she
 stood

In the Iceland summer night,
 Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,
 From a dark rock's beetling
 height

'I know thou hast thy bed
 Where the sea-weed's coil hath
 bound thee;

The storm sweeps o'er thy head,
 But the depths are hush'd
 around thee.

What wind shall point the way
 To the chambers where thou'rt
 lying? 20

Come to me thence, and say
 If thou thought'st on me in
 dying?

I will not shrink to see thee with
 a bloodless lip and cheek—
 Come to me from the ocean's dead!
 —thou'rt surely of them—
 speak!'

She listen'd—'twas the wind's
 low moan,

'Twas the ripple of the wave,
 'Twas the wakening osprey's
 cry alone,
 As it startled from its cave.

'I know each fearful spell
 Of the ancient Runic lay, 30
 Whose mutter'd words compel
 The tempest to obey.

But I adjure not thee
 By magic sign or song—
 My voice shall stir the sea
 By love—the deep, the strong!

By the might of woman's tears, by
 the passion of her sighs,
 Come to me from the ocean's dead!
 —by the vows we pledged—
 arise!'

Again she gazed with an eager
glance,
Wandering and wildly
bright;—
She saw but the sparkling
waters dance 41
To the arrowy northern light.
By the slow and struggling death
Of hope that loathed to part,
By the fierce and withering
breath
Of despair on youth's high
heart—
By the weight of gloom which
clings
To the mantle of the night,
By the heavy dawn which brings
Nought lovely to the sight—
By all that from my weary soul thou
hast wrung of grief and fear—
Come to me from the ocean's dead—
awake, arise, appear! 52
Was it her yearning spirit's
dream,
Or did a pale form rise,

And o'er the hush'd wave glide
and gleam,
With bright, still, mournful
eyes?
'Have the depths heard?—they
have!
My voice prevails—thou'rt
there
Dim from thy watery grave—
O thou that wert so fair!
Yet take me to thy rest! 61
There dwells no fear with love;
Let me slumber on thy breast,
While the billow rolls above!

Where the long lost things lie hid,
where the bright ones have their
home,
We will sleep among the ocean's
dead—stay for me, stay!—I
come!'

There was a sullen plunge below,
A flashing on the main;
And the wave shut o'er that wild
heart's woe,
Shut, and grew still again. 70

TO WORDSWORTH

THINE is a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices;—by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound; for in its course
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast, in sunny garden bowers,
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours. 10
There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hush'd the woods, with all their birds,
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music, link'd with household words;
While, in pleased murmurs, woman's lip might move,
And the raised eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
 Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground, 29
 Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
 A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around ;
 From its own glow of hope and courage high,
 And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.
 True bard and holy !—thou art e'en as one
 Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
 In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
 Sees where the springs of living waters lie :
 Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touch'd by thee, 29
 Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad wanderer free.

A MONARCH'S DEATHBED

[The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called John the Parricide, was left to die by the wayside, and only supported in his last moments by a female peasant, who happened to be passing.]

<p>A MONARCH on his deathbed lay— Did censers waft perfume, And soft lamps pour their silvery ray Through his proud chamber's gloom ? He lay upon a greensward bed, Beneath a darkening sky— A lone tree waving o'er his head, A swift stream rolling by. Had he then fallen as warriors fall, Where spear strikes fire with spear ? Was there a banner for his pall, A buckler for his bier ? Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms Had strewn the bloody sod,</p>	<p>Where he, the helpless lord of realms Yielded his soul to God. Were there not friends with words of cheer, And princely vassals nigh ? And priests, the crucifix to rear Before the glazing eye ? 20 A peasant girl that royal head Upon her bosom laid, And, shrinking not for woman's dread, The face of death survey'd. Alone she sat :—from hill and wood Red sank the mournful sun ; Fast gush'd the fount of noble blood— Treason its worst had done. With her long hair she vainly press'd The wounds, to stanch their tide— Unknown, on that meek humble breast, 31 Imperial Albert died !</p>
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TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER

Umile in tanta gloria.—PETRARCH.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
 Of sainted genius call'd too soon away,
 Of light from this world taken, while it shone
 Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
 How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
 Flow forth, O thou of many gifts ! for thee ?
 Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard ?
 And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
 Have we not felt its breath in every word,

Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower ? 10
 Yes, in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd—
 Of heaven they were, and thither have return'd.
 How shall we mourn thee ?—With a lofty trust,
 Our life's immortal birthright from above !
 With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
 Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,
 And yet can weep !—for nature thus deplores
 The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.
 And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
 One strain of solemn rapture be allow'd ! 20
 Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
 Not to decay, but unto death hast bow'd ;
 In those bright regions of the rising sun,
 Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won.
 Praise ! for yet one more name with power endow'd,
 To cheer and guide us, onward as we press ;
 Yet one more image on the heart bestow'd
 To dwell there, beautiful in holiness !
 Thine, Heber, thine ; whose memory from the dead
 Shines as the star which to the Saviour led ! 30
 St. Asaph, Sept. 1826.

THE ADOPTED CHILD

' WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child ?
 Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
 A straw-roof'd cabin, with lowly wall—
 Mine is a fair and a pillar'd hall,
 Where many an image of marble gleams,
 And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.
 ' Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play,
 Through the long bright hours of the summer day ;
 They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme, 10
 And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
 Lady, kind lady ! Oh, let me go.'
 ' Content thee, boy ! in my bower to dwell ;
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well :
 Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
 And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.'
 ' Oh ! my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
 A song of the hills far more sweet than all ; 20
 She sings it under our own green tree,
 To the babe half slumbering on her knee ;
 I dreamt last night of that music low—
 Lady, kind lady ! Oh, let me go.'

'Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
 She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast ;
 Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
 Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
 Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
 And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.' 30

'Is my mother gone from her home away ?—
 But I know that my brothers are there at play—
 I know they are gath'ring the foxglove's bell,
 Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well ;
 Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
 Lady, kind lady ! Oh, let me go.'

'Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
 They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;
 They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
 And the streams where the fairy barks were tried. 40
 Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
 For thy cabin home is a lonely spot.'

'Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill ?—
 But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still ;
 And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
 And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
 And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
 Lady, kind lady ! Oh, let me go.' 48

INVOCATION

<p>I call'd on dreams and visions, to disclose That which is veil'd from waking thought ; conjured Eternity, as men constrain a ghost To appear and answer.—WORDSWORTH.</p> <p>ANSWER me, burning stars of night ! Where is the spirit gone, That past the reach of human sight, As a swift breeze hath flown ?— And the stars answer'd me—' We roll In light and power on high ; But, of the never-dying soul, Ask that which cannot die.'</p> <p>Oh ! many-toned and chainless wind ! Thou art a wanderer free ; 10 Tell me if thou its place canst find, Far over mount and sea ? And the wind murmur'd in reply— 'The blue deep I have cross'd, And met its barks and billows high, But not what thou hast lost.'</p>	<p>Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose Around the setting sun, Answer ! have ye a home for those Whose earthly race is run ? 20 The bright clouds answer'd—' We depart, We vanish from the sky ; Ask what is deathless in thy heart, For that which cannot die.'</p> <p>Speak then, thou voice of God within, Thou of the deep, low tone ! Answer me, through life's restless din, Where is the spirit flown ? And the voice answer'd—' Be thou still ! Enough to know is given ; 30 Clouds, winds, and stars <i>their</i> part fulfil, <i>Thine</i> is to trust in Heaven.'</p>
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KÖRNER AND HIS SISTER

[Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 20th of August 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, *The Sword Song*. He was buried at the village of Wobbelin in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast iron; and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines :

Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht.

(Forget not the faithful dead.)'

—See RICHARDSON'S translation of *Körner's Life and Works*, and DOWNES'S *Letters from Mecklenburg*.]

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,
 Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
 And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
 Thy place of memory as an altar keepest ;
 Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,
 Thou of the Lyre and Sword !

Rest, bard ! rest, soldier !—by the father's hand
 Here shall the child of after years be led,
 With his wreath-offering silently to stand
 In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead. 10
 Soldier and bard ! for thou thy path hast trod
 With freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,
 On thy crown'd bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
 And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
 Wept as they veil'd their drooping banners o'er thee ;
 And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token,
 That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb :—a lowlier bed
 Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying— 20
 The gentle girl, that bow'd her fair young head
 When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
 Brother, true friend ! the tender and the brave—
 She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others ;—but for *her*,
 To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee !—lovely in your lives ye were,
 And in your early deaths divided not.
 Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy :—What hath she ?
 Her own bless'd place by thee ! 30

It was thy spirit, brother, which had made
 The bright earth glorious to her youthful eye,
 Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye play'd,
 And sent glad singing through the free blue sky.
 Ye were but two—and when that spirit pass'd,
 Woe to the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long !—She linger'd but to trace
 Thine image from the image in her breast—
 Once, once again to see that buried face
 But smile upon her, ere she went to rest. 40
 Too sad a smile ! its living light was o'er—
 It answer'd hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
 The home too lonely whence thy step had fled ;
 What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted ?
 Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead !
 Softly she perish'd :—be the Flower deplored
 Here with the Lyre and Sword !

Have ye not met ere now ?—so let those trust
 That meet for moments but to part for years— 50
 That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust—
 That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
 Brother, sweet sister ! peace around ye dwell :
 Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !¹

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER²

A SONG for the death-day of the brave—	He went, with his noble heart un-
A song of pride !	worn,
The youth went down to a hero's grave,	And pure, and high ;
With the Sword, his bride. ³	An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
	Only to die.

¹ The following lines, recently addressed to the author of the above, by the venerable father of Körner, who, with the mother, still survives the ' Lyre, Sword, and Flower' here commemorated, may not be uninteresting to the German reader :—

Wohllaut tönt aus der Ferne von freundlichen Lüften getragen,
 Schmeichelt mit lindernder Kraft sich in der Trauern den Ohr,
 Starkt den erhebenden Glauben an solcher Seelen Verwandtschaft,
 Die zum Tempel die Brust nur für das Würdige weihn.
 Aus dem Lande, zu dem sich stets der gefeyerte Jüngling
 Hingezogen gefühlt, wird ihm ein glänzender Lohn.
 Heil dem Brittischen Volke, wenn ihm das Deutsche nicht fremd ist !
 Ueber Länder und Meer reichen sich beyde die Hand.

Theodor Körner's Vater.

² On reading part of a letter from Körner's father, addressed to Mr. Richardson, the translator of his works, in which he speaks of ' The Death-day of his son'.

³ See *The Sword Song*, composed on the morning of his death.

He went with the lyre, whose lofty
tone

Beneath his hand to
Had thrill'd to the name of his God
alone,
And his father-land.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost
hath met
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the
brave—

A song of pride !
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride. 20

He hath left a voice in his trumpet
lays

To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after days,
Like a watchfire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
'Midst all high thought ;
And a memory unto his mother's
 breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the
 blight
 Of earthly breath, 30
 Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
 In life and death !

A song for the death-day of the
brave—

A song of pride !
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride !

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE

I come

To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree,
And bush, and fragrant flower, and hilly path,
And thymy mound that flings unto the winds
Its morning incense, is my friend.—BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,
 And low sweet sighs like those of childhood's sleep,
 Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
 As of soft showers on water ;—dark and deep
 Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still
 They seem'd but pictured glooms ; a hidden rill
 Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
 Under the fern tufts ; and a tender gleam
 Of soft green light, as by the glowworm shed,
 Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
 And steep'd the magic page wherein I read
 Of royal chivalry and old renown,
 A tale of Palestine.¹—Meanwhile the bee
 Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,
 A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,
 Blue skies, and amber sunshine : brightly free,
 On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly
 Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by ;
 And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
 Where sat the lone wood-pigeon :

¹ SCOTT'S *Talisman*.

But ere long, 20
 All sense of these things faded, as the spell
 Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew strong
 On my chain'd soul :—'twas not the leaves I heard ;—
 A Syrian wind the lion-banner stirr'd,
 Through its proud floating folds :—'twas not the brook
 Singing in secret through its grassy glen ;—
 A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
 Peal'd from the desert's lonely heart, and shook
 The burning air.—Like clouds when winds are high,
 O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby, 30
 And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear
 Flash'd where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear,
 Shadow'd by graceful palm-trees. Then the shout
 Of merry England's joy swell'd freely out,
 Sent through an eastern heaven, whose glorious hue
 Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue ;
 And harps were there—I heard their sounding strings,
 As the waste echo'd to the mirth of kings.—
 The bright mask faded. Unto life's worn track,
 What call'd me from its flood of glory back ? 40
 A voice of happy childhood !—and they pass'd,
 Banner, and harp, and Paynim's trumpet's blast ;
 Yet might I scarce bewail the splendours gone,
 My heart so leap'd to that sweet laughter's tone.

A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND

His very heart athirst
 To gaze at Nature in her green array,
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands possess'd
 With visions prompted by intense desire ;
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left
 Far distant, such as he would die to find :—
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.—COWPER.

THE hollow dash of waves !—the ceaseless roar !—
 Silence, ye billows !—vex my soul no more.

There's a spring in the woods by my sunny home,
 Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam ;
 Oh ! the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear,
 As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear !
 And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws,
 Through the feathery fern and the olive boughs,
 And the gleam on its path as it steals away
 Into deeper shades from the sultry day, 10
 And the large water-lilies that o'er its bed
 Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread,
 They haunt me ! I dream of that bright spring's flow,
 I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe !

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clanging cry !
My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound
Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut round ?
Know ye it, brethren ! where bower'd it lies,
Under the purple of southern skies ? 20
With the streamy gold of the sun that shines
In through the cloud of its clustering vines,
And the summer breath of the myrtle flowers,
Borne from the mountain in dewy hours,
And the fire-fly's glance through the dark'ning shades
Like shooting stars in the forest glades,
And the scent of the citron at eve's dim fall—
Speak ! have ye known, have ye felt them all ?

The heavy rolling surge ! the rocking mast !
Hush ! give my dream's deep music way, thou blast ! 30

Oh, the glad sounds of the joyous earth !
The notes of the singing cicala's mirth,
The murmurs that live in the mountain pines,
The sighing of reeds as the day declines,
The wings flitting home through the crimson glow
That steeps the wood when the sun is low,
The voice of the night-bird that sends a thrill
To the heart of the leaves when the winds are still—
I hear them !—around me they rise, they swell,
They call back my spirit with Hope to dwell— 40
They come with a breath from the fresh spring-time,
And waken my youth in its hour of prime.

The white foam dashes high—away, away !
Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray !

It is there !—down the mountains I see the sweep
Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep,
With the burden and glory of flowers that they bear,
Floating upborne on the blue summer air,
And the light pouring through them in tender gleams,
And the flashing forth of a thousand streams ! 50
Hold me not, brethren ! I go, I go
To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles blow,
To the depths of the woods, where the shadows rest,
Massy and still, on the greensward's breast,
To the rocks that resound with the water's play—
I hear the sweet laugh of my fount—give way !

Give way !—the booming surge, the tempest's roar,
The sea-bird's wail shall vex my soul no more.

THE EFFIGIES

Der rasche Kampf verewigt einen Mann :
 Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied.
 Allein die Thränen, die unendlichen,
 Der Ueberblieb'nen, der verlass'nen Frau,
 Zählt keine Nachwelt. —GOETHE.

WARRIOR! whose image on thy
 tomb,

With shield and crested head,
 Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
 By the stain'd window shed;
 The records of thy name and race
 Have faded from the stone,
 Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace
 What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,
 Flung out o'er many a fight; 10
 A war-cry ringing far and clear,
 And strong to turn the flight;
 An arm that bravely bore the lance
 On for the holy shrine;

A haughty heart and a kingly
 glance—

Chief! were not these things thine?

A lofty place where leaders sate
 Around the council board;

In festive halls a chair of state
 When the blood-red wine was
 pour'd; 20

A name that drew a prouder tone
 From herald, harp, and bard;
 Surely these things were all thine
 own—

So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman! whose sculptured form at
 rest

By the arm'd knight is laid,
 With meek hands folded o'er a breast
 In matron robes array'd;

What was *thy* tale?—O gentle mate
 Of him, the bold and free, 30
 Bound unto his victorious fate,
 What bard hath sung of *thee*?

He woo'd a bright and burning star—

Thine was the void, the gloom,
 The straining eye that follow'd far
 His fast receding plume;

The heart-sick listening while his
 steed

Sent echoes on the breeze;

The pang—but when did *Fame* take
 heed

Of griefs obscure as these? 40

Thy silent and secluded hours
 Through many a lonely day
 While bending o'er thy broider'd
 flowers,

With spirits far away;

Thy weeping midnight prayers for
 him

Who fought on Syrian plains,
 Thy watchings till the torch grew
 dim—

These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine!—long
 years 49

With tasks unguerdon'd fraught—
 Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
 Vigils of anxious thought;

Prayer at the Cross in fervour pour'd,
 Alms to the pilgrim given—

Oh! happy, happier than thy lord,
 In that lone path to heaven!

THE LANDING OF THE PIL- GRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

Look now abroad—another race has
 fill'd

Those populous borders—wide the
 wood recedes,

And towns shoot up, and fertile realms
 are till'd;

The land is full of harvests and green
 meads.—BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dash'd high

On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their
bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, 9
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring
drums,
And the trumpet that sings of
fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthem of the free ! 20

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's
foam ;

And the rocking pines of the forest
roar'd—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;—
Why had *they* come to wither
there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ; 30
There was manhood's brow serenely
high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of
war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trode.
They have left unstain'd what
there they found—
Freedom to worship God. 40

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES

And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever ;—it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may wound—
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
Childe Harold.

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more ;
Is not this all a mystery ?—Who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way ?

The sudden images of vanish'd things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why ;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by ; 10
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
A flower scent floating past our parents' door ;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
 Yet back returning with a plaintive tone ;
 A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
 Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown ;
 Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
 And press vain tears in gushes from the heart ?
 And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
 Calling up shrouded faces from the dead, 20
 And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
 Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread ;
 And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—
 These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear ?
 And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
 That ofttimes whispers to the haunted breast,
 In a low tone which naught can drown or still,
 'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest ;
 Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall ?
 Why shakes the spirit thus ?—'tis mystery all ! 30
 Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
 Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not ;
 Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we think
 Are those whom death has parted from our lot !
 Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
 Let us walk humbly on, but undismay'd !
 Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
 Her way amidst these marvels of the mind ;
 Yet undismay'd—for do they not reveal
 The immortal being with our dust entwined ?— 40
 So let us deem ! and e'en the tears they wake
 Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

THE DEPARTED

<p> Thou shalt lie down With patriarchs of the infant world— with kings, The powerful of the earth—the wise— the good, Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, All in one mighty sepulchre.—BRYANT. AND shrink ye from the way To the spirit's distant shore ?— Earth's mightiest men, in arm'd array, Are thither gone before. The warrior kings, whose banner Flew far as eagles fly, They are gone where swords avail them not, From the feast of victory. </p>	<p> And the seers who sat of yore By orient palm or wave, 10 They have pass'd with all their starry lore— Can ye still fear the grave ? We fear ! we fear !—the sunshine Is joyous to behold, And we reck not of the buried kings Nor the awful seers of old. Ye shrink !—the bards whose lays Have made your deep hearts burn— They have left the sun, and the voice of praise, For the land whence none return. </p>
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And the beautiful, whose record 21
Is the verse that cannot die,
They too are gone, with their glorious
bloom,
From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
Of the earth's departed flowers,
And the masters of the mighty song
In their far and fadeless bowers ?

Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear ;
Not from *our* path those flowers are
gone—

We fain would linger here ! 31

Linger then yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough !—
Ye have loved the light of many
a smile

That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks, that now are still ;
There are seats left void in your
earthly homes,
Which none again may fill. 40

Soft eyes are seen no more,
That made spring-time in your
heart ;

Kindred and friends are gone before—
And *ye* still fear to part ?

We fear not now, we fear not !
Though the way through darkness
bends ;

Our souls are strong to follow *them*,
Our own familiar friends !

THE PALM-TREE¹

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby ;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas ;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;

Through the laburnum's dropping
gold

Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there !—the willow
stream'd

Where silvery waters near it gleam'd ;
The lime bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music fill'd that garden's
bowers : 20

Lamps, that from flowering branches
hung.

On sparks of dew soft colour flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy
show—

Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng,
Seem'd reckless all of dance or
song :

He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow and long black
hair— 29

A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms :
He pass'd the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his
eye ;

But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his
frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ; 40
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea wave's
moan !

¹ This incident is, I think, recorded by DE LILLE, in his poem of *Les Jardins*.

His mother's cabin home, that lay	Oh, scorn him not!—the strength
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;	whereby
The dashing of his brethren's oar—	The patriot girds himself to die,
The conch-note heard along the shore;	The unconquerable power which
All through his wakening bosom swept—	fills
He clasp'd his country's tree and wept!	The freeman battling on his hills— ⁵¹
	These have one fountain deep and clear—
	The same whence gush'd that child-like tear!

THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF CHANTREY'S

THOU sleepest—but when wilt thou wake, fair child?
 When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?
 When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn?
 When the first rich breath of the rose is born?—
 Lovely thou sleepest, yet something lies
 Too deep and still on thy soft-seal'd eyes;
 Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see—
 When will the hour of thy rising be?
 Not when the fawn wakes—not when the lark
 On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark—
 Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet
 The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet;
 Love, with sad kisses unfelt, hath press'd
 Thy meek dropt eyelids and quiet breast;
 And the glad Spring, calling out bird and bee,
 Shall colour all blossoms, fair child! but thee.
 Thou 'rt gone from us, bright one!—that *thou* shouldst die,
 And life be left to the butterfly!¹
 Thou 'rt gone as a dewdrop is swept from the bough:
 Oh! for the world where thy home is now!
 How may we love but in doubt and fear,
 How may we anchor our fond hearts here;
 How should e'en joy but a trembler be,
 Beautiful dust! when we look on thee?

THE SUNBEAM

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall
 A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
 Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?
 Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
 Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
 Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
 And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

¹ A butterfly, as if resting on a flower, is sculptured on the monument.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
 Thou art streaming on through their green arcades ;
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
 Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

10

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
 Folding their heights in its dark array :
 Thou breakest forth, and the mist became
 A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;
 But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
 And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

20

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
 And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
 A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou takest through the dim church aisle thy way,
 And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
 And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,
 Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
 Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;
 Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
 Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

30

Sunbeam of summer ! oh, what is like thee ?
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea !—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
 The faith touching all things with hues of heaven !

BREATHINGS OF SPRING

Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs ;—bring back
 The love that I have lost !

WHAT wakest thou, Spring !—sweet voices in the woods,
 And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;
 Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
 Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
 E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring !—the joyous leaves,
 Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
 Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
 When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
 And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
 Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
 Spring, the awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep !
 Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
 Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
 Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
 Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !
 Thou from the dust hast set that glory free, 20
 Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
 And pencilling the wood anemone ;
 Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
 Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the *heart*, O Spring !
 The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs ?
 Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
 Restorer of forgotten harmonies !
 Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
 What wakest thou in the heart ? 30

Too much, oh ! there too much !—we know not well
 Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
 What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
 Gush for the faces we no more may see !
 How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,
 By voices that are gone !

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
 Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
 Past words of welcome to our household door,
 And vanish'd smiles, and sounds of parted feet— 40
 Spring ! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
 Why, why revivest thou these ?

Vain longings for the dead !—why come they back
 With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms ?
 Oh ! is it not, that from thine earthly track
 Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs ?
 Yes ! gentle spring ; no sorrow dims thine air,
 Breathed by our loved ones *there* ! 48

THE ILLUMINATED CITY

THE hills all glow'd with a festive light,
 For the royal city rejoiced by night :
 There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree,
 Banners were lifted and streaming free ;
 Every tall pillar was wreath'd with fire ;
 Like a shooting meteor was every spire ;
 And the outline of many a dome on high
 Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.

I pass'd through the streets ; there were throngs on throngs—
 Like sounds of the deep were their mingled songs ;
 There was music forth from each palace borne—
 A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn ;
 The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
 The hamlets woke to its haughty clang ;
 Rich and victorious was every tone,
 Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

10

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain ?
 Thousands lie dead on their battle plain !
 Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
 Grief in the homes they have left must dwell :
 Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,
 And bowing the beauty of woman's head :
 Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one tender moan,
 For the many brave to their slumbers gone ?

20

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
 Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamp's glare !—
 I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous crowd—
 The music of victory was all too loud !
 Mighty it roll'd on the winds afar,
 Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car ;
 Through torches and streamers its flood swept by—
 How could I listen for moan or sigh ?

30

Turn then away from life's pageants, turn,
 If its deep story thy heart would learn !
 Ever too bright is that outward show,
 Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe.
 But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
 The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true ;
 Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal—
 So must thy spirit be taught to feel !

40

THE SPELLS OF HOME

There blend the ties that strengthen Our hearts in hours of grief, The silver links that lengthen Joy's visits when most brief.	By the dewy gleam, by the very breath Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
By the soft green light in the woody glade, On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd,	Upon thy heart there is laid a spell, Holy and precious—oh ! guard it well !
By the household tree through which thine eye First look'd in love to the summer sky,	By the sleepy ripple of the stream, Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream,

10

BERNARD BARTON.

By the shiver of the ivy leaves
 To the wind of morn at thy casement
 eaves,
 By the bee's deep murmur in the
 limes,
 By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
 By every sound of thy native shade,
 Stronger and dearer the spell is made.
 By the gathering round the winter
 hearth
 When twilight call'd unto household
 mirth,
 By the fairy tale or the legend old
 In that ring of happy faces told, 20
 By the quiet hour when hearts unite
 In the parting prayer and the kind
 'Good-night !'
 By the smiling eye and the loving
 tone,
 Over thy life has the spell been
 thrown.
 And bless that gift !—it hath gentle
 might,
 A guardian power and a guiding
 light.
 It hath led the freeman forth to
 stand
 In the mountain battles of his land ;
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the
 seas
 To die on the hills of his own fresh
 breeze ; 30
 And back to the gates of his father's
 hall
 It hath led the weeping prodigal.
 Yes ! when thy heart, in its pride,
 would stray
 From the pure first loves of its youth
 away—
 When the sullying breath of the
 world would come
 O'er the flowers it brought from its
 childhood's home—
 Think thou again of the woody glade,
 And the sound by the rustling ivy
 made,
 Think of the tree at thy father's
 door,
 And the kindly spell shall have power
 once more ! 40

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG

Roma, Roma, Roma !
 Non è più come era prima.

ROME, Rome ! thou art no more
 As thou hast been !
 On thy seven hills of yore
 Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
 Purpling the street,
 Leaders and sceptred men
 Bow'd at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
 As gods were seen— 10
 Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
 As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow
 Never shall rise :
 What hast thou left thee now ?—
 Thou hast thy skies !

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
 Gloriously bright !
 Veiling thy wastes afar
 With colour'd light. 20

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
 Rome, for thy dower,
 Flushing tall cypress bough,
 Temple and tower !

And all sweet sounds are thine,
 Lovely to hear,
 While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
 Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
 By starlight sung, 30
 Sweeps through the arches dim,
 Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
 On thy soft air
 Lingers, and loves to dwell
 With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift
 Of sudden song—
 A charm'd fountain, swift,
 Joyous, and strong. 40

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread ;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien :—
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !

THE DISTANT SHIP

THE sea-bird's wing, o'er ocean's
breast
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far ;
And yet that splendour wins thee
not—

Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee !—o'er the slum-
bering deep,
A solemn glory broods ;

A fire hath touch'd the beacon-
steep,
And all the golden woods ;
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light !—
What spell, from that rich pageantry,
Chains down thy gazing sight ?

A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling link'd to earth !
Is not yon speck a bark which bears
The loved of many a hearth ?
Oh ! do not Hope, and Grief, and
Fear,
Crowd her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's
tear
Follow her venturous prow ?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below ;
But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and woe.
Therefore, amidst this wide array
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way—
For human hearts are there.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing !
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring ?—
' We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

' We have swept o'er cities in song renown'd—
Silent they lie with the deserts round !
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome.'

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?—
' We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt—
Naught looks the same, save the nest we built !'

O joyous birds, it hath still been so ;
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go . 20
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep :
 Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?—

' A change we have found there—and many a change !
 Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange !
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
 And the young that were have a brow of care,
 And the place is hush'd where the children play'd—
 Naught looks the same, save the nest we made !' 30

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
 Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth !
 Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
 Ye have a guide, and shall we despair ?
 Ye over desert and deep have pass'd—
 So may we reach our bright home at last !

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

<p>THEY grew in beauty, side by side, They fill'd one home with glee ;— Their graves are sever'd, far and wide, By mount, and stream, and sea. The same fond mother bent at night O'er each fair sleeping brow ; She had each folded flower in sight— Where are those dreamers now ? One, 'midst the forest of the west, By a dark stream is laid— 10 The Indian knows his place of rest, Far in the cedar shade. The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one— He lies where pearls lie deep ; He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep. One sleeps where southern vines are drest, Above the noble slain : He wrapt his colours round his breast On a blood-red field of Spain. 20 And one—o'er her the myrtle showers Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ; She faded 'midst Italian flowers— The last of that bright band.</p>	<p>And parted thus they rest, who play'd Beneath the same green tree ; Whose voices mingled as they pray'd Around one parent knee ! They that with smiles lit up the hall, And cheer'd with song the hearth— Alas ! for love, if thou wert all, 31 And naught beyond, O Earth !</p>
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MOZART'S REQUIEM

[A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger, of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate ; and the nervous anxiety with which he laboured to fulfil the task had the effect of realizing his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.]

These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion.

Prophecy of Dante.

A REQUIEM !—and for whom ?
For beauty in its bloom ?
For valour fallen—a broken rose or
sword ?

A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving
plume deplored ?

Not so—it is not so !
The warning voice I know,
From other worlds a strange mysteri-
ous tone ;

A solemn funeral air, 10
It call'd me to prepare,
And my heart answer'd secretly—my
own !

One more then, one more strain,
In links of joy and pain,
Mighty the troubled spirit to intrall !
And let me breathe my dower
Of passion and of power
Full into that deep lay—the last of
all !

The last !—and I must go
From this bright world below,
This realm of sunshine, ringing with
sweet sound ! 21
Must leave its festal skies,
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes
found !

Yet have I known it long :
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been the o'er-
mastering flame ;
Swift thoughts, that came and
went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling
frame. 30

Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,

The beautiful comes floating through
my soul ;

I strive with yearnings vain
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me
roll !

Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o'erflow my
breast ;

Something far more divine 40
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not
let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone
That breathes from worlds un-
known ?—

Surely these feverish aspirations
there

Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal
air.

One more then, one more strain ;
To earthly joy and pain 50
A rich, and deep, and passionate
farewell !

I pour each fervent thought,
With fear, hope, trembling,
fraught,
Into the notes that o'er my dust
shall swell.

THE IMAGE IN LAVA ¹

Thou thing of years departed !
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony ?

Temple and tower have moulder'd,
Empires from earth have pass'd,
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast !

And childhood's fragile image,
Thus fearfully enshrined, 10
Survives the proud memorials rear'd
By conquerors of mankind.

¹ The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.

Babe ! wert thou brightly slumber-
ing

Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest ?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart !
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part ! 20

Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impress'd,
Thou wert the only treasure, child !
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavish'd
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, nought
remain'd
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,
Thy form within its clasp, 30
Than live and lose thee, precious
one !
From that impassion'd grasp.

Oh ! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument
Cast in affection's mould.

Love, human love ! what art thou ?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust ! 40

Immortal, oh ! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it *must* be so !

CHRISTMAS CAROL

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymn'd the Saviour's birth !
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, 'Peace on earth' ?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light, whose
beams

That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the
streams, 11

And on the shepherds' head ;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining light !

O star which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free ;
Where art thou ?—'Midst the hosts
above

May we still gaze on thee ! 20
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not
dim—

Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him !

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE

'Twas early day, and sunlight
stream'd
Soft through a quiet room,
That hush'd, but not forsaken
seem'd,

Still, but with naught of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly
bright,

On his grey holy hair. 10
And touch'd the page with tenderest
light,

As if its shrine were there !
But oh ! that patriarch's aspect
shone

With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye ;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality ! 20

Some martyr's prayer, wherein the
glow

Of quenchless faith survives :
While every feature said—' *I know*
That my Redeemer lives !'

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young
breast
With love and reverence melt ?
Oh ! blest be those fair girls, and
blest
That home where God is felt !

THE MEETING OF THE BROTHERS¹

His early days
Were with him in his heart.
WORDSWORTH.

THE voices of two forest boys,
In years when hearts entwine,
Had fill'd with childhood's merry
noise

A valley of the Rhine :
To rock and stream that sound was
known,
Gladsome as hunter's bugle-tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes,
There had each vineyard seen ;
Up every cliff whence eagles rise,
Their bounding step hath been :
Ay ! their bright youth a glory
threw,
O'er the wild place wherein they
grew.

But this, as day-spring's flush, was
brief

As early bloom or dew ;
Alas ! 'tis but the wither'd leaf
That wears the enduring hue :
Those rocks along the Rhine's fair
shore

Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they
stood,

And heard life's thrilling call, 20
As if a silver clarion woo'd
To some high festival ;
And parted as young brothers part,
With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted—soon the paths divide
Wherein our steps were one,
Like river-branches, far and wide,
Dissevering as they run ;
And making strangers in their
course,
Of waves that had the same bright
source. 30

Met they no more ?—once more they
met,

Those kindred hearts and true !
'Twas on a field of death, where yet
The battle-thunders flew,
Though the fierce day was wellnigh
past.

And the red sunset smiled its last.

But as the combat closed, they found
For tender thoughts a space,
And e'en upon that bloody ground
Room for one bright embrace, 40
And pour'd forth on each other's
neck
Such tears as warriors need not check.

The mists o'er boyhood's memory
spread

All melted with those tears,
The faces of the holy dead
Rose as in vanish'd years ;
The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever
blest,
Lifted its voice in each full breast !

Oh ! was it *then* a time to die ?
It was !—that not in vain 50
The soul of childhood's purity
And peace might turn again :
A ball swept forth—'twas guided
well—

Heart unto heart those brothers fell !

¹ For the tale on which this little poem is founded, see *L'Hermite en Italie*.

Happy, yes, happy thus to go!
 Bearing from earth away
 Affections, gifted ne'er to know
 A shadow—a decay.
 A passing touch of change or chill,
 A breath of aught whose breath can
 kill. 60

And they, between whose sever'd
 souls,
 Once in close union tied,
 A gulf is set, a current rolls
 For ever to divide;
 Well may *they* envy such a lot,
 Whose hearts yearn on—but mingle
 not.

THE LAST WISH

'Well may I weep to leave this world
 —thee—all these beautiful woods, and
 plains, and hills.'—*Lights and Shadows*.

Go to the forest shade,
 Seek thou the well-known glade,
 Where, heavy with sweet dew, the
 violets lie,
 Gleaming through moss-tufts
 deep,
 Like dark eyes fill'd with sleep,
 And bathed in hues of Summer's
 midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
 Around my dying bed
 A breath of May and of the wood's
 repose;
 For I in sooth, depart 10
 With a reluctant heart,
 That fain would linger where the
 bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee—
 Alas! this may not be;
 Yet bring me still the gifts of happier
 hours!
 Go where the fountain's breast
 Catches, in glassy rest,
 The dim green light that pours
 through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
 Steep'd in that tender light,
 The water-lilies tremble there e'en
 now; 21
 Go to the pure stream's edge,
 And from its whispering sedge
 Bring me those flowers to cool my
 fever'd brow!

Then, as in Hope's young
 days,
 Track thou the antique maze
 Of the rich garden to its grassy
 mound;
 There is a lone white rose,
 Shedding, in sudden snows,
 Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf
 around. 30

Well know'st thou that fair
 tree—
 A murmur of the bee
 Dwells ever in the honey'd lime
 above;
 Bring me one pearly flower
 Of all its clustering shower—
 For on that spot we first reveal'd our
 love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
 Then, from the lattice low
 Of the bower'd cottage which I bade
 thee mark,
 When by the hamlet last, 40
 Through dim wood lanes we
 pass'd,
 While dews were glancing to the
 glowworm's spark.

Haste! to my pillow bear
 Those fragrant things and
 fair;
 My hand no more may bind them up
 at eve—
 Yet shall their odour soft
 One bright dream round me
 waft
 Of life, youth, summer—all that I
 must leave!

And, oh ! if thou wouldst ask Wherefore thy steps I task, 50 The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace— 'Tis that some thought of me, When I am gone, may be The spirit bound to each familiar place	I bid mine image dwell (Oh ! break not thou the spell !) In the deep wood and by the foun- tain side ; Thou must not, my beloved ! Rove where we two have roved, Forgetting her that in her Spring- time died ! 60
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FAIRY FAVOURS

Give me but
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart :
 Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
 Affection's tendrils round.

WOULDST thou wear the gift of immortal bloom ?
 Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the shadowy tomb ?
 Drink of this cup ! it is richly fraught
 With balm from the gardens of genii brought ;
 Drink, and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
 When the young all scatter'd like rose leaves lie.

And would not the youth of my soul be gone,
 If the loved had left me, one by one ?
 Take back the cup that may never bless,
 The gift that would make me brotherless ; 10
 How should I live, with no kindred eye
 To reflect mine immortality !

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or spell,
 Over the mighty in air that dwell ?
 Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and steep
 To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep ?
 Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
 Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming then,
 Hush every voice in the homes of men ? 20
 Would not bright eyes in my presence quail ?
 Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale ?
 No gift be mine that aside would turn
 The human love for whose founts I yearn !

Wouldst thou then read through the hearts of those
 Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose ?
 Wear this rich gem ! it is charm'd to show
 When a change comes over affection's glow ;
 Look on its flushing or fading hue,
 And learn if the trusted be false or true ! 30

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
 Though my heart's wealth be but pour'd on dust !
 Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
 To dim the light of a loved one's face ;
 Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile—
 That glory would pass could I look on guile !

Say, then, what boon of my power shall be,
 Favour'd of spirits ! pour'd forth on thee ?
 Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,
 Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
 Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to rest—
 Answer me ! how may I grace it best ?

40

Oh ! give me no sway o'er the powers unseen,
 But a human heart where my own may lean !
 A friend, one tender and faithful friend,
 Whose thoughts' free current with mine may blend,
 And leaving not either on earth alone,
 Bid the bright calm close of our lives be one !

48

THE BRIDAL DAY

[On a monument in a Venetian church is an epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are those of a noble lady, who expired suddenly while standing as a bride at the altar.]

We bear her home ! we bear her home !
 Over the murmuring salt sea's foam :
 One who has fled from the war of life,
 From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife.

BARRY CORNWALL.

BRIDE ! upon thy marriage-day
 When thy gems in rich array
 Made the glistening mirror seem
 As a star-reflecting stream ;
 When the clustering pearls lay fair
 'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,
 And the white veil o'er thee stream-
 ing,

Like a silvery halo gleaming,
 Mellow'd all that pomp and light
 Into something meekly bright ;
 Did the fluttering of thy breath
 Speak of joy or woe beneath ?
 And the hue that went and came
 O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
 Flow'd that crimson from the unrest,
 Or the gladness of thy breast ?

—Who shall tell us ? from thy
 bower,

Brightly didst thou pass that hour ;
 With the many-glancing oar,
 And the cheer along the shore,
 And the wealth of summer flowers
 On thy fair head cast in showers,
 And the breath of song and flute,
 And the clarion's glad salute,
 Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide
 Wert thou borne in pomp, young
 bride !

Mirth and music, sun and sky,
 Welcomed thee triumphantly !
 Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,
 In some deeper spirit wrought,
 Whispering, as untold it blent
 With the sounds of merriment,
 ' From the home of childhood's glee,
 From the days of laughter free,
 From the love of many years,
 Thou art gone to cares and fears ;
 To another path and guide,
 To a bosom yet untried !
 Bright one ! oh ! there well may be
 Trembling 'midst our joy for thee.'

30

10

Bride! when through the stately
fane, 41

Circled with thy nuptial train,
'Midst the banners hung on high
By thy warrior-ancestry,
'Midst those mighty fathers dead,
In soft beauty thou wast led;
When before the shrine thy form
Quiver'd to some bosom storm,
When, like harp-strings with a sigh
Breaking in mid-harmony, 50
On thy lip the murmurs low
Died with love's unfinish'd vow;
When like scatter'd rose-leaves, fled
From thy cheek each tint of red,
And the light forsook thine eye,
And thy head sank heavily;
Was that drooping but the excess
Of thy spirit's blessedness?
Or did some deep feeling's might,
Folded in thy heart from sight, 60
With a sudden tempest-shower,
Earthward bear thy life's young
flower?

—Who shall tell us?—on *thy* tongue
Silence, and for ever, hung!
Never to thy lip and cheek
Rush'd again the crimson streak,
Never to thine eye return'd
That which there had beam'd and
burn'd!

With the secret none might know,
With thy rapture or thy woe, 70
With thy marriage-robe and wreath,
Thou wert fled, young bride of death!
One, one lightning moment there
Struck down triumph to despair,
Beauty, splendour, hope, and trust,
Into darkness—terror—dust!

There were sounds of weeping o'er
thee,

Bride! as forth thy kindred bore
thee,

Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,
Deaf to that wild funeral wail, 80
Yet perchance a chastening thought,
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering while the stern, sad knell
On the air's bright stillness fell;

—'From the power of chill and
change

Souls to sever and estrange;
From love's wane—a death in life
But to watch—a mortal strife;
From the secret fevers known
To the burning heart alone, 90
Thou art fled—afar, away—
Where these blights no more have
sway!

Bright one! oh! there well may be
Comfort 'midst our tears for thee!

THE ANCESTRAL SONG

A long war disturb'd your mind—
Here your perfect peace is sign'd;
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,
End your moan, and come away!

WEBSTER—*Duchess of Malfy.*

THERE were faint sounds of weeping;
—fear and gloom

And midnight vigil in a stately room
Of Lusignan's old halls:—rich odours
there

Fill'd the proud chamber as with
Indian air,

And soft light fell, from lamps of
silver, thrown

On jewels that with rainbow lustre
shone

Over a gorgeous couch:—there
emeralds gleam'd,

And deeper crimson from the ruby
stream'd

Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is
set,

Hiding from sunshine.—Many a car-
canet 10

Starry with diamonds, many a burn-
ing chain

Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance
vain,

And sad, and strange, the canopy
beneath

Whose shadowy curtains, round a
bed of death,

Hung drooping solemnly;—for there
one lay,

Passing from all earth's glories fast
away,

Amidst those queenly treasures :

They had been

Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim
lands,

And for *his* sake, upon their orient
sheen

She had gazed fondly, and with faint,
cold hands ²⁰

Had press'd them to her languid
heart once more,

Melting in childlike tears. But this
was o'er—

Love's last vain clinging unto life ;
and now—

A mist of dreams was hovering o'er
her brow,

Her eye was fix'd, her spirit seem'd
removed,

Though not from earth, from all it
knew or loved,

Far, far away ! her handmaids
watch'd around,

In awe, that lent to each low mid-
night sound

A might, a mystery ; and the
quivering light

Of wind-sway'd lamps, made spectral
in their sight ³⁰

The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet
fair,

Gleaming along the walls with braided
hair,

Long in the dust grown dim ; and
she, too, saw,

But with the spirit's eye of raptured
awe,

Those pictured shapes !—a bright,
yet solemn train

Beckoning, they floated o'er her
dreamy brain,

Clothed in diviner hues ; while on
her ear

Strange voices fell, which none
besides might hear,

Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as
the sigh

Of winds o'er harp-strings through
a midnight sky ; ⁴⁰

And thus it seem'd, in that low
thrilling tone,

The ancestral shadows call'd away
their own.

Come, come, come !

Long thy fainting soul hath yearn'd
For the step that ne'er return'd ;

Long thine anxious ear hath listen'd,
And thy watchful eye hath glisten'd

With the hope, whose parting strife
Shook the flower-leaves from thy life—

Now the heavy day is done, ⁵⁰
Home awaits thee, wearied one !

Come, come, come !

From the quenchless thoughts that
burn

In the seal'd heart's lonely urn ;
From the coil of memory's chain

Wound about the throbbing brain ;
From the veins of sorrow deep,

Winding through the world of sleep ;
From the haunted halls and bowers,

Throng'd with ghosts of happier
hours ! ⁶⁰

Come, come, come !

On our dim and distant shore
Aching love is felt no more !

We have loved with earth's excess—
Past is now that weariness !

We have wept, that weep not now—
Calm is each once-beating brow !

We have known the dreamer's woes
All is now one bright repose !

Come, come, come ! ⁷⁰

Weary heart that long hast bled,
Languid spirit, drooping head,

Restless memory, vain regret,
Pining love whose light is set,

Come away !—'tis hush'd, 'tis well.
Where by shadowy fountains we dwell,

All the fever thirst is still'd,
All the air with peace is fill'd,—

Come, come, come !

And with her spirit rapt in that wild
lay, ⁸⁰

She pass'd, as twilight melts to night,
away.

THE MAGIC GLASS

How lived, how loved, how died they ?—BYRON.

'THE dead ! the glorious dead !—And shall they rise ?
Shall they look on thee with their proud bright eyes ?

Thou ask'st a fearful spell !

Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,
What kingly vision shall obey my call ?

The deep grave knows it well !

'Wouldst thou behold earth's conquerors ? shall they pass
Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass

With triumph's long array ?

Speak ! and those dwellers of the marble urn,

Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,

As on their proudest day.

'Or wouldst thou look upon the lords of song ?—
O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng

Shall waft a solemn gleam !

Passing, with lighted eyes and radiant brows,

Under the foliage of green laurel-boughs,

But silent as a dream.'

'Not these, O mighty master !—Though their lays
Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and praise,

Hallow'd for evermore !

And not the buried conquerors ! Let them sleep,

And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths keep

In joy, from shore to shore !

'But, if the narrow house may so be moved.
Call the bright shadows of the most beloved,

Back from their couch of rest !

That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be fill'd

With peace, if human love hath ever still'd

The yearning human breast.'

'Away, fond youth !—An idle quest is thine ;

These have no trophy, no memorial shrine ;

I know not of their place !

'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,

Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes, faint and low,

Have pass'd, and left no trace.

'Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and hills,

And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,

Their covering turf may bloom ;

But ne'er hath fame made relics of its flowers—

Never hath pilgrim sought their household bowers,

Or poet hail'd their tomb.'

'Adieu, then, master of the midnight spell !
 Some voice, perchance, by those lone graves may tell
 That which I pine to know !
 I haste to seek, from woods and valleys deep,
 Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,
 Records of joy and woe.'

48

CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL

'Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est
 dans cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui
 puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une
 femme aimée et d'une mère heureuse.'—
 MADAME DE STAËL.

DAUGHTER of the Italian heaven !
 Thou, to whom its fires are given,
 Joyously thy car hath roll'd
 Where the conqueror's pass'd of old ;
 And the festal sun that shone,
 O'er three hundred triumphs gone,¹
 Makes thy day of glory bright,
 With a shower of golden light. 8

Now thou tread'st the ascending road,
 Freedom's foot so proudly trode ;
 While, from tombs of heroes borne,
 From the dust of empire shorn,
 Flowers upon thy graceful head,
 Chaplets of all hues, are shed,
 In a soft and rosy rain,
 Touch'd with many a gem-like stain.

Thou hast gain'd the summit now !
 Music hails thee from below ;
 Music, whose rich notes might stir
 Ashes of the sepulchre ; 20
 Shaking with victorious notes
 All the bright air as it floats.
 Well may woman's heart beat high
 Unto that proud harmony !

Now afar it rolls—it dies—
 And thy voice is heard to rise
 With a low and lovely tone
 In its thrilling power alone ;
 And thy lyre's deep silvery string,
 Touch'd as by a breeze's wing, 30
 Murmurs tremblingly at first,
 Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky
 Now hath lit thy large dark eye,

And thy cheek a flush hath caught
 From the joy of kindled thought ;
 And the burning words of song
 From thy lip flow fast and strong,
 With a rushing stream's delight
 In the freedom of its might. 40

Radiant daughter of the sun !
 Now thy living wreath is won.
 Crown'd of Rome !—Oh ! art thou
 not

Happy in that glorious lot ?—
 Happier, happier far than thou,
 With the laurel on thy brow,
 She that makes the humblest hearth
 Lovely but to one on earth ! 48

THE RUIN

Oh ! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
 Making a truth and beauty of its own.
 WORDSWORTH.

Birth has gladden'd it : death has
 sanctified it.—*Guesses at Truth.*

No dower of storied song is thine,
 O desolate abode !
 Forth from thy gates no glittering
 line

Of lance and spear hath flow'd.
 Banners of knighthood have not
 flung

Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
 Nor bugle-notes to battle rung
 Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *pleasance*
 here . 9

By courtly hands been dress'd,
 For princes, from the chase of deer,
 Under green leaves to rest :

¹ The treble hundred triumphs.—BYRON.

Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
Tells where the spirit of delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of quench'd light and silent
board !

For me thou needest not. 20
It is enough to know that *here*,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,
Have link'd one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells !
— A solemnizing breath,
A presence all around thee dwells,
Of human life and death.
I need but pluck yon garden flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake, with strange and sudden
power, 31
A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou
hearth !
Deserted now by all !
Voices at eve here met in mirth
Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's
tone,
And childhood's laughing glee,
And song and prayer, have all been
known,
Hearth of the dead ! to thee. 40

Thou hast heard blessings fondly
pour'd
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed ;
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear
The bloom from life away—
Alas ! for love in changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay !

Here, by the restless bed of pain,
The vigil hath been kept, 50
Till sunrise, bright with hope in
vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept :
Here hath been felt the hush, the
gloom,
The breathless influence, shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the
room
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
Have here been mark'd and
mourn'd,
And time hath fill'd the vacant
place,
And gladness hath return'd ; 60
Till from the narrowing household
chain
The links dropp'd one by one !
And homewards hither, o'er the
main,
Came the spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for
thought,
Fix'd eye and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mys-
teries fraught,
Even lowliest hearts have bled ?
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day, 70
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath
burst
The clouds that wrapt its way ?

Holy to human nature seems
The long-forsaken spot ;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot !
Therefore in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the dead ! I stand,
Where joy and sorrow, smile and
tear, 79
Have link'd one household band.

THE MINSTER

A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality.—BYRON.

SPEAK low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer;
Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air:
Stern, yet serene!—a reconciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile!
—Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,
Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's tomb
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom:

10

Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
Mighty as forest sounds when winds are high;
Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, revealing
Through incense-mists their sainted pageantry:—
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound;
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me and around;—
I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
Known to these altars of a thousand years.

20

Send up a murmur from the dust, Remorse!
That here hast bow'd with ashes on thy head:
And thou, still battling with the tempest's force—
Thou, whose bright spirit through all time has bled—
Speak, wounded Love! if penance here, or prayer,
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair?

30

No voice, no breath!—of conflicts past, no trace!
—Doth not this hush give answer to my quest?
Surely the dread religion of the place
By every grief hath made its might confest!
—Oh! that within my heart I could but keep
Holy to Heaven, a spot thus pure, and still, and deep!

THE SONG OF NIGHT¹

O night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are won-
drous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength!—BYRON.

I COME to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts!—for every flower
sweet dew
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to
renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills, or forest
leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so
receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star;
Making thy streams, that on their
noon-day track, 10
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily
back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace:—I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er
the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the
fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe; and sealing with
a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams,
beneath
The shadowing lids to play. 20

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? I have many
tones—
The dark skies thrill with low mys-
terious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest
shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst
their glades,
Till the bright day is done;

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong, in their sweetness, from the
soul to shake 31
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle
spirits torn,
From crush'd affections, which,
though long o'erborne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb:
O'er the sad couch of late repentant
love
They pass—though low as murmurs
of a dove—
Like trumpets through the
gloom. 40

I come with all my train;
Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around
me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful,
the dead—
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes—
These are my lightnings!—fill'd with
anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the wood-
land song, 50
I am the avenging one!—the arm'd,
the strong—
The searcher of the soul!

¹ Suggested by Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of Night, represented under the form of a winged female figure, with two infants asleep in her arms.

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring
storms!—the tempest-birth
Of memory, thought, remorse:—Be
holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!

THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON¹

Where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
Are ye like those that shake the human
breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some
high nest?—*Childe Harold*.

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep!
—The air is fill'd with sleep,
With the stream's whisper, and the
citron's breath;
The fix'd and solemn stars
Gleam through my dungeon bars—
Wake, rushing winds! this breeze-
less calm is death!

Ye watch-fires of the skies!
The stillness of your eyes
Looks too intensely through my
troubled soul;
I feel this weight of rest 10
An earth-load on my breast—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and,
dark clouds, roll!

I am your own, *your* child,
O ye, the fierce, and wild,
And kingly tempests!—will ye not
arise?
Hear the bold spirit's voice,
That knows not to rejoice
But in the peal of your strong har-
monies.

By sounding ocean-waves,
And dim Calabrian caves, 20

And flashing torrents, I have been
your mate:
And with the rocking pines
Of the olden Apennines,
In your dark path stood fearless and
elate:

Your lightnings were as rods,
That smote the deep abodes
Of thought and vision—and the
stream gush'd free;
Come, that my soul again
May swell to burst its chain—
Bring me the music of the sweeping
sea! 30

Within me dwells a flame,
An eagle caged and tame,
Till call'd forth by the harping of the
blast;
Then is its triumph's hour,
It springs to sudden power,
As mounts the billow o'er the
quivering mast.

Then, then, the canvas o'er,
With hurried hand I pour
The lava-waves and gusts of my own
soul!
Kindling to fiery life 40
Dreams, worlds, of pictured
strife—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and,
dark clouds, roll!

Wake, rise! the reed may bend,
The shivering leaf descend,
The forest branch give way before
your might;
But I, your strong compeer,
Call, summon, wait you here—
Answer, my spirit!—answer, storm
and night! 48

¹ Pietro Mulier, called Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms. 'His compositions,' says Lanzi, 'inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness—fired by lightning—now rising on the mountain-wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean.' During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom.—See LANZI's *History of Painting*, translated by Roscoe.

THE TWO VOICES

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral
 strain,
 Met as rich sunbeams and dark
 bursts of rain
 Meet in the sky :
 'Thou art gone hence !' one sang ;
 'Our light is flown,
 Our beautiful, that seem'd too much
 our own
 Ever to die !
 'Thou art gone hence !—our joyous
 hills among
 Never again to pour thy soul in song,
 When spring-flowers rise !
 Never the friend's familiar step to
 meet¹⁰
 With loving laughter, and the wel-
 come sweet
 Of thy glad eyes.'
 'Thou art gone home, gone home !'
 then, high and clear,
 Warbled that other Voice : 'Thou
 hast no tear
 Again to shed.
 Nevertofold the robe o'er secret pain,
 Never, weigh'd down by Memory's
 clouds, again
 To bow thy head.
 'Thou art gone home ! oh ! early
 crown'd and blest !
 Where could the love of that deep
 heart find rest²⁰
 With aught below ?
 Thou must have seen rich dream by
 dream decay,
 All the bright rose-leaves drop from
 life away—
 Thrice bless'd to go !
 Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like
 Voice of grief—
 'Thou art gone hence ! alas ! that
 aught so brief,
 So loved should be ;
 Thou tak'st our summer hence !—
 the flower, the tone
 The music of our being, all in one,
 Depart with thee³⁰

'Fair form, young spirit, morning
 vision fled !
 Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful
 dead ?
 The dark unknown ?
 Yes ! to the dwelling where no foot-
 steps fall,
 Never again to light up hearth or hall,
 Thy smile is gone !'
 'Home, home !' once more the
 exulting Voice arose :
 'Thou art gone home !—from that
 divine repose
 Never to roam !
 Never to say farewell, to weep in
 vain,⁴⁰
 To read of change, in eyes beloved,
 again—
 Thou art gone home !
 'By the bright waters now thy lot
 is cast—
 Joy for thee, happy friend ! thy bark
 hath past
 The rough sea's foam !
 Now the long yearnings of thy soul
 are still'd,
 Home ! home !—thy peace is won,
 thy heart is fill'd.
 Thou art gone home !'

THE PARTING SHIP

A glittering ship, that hath the plain
 Of ocean for her own domain.

WORDSWORTH,

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
 Take with thee gentle winds thy
 sails to swell ;
 Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers
 be,
 Fare thee well, bark ! farewell !
 Proudly the flashing billow thou hast
 cleft,
 The breeze yet follows thee with
 cheer and song ;
 Who now of storms hath dream or
 memory left ?
 And yet the deep is strong !

But go thou triumphing, while still
the smiles

Of summer tremble on the water's
breast ! 10

Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand
isles,

In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome breathing o'er
the tide,

The genii groves of Araby shall
pour ;

Waves that enfold the pearl shall
bathe thy side,

On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree
lie

O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails
are furl'd,

And its leaves whisper, as the wind
sweeps by,

Tales of the elder world. 20

Oft shall the burning stars of Southern
skies,

On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd
in sleep,

A lonely home for human thoughts
and ties,

Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts
renown'd,

By night shall sparkle where thy
prow makes way ;

Strange creatures of the abyss that
none may sound,

In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy
and fear,

Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy
flag to mark ;— 30

Blessings go with thee on thy lone
career !

Hail, and farewell, thou bark !

A long farewell !—Thou wilt not
bring us back

All whom thou bearest far from
home and hearth :

Many are thine, whose steps no more
shall track

Their own sweet native earth !

Some wilt thou leave beneath the
plantain's shade,

Where through the foliage Indian
suns look bright ;

Some in the snows of wintry regions
laid,

By the cold northern light. 40

And some, far down below the
sounding wave,

Still shall they lie, though tempests
o'er them sweep ;

Never may flower be strewn above
their grave,

Never may sister weep !

And thou—the billow's queen—even
thy proud form

On our glad sight no more per-
chance may swell ;

Yet God alike is in the calm and
storm— 47

Fare thee well, bark ! farewell !

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely
Tree,

One, where a thousand stood !

Well might proud tales be told by
thee,

Last of the solemn wood !

Dwells there no voice amidst thy
boughs,

With leaves yet darkly green ?

Stillness is round, and noontide
glows—

Tell us what thou hast seen. 8

' I have seen the forest shadows lie
Where men now reap the corn ;

I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.

' With the glance of many a gallant
spear,

And the wave of many a plume,

And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

' I have seen the knight and his train
ride past,
With his banner borne on high ;
O'er all my leaves there was bright-
ness cast
From his gleaming panoply. 20

' The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly
pray'd,
Kneeling, at vesper-hours.

' And the merry-men of wild and
glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here, with the red wine's
cheer,
And the hunter's song of yore.

' And the minstrel, resting in my
shade,
Hath made the forest ring 30
With the lordly tales of the high
Crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

But now the noble forms are gone
That walk'd the earth of old ;

The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

' There is no glory left us now,
Like the glory with the dead :—
I would that where they slumber low
My latest leaves were shed !' 40

Oh ! thou dark Tree, thou lonely
Tree,
That mournest for the past !
A peasant's home in thy shades I see,
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear ;
For the poor man's children sport
around
On the turf, with naught to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall
A happy summer-glow : 50
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze
That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree !
How can I mourn, 'midst things
like these,
For the stormy past, with thee ?

THE STREAMS

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths ; all those have vanish'd !
They live no longer in the faith of heaven,
But still the heart doth need a language !

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

YE have been holy, O founts and floods !
Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,
With the water-flowers on your breast asleep,
And ye that gush from the sounding caves—
Hallow'd have been your waves.

Hallow'd by man, in his dreams of old,
Unto beings not of this mortal mould
Viewless, and deathless, and wondrous powers,
Whose voice he heard in his lonely hours,
And sought with its fancied sound to still
The heart earth could not fill.

Now is the time of your flowery rites,
 Gone by with its dances and young delights :
 From your marble urns ye have burst away,
 From your chapel-cells to the laughing day ;
 Low lie your altars with moss o'ergrown,
 And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,
 Haunts of all gentle and glad some things !
 Holy, to converse with nature's lore,
 That gives the worn spirit its youth once more,
 And to silent thoughts of the love divine,
 Making the heart a shrine !

70

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit.—GRAY's *Letters*.

OH ! many a voice is thine, thou Wind ! full many a voice is thine,
 From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear'st a sound and sign ;
 A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own,
 And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind ! that gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,
 And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a clarion in the sky ;
 A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums,—
 All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought back
 Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track—
 The chime of low soft southern waves on some green palmy shore
 The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

10

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind !
 And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined ;
 The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free,
 Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,
 Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry ;
 The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
 The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

20

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
 Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd ;
 Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, the stately dirge's tone,
 For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
 Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true ;
 Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled—
 Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead !

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild wind ? these many notes in *thee* ?

Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be ;
 Yes ! buried, but unsleeping, *there* thought watches, memory lies,
 From whose deep urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies.

30

THE VIGIL OF ARMS¹

A SOUNDING step was heard by night
 In a church where the mighty
 slept,
 As a mail-clad youth, till morning's
 light,
 'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.
 He walk'd in dreams of power and
 fame,
 He lifted a proud, bright eye,
 For the hours were few that withheld
 his name
 From the roll of chivalry.

Down the moonlit aisles he paced
 alone,
 With a free and stately tread;
 And the floor gave back a muffled
 tone 11
 From the couches of the dead:
 The silent many that round him lay,
 The crown'd and helm'd that were,
 The haughty chiefs of the war
 array—
 Each in his sepulchre!

But no dim warning of time or fate
 That youth's flush'd hopes could
 chill;
 He moved through the trophies of
 buried state
 With each proud pulse throbbing
 still. 20
 He heard, as the wind through the
 chancel sung,
 A swell of the trumpet's breath;
 He look'd to the banners on high
 that hung,
 And not to the dust beneath.

And a royal masque of splendour
 seem'd
 Before him to unfold;
 Through the solemn arches on it
 stream'd,
 With many a gleam of gold:

There were crested knight, and
 gorgeous dame,
 Glittering athwart the gloom, 30
 And he follow'd, till his bold step
 came
 To his warrior-father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy
 might
 Of the monumental stone,
 And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's
 light
 That over its quiet shone,
 And the image of that sire, who died
 In his noonday of renown—
 These had a power unto which the
 pride
 Of fiery life bow'd down. 40

And a spirit from his early years
 Came back o'er his thoughts to
 move,
 Till his eye was fill'd with memory's
 tears,
 And his heart with childhood's
 love!
 And he look'd, with a change in his
 softening glance,
 To the armour o'er the grave—
 For there they hung, the shield and
 lance,
 And the gauntlet of the brave.

And the sword of many a field was
 there,
 With its cross for the hour of need,
 When the knight's bold war-cry hath
 sunk in prayer, 51
 And the spear is a broken reed!
 —Hush! did a breeze through the
 armour sigh?
 Did the folds of the banner shake?
 Not so!—from the tomb's dark
 mystery
 There seem'd a voice to break!

¹ The candidate for knighthood was under the necessity of keeping watch, the night before his inauguration, in a church, and completely armed. This was called 'the Vigil of Arms'.

He had heard that voice bid clarions
 blow,
 He had caught its last blessing's
 breath—
 'Twas the same—but its awful
 sweetness now
 Had an under-tone of death ! 60
 And it said—' The sword hath con-
 quer'd kings,
 And the spear through realms hath
 pass'd ;
 But the cross, alone of all these
 things,
 Might aid me at the last.'

THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY

HEART ! that didst press forward
 still,¹
 Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,
 Where the knightly swords were
 crossing,
 And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,
 Leader of the charging spear,
 Fiery heart !—and liest thou *here* ?
 May this narrow spot inurn
 Aught that so could beat and burn ?
 Heart ! that lovedst the clarion's
 blast,
 Silent is thy place at last ; 10
 Silent—save when early bird
 Sings where once the mass was
 heard ;
 Silent—save when breeze's moan
 Comes through flowers or fretted
 stone ;

And the wild-rose waves around
 thee,
 And the long dark grass hath bound
 thee,
 —Sleep'st thou, as the swain might
 sleep,
 In his nameless valley deep ?
 No ! brave heart ! though cold and
 lone, 19
 Kingly power is yet thine own !
 Feel I not thy spirit brood
 O'er the whispering solitude ?
 Lo ! at one high thought of thee,
 Fast they rise, the bold, the free,
 Sweeping past thy lowly bed,
 With a mute, yet stately tread.
 Shedding their pale armour's light
 Forth upon the breathless night,
 Bending every warlike plume
 In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh, 31
 Arm'd to follow thee, or die ?
 Now, true heart, as thou wert wont .
 Pass thou to the peril's front !
 Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
 And the battle's red wine streaming,
 Till the Paynim quail before thee,
 Till the cross wave proudly o'er
 thee—
 Dreams ! the falling of a leaf
 Wins me from their splendours
 brief ; 40
 Dreams, yet bright ones ! scorn
 them not,
 Thou that seek'st the holy spot ;
 Nor, amidst its lone domain,
 Call the faith in relics vain !

NATURE'S FAREWELL

The beautiful is vanish'd, and returns not.—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,
 Through the crowded paths of the world to roam
 And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,
 ' Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast ?

¹ ' Now pass thou forward, as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die ! ' With these words Douglas threw from him the heart of Bruce into mid-battle against the Moors of Spain.

'Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear;
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

'Under the arch by our mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye *have* met there—oh! never more!' 10

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung:
'Wherefore so fast unto life away?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay!

'Thou mayst come to the summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain;
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—
A change must pass o'er thee—farewell, farewell!' 20

On rode the youth—and the founts and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:
'We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us?—oh! yet delay!

'Listen but once to the sound of our mirth!
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth.
Never again wilt thou find in its flow
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

'Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;
Passion and sorrow its depth will have stirr'd,
And the singing of waters be vainly heard. 30

'Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—
What should it do for a burning heart?
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

'Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone;
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer! farewell, farewell!' 40

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade;
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke!

THE BEINGS OF THE MIND

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray,
 And more beloved existence ; that which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage.—BYRON.

Come to me with your triumphs and your woes,

Ye forms, to life by glorious poets brought !
 I sit alone with flowers, and vernal boughs,

In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought ;
 'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,
 And sorrowful for visions that are gone !

Come to me ! make your thrilling whispers heard,

Ye, by those masters of the soul endow'd
 With life, and love, and many a burning word,
 That bursts from grief, like lightning from a cloud,
 And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,
 As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.

10

Come to me ! visit my dim haunt !—the sound

Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath ;
 The stock-dove's note above ; and all around,
 The poesy that with the violet's breath
 Floats through the air, in rich and sudden streams,
 Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep dreams.

Friends, friends !—for such to my lone heart ye are—

Unchanging ones ! from whose immortal eyes
 The glory melts not as a waning star,

20

And the sweet kindness never, never dies ;
 Bright children of the bard ! o'er this green dell
 Pass once again, and light it with your spell !

Imogen ! fair Fidele ! meekly blending

In patient grief, ' a smiling with a sigh ; ' ¹
 And thou, Cordelia ! faithful daughter, tending

That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky ;
 Thou of the soft low voice !—thou art not gone !
 Still breathes for me its faint and flute-like tone.

30

And come to me !—sing me thy willow-strain,

Sweet Desdemona ! with the sad surprise
 In thy beseeching glance, where still, though vain,
 Undimm'd, unquenchable affection lies ;
 Come, bowing thy young head to wrong and scorn,
 As a frail hyacinth, by showers o'erborne.

¹ ' Nobly he yokes
 A smiling with a sigh.'—*Cymbeline*.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And thou, too, fair Ophelia ! flowers are here,
 That well might win thy footstep to the spot—
 Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,
 And pansies for sad thoughts,¹—but needed not ! 40
 Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and light
 In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the south ! enshrining
 All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong ;
 The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining,
 The soul its nightingales pour forth in song,
 Thou, making death deep joy !—but *couldst* thou die ?
 No !—thy young love hath immortality !

From earth's bright faces fades the light of morn,
 From earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone ; 50
 But ye, the children of the soul, were born
 Deathless, and for undying love alone ;
 And, oh ! ye beautiful ! 'tis well, how well,
 In the soul's world, with you, where change is not, to dwell !

THE LYRE'S LAMENT

'A large lyre hung in an opening of
 the rock, and gave forth its melancholy
 music to the wind—but no human being
 was to be seen.'—*Salathiel*.

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
 To the wild wind of the sea :
 'O melancholy wind,' it sigh'd,
 'What would thy breath with me ?

'Thou canst not wake the spirit
 That in me slumbering lies,
 Thou striketh not forth the electric
 fire
 Of buried melodies.

'Wind of the dark sea-waters ! 9
 Thou dost but sweep my strings
 Into wild gusts of mournfulness,
 With the rushing of thy wings.

'But the spell—the gift—the light-
 ning—
 Within my frame conceal'd,
 Must I moulder on the rock away,
 With their triumphs unreveal'd ?

'I have power, high power, for
 freedom
 To wake the burning soul !
 I have sounds that through the
 ancient hills 19
 Like a torrent's voice might roll.

'I have pealing notes of victory
 That might welcome kings from
 war ;
 I have rich deep tones to send the
 wail
 For a hero's death afar.

'I have chords to lift the paean
 From the temple to the sky,
 Full as the forest-unisons
 When sweeping winds are high.

'And love—for love's lone sorrow
 I have accents that might swell
 Through the summer air with the
 rose's breath, 31
 Or the violet's faint farewell :

¹ 'Here's pansies for you—that's for thoughts.'—*Hamlet*.

'Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined—
But who shall call that sweetness
forth ?

Thou canst not, ocean-wind !

'I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—

Where is the touch to give me
life ?
—Wild, fitful wind, away !' 40

So sign'd the broken music
That in gladness had no part—
How like art thou, neglected lyre,
To many a human heart !

TASSO'S CORONATION ¹

A crown of victory ! a triumphal song !
Oh ! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart
The weary one may calmly sink to rest ;
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony !

A TRUMPET's note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of victory ;
There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial streets along,
For again a conqueror must be crown'd—a kingly child of song :

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car ; 10
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.

Peace ! within his chamber
Low the mighty lies ;
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him, whose rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the main !
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to dwell,
As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell. 20

Yes ! for him, the victor,
Sing—but low, sing low !
A soft sad *miserere* chant
For a soul about to go !

¹ Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capitol.

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of golden day;
Streaming through every haughty arch of the Caesars' past renown—
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown!

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight!
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light. 30

The wreath is twined—the way is strewn—the lordly train are met—
The streets are hung with coronals—why stays the minstrel yet?
Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief—
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief!

Silence! forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way! 40

THE BETTER LAND

'I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!'

'Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!' 10

'Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?'
—'Not there, not there, my child!' 20

'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!'

THE WOUNDED EAGLE

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird! what seek'st thou
here?

Wherefore by the fountain's brin
Doth thy royal pinion sink?
Wherefore on the violet's bed
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of
morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise? 9
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance! the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won
And the mountain lark is there,
And sweet sound! hath fill'd the
air;
Hast thou left that realm on high?
—Oh! it can be but to die!

Eagle, eagle! thou hast bow'd
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou, that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stooped 'd too near the
earth, 20
And the hunter's shaft hath found
thee,
And the toils of death have bound
thee!
—Wherefore didst thou leave thy
place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was thy sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast, 29
From thy heart the blood flows fast,
—Woe for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

SADNESS AND MIRTH

Nay, these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,
As it has lower'd of late, so keenly cast,
Unsuited seem, and strange.

Oh! nothing strange,
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,
In the sunn'd glimpses of a troubled day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that, like a spirit's path,
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?

O, gentle friend!
Chide not *her* mirth, who yesterday was sad,
And may be so to-morrow!—JOANNA BAILLIE.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,
Where the bright wine foam'd over sculptured gold,
Sadness and mirth! ye were mingled there
With the sound of the lyre in the scented air;
As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high,
Ye mix'd in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore a gloom,
 A thought and a shadow of the tomb ;
 It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,
 To the rose a colouring not its own,
 To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power—
 Sadness and mirth ! ye had each your dower !

10

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly by,
 With the Roman eagles through the sky !
 I know that even then, in his hour of pride
 The soul of the mighty within him died ;
 That a void in his bosom lay darkly still,
 Which the music of victory might never fill

Thou wert there, oh, mirth ! swelling on the shout,
 Till the temples, like echo-caves, rang out ;
 Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine,
 All the rich voices in air were thine,
 The incense, the sunshine—but, sadness, *thy* part,
 Deepest of all, was the victor's heart !

20

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear ;
 Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier !
 As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing shed,
 Crosses the storm in its path of dread ;
 As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer sky—
 Sadness and mirth ! so ye come and fly !

30

Ye meet in the poet's haunted breast,
 Darkness and rainbow alike its guest !
 When the breath of the violet is out in spring,
 When the woods with the wakening of music ring,
 O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,
 Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain grass.

When will your parting be, sadness and mirth ?
 Bright stream and dark one !—oh ! never on earth !
 Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,
 While death and love walk the same dim sphere,
 While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
 While the heart of man is a soundless deep !

40

But there smiles a land, oh ! ye troubled pair !
 Where ye have no part in the summer air.
 Far from the breathings of changeable skies,
 Over the seas and the graves it lies ;
 Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,
 And joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun !

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH-SONG

Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,
 Die mit seelenvoller Melodie
 Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen ?
 —Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie.
 SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
 And die away, my heart !
 The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
 And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
 The waters changed their tone,
 And wherefore, in the faded world,
 Should music linger on ?

Where is the golden sunshine, 9
 And where the flower-cup's glow ?
 And where the joy of the dancing
 leaves,
 And the fountain's laughing flow ?

A voice, in every whisper
 Of the wave, the bough, the air,
 Comes asking for the beautiful,
 And moaning, 'Where, oh !
 where ?'

Tell of the brightness parted,
 Thou bee, thou lamb at play !
 Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth !
 —Are ye, too, pass'd away ? 20

Mournfully, sing mournfully !
 The royal rose is gone.
 Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt
 In one deep farewell tone !

Not so ; swell forth triumphantly,
 The full, rich, fervent strain !
 Hence with young love and life I go,
 In the summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
 With every precious thing, 30
 Upon the last warm southern breeze
 My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,
 When the days of hope are past,
 To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
 To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly !
 Sing to the woods, I go !
 For me, perchance, in other lands,
 The glorious rose may blow. 40

The sky's transparent azure,
 And the greensward's violet breath
 And the dance of light leaves in the
 wind,
 May there know naught of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully !
 Swell high, then break, my heart
 With love, the spirit of the woods,
 With summer I depart ! 48

THE DIVER

They learn in suffering what they teach
 in song.—SHELLEY.

THOU hast been where the rocks of
 coral grow,
 Thou hast fought with eddying
 waves ;—
 Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart
 beats low,
 Thou searcher of ocean's caves !

Thou hast look'd on the gleaming
 wealth of old,
 And wrecks where the brave have
 striven :
 The deep is a strong and a fearful
 hold,
 But thou its bar hast riven !

A wild and weary life is thine ;
 A wasting task and lone, 10
 Though treasure-grots for thee may
 shine,
 To all besides unknown !

A weary life ! but a swift decay
 Soon, soon shall set thee free ;
 Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils
 away,
 Thou wrestler with the sea !

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read—
Go ! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled ! 20

And bright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be ;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who will think on *thee* ?

None !—as it gleams from the queen-
like head,
Not one 'midst throngs will say,
'A life hath been like a rain-drop
shed,
For that pale quivering ray.'

Woe for the wealth thus dearly
bought !
—And are not those like *thee*, 30
Who win for earth the gems of
thought ?
O wrestler with the sea !

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn :

Wringing from lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is pour'd ;
Learning deep sounds, to make the
lyre
A spirit in each chord. 40

But, oh ! the price of bitter tears,
Paid for the lonely power
That throws at last o'er desert years,
A darkly glorious dower !

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind
spread,
So radiant thoughts are strew'd ;
—The soul whence those high gifts
are shed
May faint in solitude !

And who will think, when the strain
is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,
What life-drops, from the minstrel
wrung, 51
Have gush'd with every word

None, none !—his treasures live like
thine,
Hé strives and dies like *thee* ;
—Thou, that hast been to the pearl's
dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea !

THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS

'Les poètes dont l'imagination tient
à la puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne
sont-ils pas les bannis d'une autre
région ?' — MADAME DE STAËL, *De
L'Allemagne*.

No tears for *thee* !—though light be
from us gone
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet
restless one !
No tears for *thee* !
They that have loved an exile, must
not mourn
To see him parting for his native
bourne
O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,
Breathed but the language of another
sphere,
Unecho'd round ;
And strange, though sweet, as 'midst
our weeping skies 10
Some half-remember'd strain of
paradise
Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answer'd ? thou,
that from the night
And from the voices of the tempest's
might,
And from the past,
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
To pour the secrets of man's destiny
Forth on the blast !

Hast thou been answer'd ?—thou,
that through the gloom,
And shadow, and stern silence of the
tomb, 20
A cry didst send,

So passionate and deep ? to pierce,
to move,
To win back token of unburied love
From buried friend !

And hast thou found where living
waters burst ?
Thou that didst pine amidst us, in
the thirst
Of fever-dreams !
Are the true fountains thine for
evermore ?
Oh ! lured so long by shining mists,
that woe
The light of streams ! 30

Speak ! it is well with thee ?—We
call, as *thou*,
With thy lit eye, deep voice, and
kindled brow,
Wert wont to call
On the departed ! Art thou bless'd
and free ?
—Alas ! the lips earth covers, even
to *thee*,
Were silent all !

Yet shall our hope rise fann'd by
quenchless faith,
As a flame, foster'd by some warm
wind's breath,
In light upsprings :
Freed soul of song ! yes, thou hast
found the sought ; 40
Borne to thy home of beauty and of
thought,
On morning's wings

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we
hear,
When life's young music, ringing far
and clear,
O'erflows the sky :—
No tears for *thee* ! the lingering
gloom is ours—
Thou art for converse with all
glorious powers
Never to die ! 48

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC

Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti !
Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può
liberarsi.

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st
thou up my spirit,
On eagle wings, through every
plume that thrill ?
It hath no crown of victory to
inherit—
Be still, triumphant harmony ! be
still !

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus
proudly swelling
Into rich floods of joy :—it is but
pain
To mount so high, yet find on high
no dwelling,
To sink so fast, so heavily again !

No sounds for earth ?—Yes, to young
chieftain dying
On his own battle-field, at set of
sun, 10
With his freed country's banner o'er
him flying,
Well might'st thou speak of fame's
high guerdon won.

No sounds for earth ?—Yes, for the
martyr leading
Unto victorious death serenely on,
For patriot by his rescued altars
bleeding,
Thou hast a voice in each majestic
tone.

But speak not thus to one whose
heart is beating
Against life's narrow bound, in
conflict vain !
For power, for joy, high hope, and
rapturous greeting,
Thou wakest lone thirst—be
hush'd, exulting strain ! 20

Be hush'd, or breathe of grief !—of
exile yearnings
Under the willows of the stranger-
shore ;

Breathe of the soul's untold and
restless burnings,
For looks, tones, footsteps, that
return no more.

Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil
keeping
Through the night-hours, o'er
wasted wealth to pine;
Rich thoughts and sad, like faded
rose-leaves heaping
In the shut heart at once a tomb
and shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came
sighing
From worlds beneath some blue
Elysian sky;
Breathe of repose, the pure, the
bright, the undying—
Of joy no more—bewildering
harmony!

SECOND SIGHT

Ne'er err'd the prophet heart that grief
inspired,
Though joy's illusions mock their
votarist.—MATURIN.

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends!
A mournful gift is mine!
A murmur of the soul which blends
With the flow of song and wine.

An eye that through the triumph's
hour
Beholds the coming woe,
And dwells upon the faded flower
'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
Where the father's board
spread;
I see the stillness and the gloom
Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the wither'd garlands lie
Forsaken on the earth,
While the lamps yet burn, and the
dancers fly
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain
On the warrior's gorgeous crest;
And the bier amidst the bridal train
When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of time,
Through the ivy branches made,
Where the palace, in its glory's
prime,
With the sunshine stands array'd.

The thunder of the seas I hear,
The shriek along the wave,
When the bark sweeps forth, and
song and cheer
Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends
To me some warning sign:—
A mournful gift is mine, O friends!
A mournful gift is mine!

Oh! prophet heart! thy grief, thy
power,
To all deep souls belong;
The shadow in the sunny hour,
The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear—
For them a veil is riven:
Their piercing thoughts repose not
here,
Their home is but in Heaven.

THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND

Thy path is not as mine;—where thou
art blest,
My spirit would but wither; mine own
grief
Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing,
Than all thy happiness.

HATH the summer's breath on the
south-wind borne,
Met the dark seas in their sweeping
scorn?
Hath it lured thee, Bird! from their
sounding caves,
To the river shores where the osier
waves?

Or art thou come on the hills to dwell,
Where the sweet-voiced echoes have
many a cell ?

Where the moss bears print of the
wild-deer's tread,
And the heath like a royal robe is
spread ?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright
sea-bird !

There is joy where the song of the
lark is heard, ¹⁰
With the dancing of waters through
copse and dell,
And the bee's low tune in the fox-
glove's bell.

Thou hast done well :—Oh ! the seas
are lone,

And the voice they send up hath a
mournful tone ;

A mingling of dirges and wild fare-
wells,
Fitfully breathed through its an-
them swells.

—The proud bird rose as the words
were said—

The rush of his pinion swept o'er my
head,

And the glance of his eye, in its
bright disdain,

Spoke him a child of the haughty
main. ²⁰

He hath flown from the woods to the
ocean's breast,

To his throne of pride on the billow's
crest

—Oh ! who shall say, to a spirit free,
'There lies the pathway of bliss for
thee' ?

THE SLEEPER

For sleep is awful.—BYRON.

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from Heaven,

A gracious dewy cloud,

A covering mantle given

The weary to enshroud.

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

Revere the pale still brow, ¹⁰
The meekly-drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,

In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound ²¹
Her spirit haply weaves ;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves ;

A murmur of the sea,

A laughing tone of streams :—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled, ³⁰
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL

Oh, dim, forsaken mirror !

How many a stately throng

Hath o'er thee gleam'd, in vanish'd
hours

Of the wine-cup and the song !

The song hath left no echo ;

The bright wine hath been quaff'd ;
And hush'd is every silvery voice
That lightly here hath laugh'd.

Oh ! mirror, lonely mirror,

Thou of the silent hall ! ¹⁰

Thou hast been flush'd with beauty's
bloom—

Is this, too, vanish'd all ?

It is, with the scatter'd garlands

Of triumphs long ago ;

With the melodies of buried lyres ;
With the faded rainbow's glow.

And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume, 20

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,
Thou givest but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud spirit
Thou tellest me 'twill be,
When the forms and hues of this
world fade

From his memory, as from thee :

And his heart's long-troubled
waters

At last in stillness lie, 30
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF BERNARD BARTON

THE QUAKER POET

HAPPY thou art, the child of one
Who in each lowly flower,
Each leaf that glances to the sun,
Or trembles with the shower ;

In each soft shadow of the sky,
Or sparkle of the stream,
Will guide thy kindling spirit's eye
To trace the Love Supreme.

So shall deep quiet fill thy breast,
A joy in wood and wild ;— 40
And e'en for this I call thee blest,
The gentle poet's child !

THE STAR OF THE MINE

FROM the deep chambers of a mine,
With heavy gloom o'erspread,
I saw a star at noontide shine,
Serenely o'er my head.

I had not seen it 'midst the glow
Of the rich upper day ;
But in that shadowy world below,
How my heart bless'd its ray !

And still, the farther from my sight
Torches and lamps were borne,
The purer, lovelier, seem'd the light
That wore its beams unshorn.

Oh ! what is like that heavenly
spark ? 13

—A friend's kind, steadfast eye ;
Where, brightest when the world
grows dark,
Hope, cheer, and comfort lie !

WASHINGTON'S STATUE

SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA

Yes ! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou western
world !

A watcher through each sign of
storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children
lead :

The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and
hearth, 10

There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surge's
roar,

So girt with tranquil glory stand,
For ages on thy shore !

Such, through all time, the greetings
be,
That with the Atlantic billow
sweep !

Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep. 20

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC

'Tis lone on the waters
When eve's mournful bell
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell ;

When, borne with the shadows
And winds as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory
Of home o'er the deep ;

When the wing of the sea-bird
Is turn'd to her nest,
And the thought of the sailor
To all he loves best !

'Tis lone on the waters—
That hour hath a spell—
To bring back sweet voices,
With words of farewell !

TO THE MEMORY OF A
SISTER-IN-LAW

WE miss thy voice while early flowers
are blowing,
And the first flush of blossom
clothes each bough,
And the Spring sunshine round our
home is glowing
Soft as thy smile. Thou shouldst
be with us now.

With *us*? we wrong thee by the
earthly thought.
Could our fond gaze but follow
where thou art,
Well might the glories of this world
seem naught
To the one promise given the pure
in heart.

Yet wert thou blest e'en here—oh !
ever blest
In thine own sunny thoughts and
tranquil faith !

The silent joy that still o'erflow'd thy
breast,
Needed but guarding from all
change, by death.

So is it seal'd to peace !—on thy clear
brow

Never was care one fleeting shade
to cast ;

And thy calm days in brightness were
to flow

A holy stream, untroubled to the
last.

Farewell ! thy life hath left surviv-
ing love

A wealth of records, and sweet
'feelings given',

From sorrow's heart the faintness to
remove,

By whispers breathing 'less of
earth than heaven'.¹

Thus rests thy spirit still on those
with whom

Thy step the paths of joyous duty
trod,

Bidding them make an altar of thy
tomb,

Where chasten'd thought may
offer praise to God.

April, 1826.

TO AN ORPHAN

THOU hast been rear'd too tenderly,
Beloved too well and long,

Watch'd by too many a gentle eye—
Now look on life—be strong !

Too quiet seem'd thy joys for
change,

Too holy and too deep ;
Bright clouds, through summer skies
that range,

Seem oftentimes thus to sleep :—

To sleep in silvery stillness bound,
As things that ne'er may melt ;

Yet gaze again—no trace is found
To show thee where they dwelt.

¹ Alluding to the lines she herself quoted but an hour before her death :

'Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.'

This world hath no more love to give
Like that which thou hast known ;
Yet the heart breaks not—we survive
Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh ! too beautiful and blest
Thy home of youth hath been
Where shall thy wing, poor bird,
find rest,
Shut out from that sweet scene ?¹⁹

Kind voices from departed years
Must haunt thee many a day ;
Looks that will smite the source of
tears
Across thy soul must play.

Friends—now the altered or the
dead,
And music that is gone—
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,
And thou shalt wake—alone.

Alone ! it is in that deep word
That all thy sorrow lies ;³⁰
How is the heart to courage stirr'd
By smiles from kindred eyes !

And are these lost ?—and have I said
To aught like *thee*—be strong ?
—So bid the willow lift its head
And brave the tempest's wrong !

Thou reed ! o'er which the storm
hath pass'd—
Thou shaken with the wind !
On one, *one* friend thy weakness
cast—
There is but One to bind !⁴⁰

HYMN BY THE SICK-BED OF A MOTHER

FATHER ! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son ;

Oh ! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down bless'd relief ;
Or to the chasten'd, let thy might
Hallow this grief !

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,¹⁰
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
'Thy will be done' ;

By thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourn'd the chief—
Thou Saviour ! if the stroke *must*
fall

Hallow this grief !

WHERE IS THE SEA ?

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE

[A Greek Islander, being taken to the
Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire
its beauty, only replied—' *The sea—
where is it ?* ']

WHERE is the sea ?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea ?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free.

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childhood's glee ;
The measured chime—the thunder-
ing burst—
Where is my own blue sea ?

Oh ! rich your myrtle's breath may
rise,⁹
Soft, soft your winds may be ;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea ?

I hear the shepherd's mountain
flute—

I hear the whispering tree ;—
The echoes of my soul are mute :
—Where is my own blue sea ?

TO MY OWN PORTRAIT¹

How is it that before mine eyes,
While gazing on thy mien,
All my past years of life arise,
As in a mirror seen ?
What spell within thee hath been
shrined,
To image back my own deep mind ?

¹ Painted by W. E. West, in 1827.

Even as a song of other times
 Can trouble memory's springs ;
 Even as a sound of vesper-chimes
 Can wake departed things ; 10
 Even as a scent of vernal flowers
 Hath records fraught with vanish'd
 hours ;—

Such power is thine !—they come,
 the dead,

From the grave's bondage free,
 And smiling back the changed are
 led,

To look in love on thee ;
 And voices that are music flown
 Speak to me in the heart's full tone :

Till crowding thoughts my soul
 oppress— 19

The thoughts of happier years,
 And a vain gush of tenderness
 Q'erflows in child-like tears ;
 A passion which I may not stay,
 A sudden fount that must have way,

But thou, the while—oh ! almost
 strange,

Mine imaged self ! it seems
 That on *thy* brow of peace no change
 Reflects my own swift dreams ;
 Almost I marvel not to trace
 Those lights and shadows in *thy*
 face. 30

To see *thee* calm, while powers thus
 deep

Affection—Memory—Grief—
 Pass o'er my soul as winds that
 sweep

O'er a frail aspen-leaf !
 O that the quiet of thine eye
 Might sink there when the storm
 goes by !

Yet look thou still serenely on,
 And if sweet friends there be,
 That when my song and soul are
 gone

Shall seek my form in thee,— 40
 Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
 To flee away and be at rest !

NO MORE

No more ! a harp-string's deep and
 breaking tone,
 A last low summer breeze, a far-off
 swell,

A dying echo of rich music gone,
 Breathe through those words—
 those murmurs of farewell—

No more !

To dwell in peace, with home affec-
 tions bound,

To know the sweetness of a
 mother's voice,

To feel the spirit of her love around,
 And in the blessing of her eye
 rejoice—

No more !

A dirge-like sound ! to greet the
 early friend 11

Unto the hearth, his place of many
 days ;

In the glad song with kindred lips to
 blend,

Or join the household laughter by
 the blaze—

No more !

Through woods that shadow'd our
 first years to rove,

With all our native music in the
 air ;

To watch the sunset with the eyes
 we love,

And turn, and read our own heart's
 answer *there*—

No more !

Words of despair ! yet earth's, all
 earth's—the woe 21

Their passion breathes—the deso-
 lately deep !

That sound in Heaven—oh ! image
 then the flow

Of gladness in its tones—to part,
 to weep—

No more !

To watch, in dying hope, affection's
wane,

To see the beautiful from life
depart,

To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the
heart—

No more !

Through long, long years to seek, to
strive, to yearn ³¹

For human love ¹—and never
quench that thirst,

To pour the soul out, winning no
return,

O'er fragile idols, by delusion
nursed—

No more !

On things that fail us, reed by reed,
to lean,

To mourn the changed, the far
away, the dead ;

To send our troubled spirits through
the unseen,

Intensely questioning for treasures
fled—

No more !

Words of triumphant music—bear
we on ⁴¹

The weight of life, the chain, the
ungenial air ;

Their deathless meaning, when our
tasks are done,

To learn in joy ;—to struggle, to
despair—

No more !

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleet-
ing earth,

This world of changes and fare-
wells, a friend

That will not fail me in his love and
worth,

Tender and firm, and faithful to
the end ?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of
rest—

Long on vain idols its devotion
shed ;

Some have forsaken whom I loved
the best,

And some deceived, and some are
with the dead.

But *thou*, my Saviour ! *thou*, my
hope and trust,

Faithful art *thou* when friends and
joys depart ; ¹⁰

Teach me to lift these yearnings
from the dust,

And fix on thee, the unchanging
One, my heart !

PASSING AWAY

' Passing away ' is written on the world,
and all the world contains.

It is written on the rose,

In its glory's full array—

Read what those buds disclose—

' Passing away.

It is written on the skies

Of the soft blue summer day ;

It is traced in sunset's dyes—

' Passing away.'

It is written on the trees,

As their young leaves glistening
play, ¹⁰

And on brighter things than these—

' Passing away.'

It is written on the brow

Where the spirit's ardent ray

Lives, burns, and triumphs now—

' Passing away.'

It is written on the *heart*—

Alas ! that *there* Decay

Should claim from Love a part—

' Passing away.'

¹ ' *Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimée comme j'aime,*' was a mournful expression of Madame de Staël's.

Friends, friends !—oh ! shall we
meet 21

In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away ?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay,
When we mingled sympathies—
'Passing away' ?

Oh ! if this may be so, 29
Speed, speed thou closing day !
How blest, from earth's vain show
To pass away !

THE ANGLER

I in these flowery meads would be ;
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice ;

And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
IZAACK WALTON.

Thou that hast loved so long and
well

The vale's deep quiet streams,
Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
Shedding forth tender gleams ;
And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
Glances in golden eves of spring :

Oh ! lone and lovely haunts are
thine,

Soft, soft the river flows,
Wearing the shadow of thy line,
The gloom of alder-boughs ; 10
And in the midst, a richer hue,
One gliding vein of heaven's own
blue.

And there but low sweet sounds are
heard—

The whisper of the reed,
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
The scythe upon the mead :
Yet, through the murmuring osiers
near,
There steals a step which mortals
fear.

'Tis not the stag, that comes to lave,
At noon, his panting breast ; 20

'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
Seeking her sedgy nest ;
The air is fill'd with summer's
breath,
The young flowers laugh—yet look !
'tis death !

But if, where silvery currents rove,
Thy heart, grown still and sage,
Hath learn'd to read the words of
love
That shine o'er nature's page :
If holy thoughts thy guests have
been, 29
Under the shade of willows green ;

Then, lover of the silent hour,
By deep lone waters past,
Thence hast thou drawn a faith,
a power,
To cheer thee through the last ;
And, wont on brighter worlds to
dwell,
Mayst calmly bid thy streams fare-
well. 36

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR

'AYE, warrior, arm ! and wear thy
plume

On a proud and fearless brow !
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou !

' Bid thy soul's love farewell, young
chief—

Bid her a long farewell !
Like the morning's dew shall pass
that grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell !

' Thy bark may rush through the
foaming deep,

Thy steed o'er the breezy hill ;
But they bear thee on to a place of
sleep, 11
Narrow, and cold, and chill ! '

'Was the voice I heard, *thy* voice,
O Death!
And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last
breath
Mingle with victory's cheer!

'Banners shall float, with the trum-
pet's note,
Above me as I die!
And the palm-tree wave o'er my
noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky. 20

'High hearts shall burn in the royal
hall,
When the minstrel names that
spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my
fall,—
Death, Death, I fear thee not!'

'Warrior! thou bear'st a haughty
heart,
But I can bend its pride!
How shouldst thou know that thy
soul will part
In the hour of victory's tide?

'It may be far from thy steel-clad
bands, 29
That I shall make thee mine;
It may be lone on the desert sands,
Where men for fountains pine!

'It may be deep amidst heavy
chains,
In some deep Paynim hold;—
I have slow dull steps and lingering
pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold!'

'Death, Death! I go to a doom
unblest,
If this indeed must be;
But the Cross is bound upon my
breast, 39
And I may not shrink for thee!

'Sound, clarion, sound!—for my
vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine;
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
O Death!—and not to thine!'

TO THE MEMORY OF

LORD CHARLES MURRAY

SON OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, WHO
DIED IN THE CAUSE AND LAMENTED
BY THE PEOPLE OF GREECE

Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
When grief's full heart is fed by fame.
BYRON.

Thou shouldst have slept beneath
the stately pines,
And with the ancestral trophies of
thy race;
Thou that hast found, where alien
tombs and shrines
Speak of the past, a lonely dwell-
ing-place!
Far from thy brethren hath thy
couch been spread,
Thou bright young stranger 'midst
the mighty dead!

Yet to thy name a noble rite was
given,
Banner and dirge met proudly o'er
thy grave,
Under that old and glorious Grecian
heaven,
Which unto death so oft hath lit
the brave: 10
And thy dust blends with mould
heroic there,
With all that sanctifies the inspiring
air.

Vain voices of fame! sad sound for
those that weep,
For her, the mother, in whose
bosom lone

Thy childhood dwells — whose
thoughts a record keep
Of smiles departed and sweet
accents gone ;
Of all thine early grace and gentle
worth—
A vernal promise, faded now from
earth !

But a bright memory claims a proud
regret—
A lofty sorrow finds its own deep
springs²⁰
Of healing balm ; and she hath
treasures yet,
Whose soul can number with love's
holy things
A name like thine ! Now, past all
cloud or spot,
A gem is hers, laid up where change
is not.

THE BROKEN CHAIN

I **AM** free !—I have burst through my
galling chain,
The life of young eagles is mine
again ;
I may cleave with my bark the glad
sounding sea,
I may rove where the wind roves—
my path is free !

The streams dash in joy down the
summer hill,
The birds pierce the depths of the
sky at will,
The arrow goes forth with the singing
breeze,—
And is not my spirit as one of these ?

Oh ! the green earth with its wealth
of flowers,
And the voices that ring through its
forest bowers,¹⁰
And the laughing glance of the founts
that shine,
Lighting the valleys—all, all are
mine !

I may urge through the desert my
foaming steed,
The wings of the morning shall lend
him speed ;
I may meet the storm in its rushing
glee—
Its blasts and its lightnings are not
more free !

Captive ! and hast thou then rent
thy chain ?
Art thou free in the wilderness, free
on the main ?
Yes ! there thy spirit may proudly
soar,
But must thou not mingle with
throongs the more ?²⁰

The bird when he pineth, may hush
his song,
Till the hour when his heart shall
again be strong ;
But thou—canst thou turn in thy
woe aside,
And weep, 'midst thy brethren ?—
no, not for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find
way,
When the thoughts burning in thee
shall spring to day ?
May the care that sits in thy weary
breast
Look forth from thine aspect, the
revel's guest ?

No ! with the shaft in thy bosom
borne,
Thou must hide the wound in thy
fear of scorn ;³⁰
Thou must fold thy mantle that none
may see,
And mask thee with laughter, and
say thou art free !

No ! thou art chain'd till thy race
is run,
By the power of all in the soul of
one ;
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the
fetter be—
Dreamer, fond dreamer ! oh ! who
is free ?³⁶

THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER

La voilà telle que la mort nous l'a faite.
BOSSUET.

[Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite one of Kircher, Digby, and others, who discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the power of heat. The ashes of roses, say they, will again revive in roses, unsubstantial and unodoriferous; they are not roses which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions, and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment.—*Curiosities of Literature.*]

'Twas a dream of olden days,
That Art, by some strange power,
The visionary form could raise
From the ashes of a flower.

That a shadow of the rose,
By its own meek beauty bow'd,
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, uncloze,
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth, to grace,
As a second rainbow, Spring; 10
Of Summer's path a dreary trace,
A fair, yet mournful thing!

For the glory of the bloom
That a flush around it shed,
And the soul within, the rich perfume,

Where were they?—fled, all fled!
Naught but the dim faint line
To speak of vanish'd hours—
Memory! what are joys of thine?
—Shadows of buried flowers! 20

LINES TO A BUTTERFLY
RESTING ON A SKULL

CREATURE of air and light!
Emblem of that which will not fade
or die!

Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind through the
glowing sky?

What lures thee thus to stay
With silence and decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of cold mortality?

The thoughts once chamber'd
there
Have gather'd up their treasures and
are gone;—

Will the dust tell thee where
That which hath burst the prison-
house is flown? 11

Rise, nursling of the day!
If thou wouldst trace its way—
Earth has no voice to make the
secret known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
Near the deserted nest and broken
shell?

Far thence, by us unheard,
He sings, rejoicing in the woods to
dwell:

Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn!
Thy hope springs heavenward from
yon ruin'd cell. 21

THE BELL AT SEA

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on the coast of Fife, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.]

WHEN the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the rock's lone bell,
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd, 10
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM

Thou stream,
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
—Thou imagest my life.

DARKLY thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave!
The laughing sunshine hath not
look'd
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—
A hollow sound we hear,
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure
Follows thy lonely way; 10
No fairy moss, or lily's cup,
Is freshen'd by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
Her glorious wings to lave;
Thou know'st no tint of the summer
sky,
Thou dark and hidden wave!

Yet once will day behold thee,
When to the mighty sea,
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd
veins,
Leap thy lone waters free. 20

There wilt thou greet the sunshine
For a moment, and be lost,
With all thy melancholy sounds,
In ocean's billowy host.

Oh! art thou not, dark river,
Like the fearful thoughts untold,
Which haply in the hush of night
O'er many a soul have roll'd?

Those earth-born strange misgiv-
ings—
Who hath not felt their power?

Yet who hath breathed them to his
friend,
E'en in his fondest hour? 31

They hold no heart communion,
They find no voice in song,
They dimly follow far from earth
The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course, and lonely,
And fruitless in man's breast;
They come and go, and leave no
trace,
Of their mysterious guest. 40

Yet surely must their wanderings
At length be like thy way;
Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
In one bright flood of day!

THE SILENT MULTITUDE

For we are many in our solitudes. 1
Lament of Tasso.

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng
Were gather'd in one spot;
The dwellers of a thousand homes—
Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—
The mother and her child:
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke—none moved—none
smiled.

There lovers met, between whose
lives
Years had swept darkly by; 10
After that heart-sick hope deferr'd—
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling
leaf,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have
died
For the deep quiet's sake ;
Your tread the softest moss have
sought,
Such stillness not to break. 20

What held the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace ?
How could the ever-sounding life
Amid so many cease ?

Was it some pageant of the air—
Some glory high above,
That link'd and hush'd those human
souls
In reverential love ?

Or did some burdening passion's
weight
Hang on their indrawn breath ?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes
words ?
Fear—the strong fear of death ? 31

A mightier thing—Death, Death
himself
Lay on each lonely heart !
Kindred were there—yet hermits
all—
Thousands—but each apart.

THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE ¹

O EVER joyous band
Of revellers amidst the southern
vines !
On the pale marble, by some gifted
hand,
Fixed in undying lines !

Thou, with the sculptured bowl,
And thou, that wearest the immortal
wreath,
And thou, from whose young lip and
flute, the soul
Of music seems to breathe ;

And ye, luxuriant flowers !
Linking the dancers with your
graceful ties, 10
And cluster'd fruitage, born of sunny
hours,
Under Italian skies :

Ye, that a thousand springs,
And leafy summers with their
odorous breath,
May yet outlast,—what do ye there,
bright things !
Mantling the place of death ?

Of sunlight and soft air,
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever
green,
Unto the heart a glowing thought
ye bear ;—
Why thus, where dust hath
been ? 20

Is it to show how slight
The bound that severs festivals and
tombs,
Music and silence, roses and the
blight,
Crowns and sepulchral glooms ?

Or when the father laid
Haply his child's pale ashes here to
sleep,
When the friend visited the cypress
shade,
Flowers o'er the dead to heap ;

Say if the mourners sought,
In these rich images of summer
mirth, 30
These wine-cups and gay wreaths,
to lose the thought
Of our last hour on earth ?

Ye have no voice, no sound,
Ye flutes and lyres, to tell me what
I seek ;
Silent ye are, light forms with vine-
leaves crown'd,
Yet to my soul ye speak.

¹ ' Les sarcophages même chez les anciens ne rappellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes :—on voit des jeux, des danses, représentés en bas-relief sur les tombeaux.'—*Corinne*.

Alas ! for those that lay
Down in the dust without their hope
of old !

Backward they look'd on life's rich
banquet-day,
But all beyond was cold. 40

Every sweet wood-note then,
And through the plane-trees every
sunbeam's glow,
And each glad murmur from the
homes of men,
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,
When its last melodies float o'er our
way,
Its changeful hues before us faintly
swim,
Its flitting lights decay ;—

E'en though we bid farewell
Unto the spring's blue skies and
budding trees, 50
Yet may we lift our hearts, in hope
to dwell
'Midst brighter things than
these.

And think of deathless flowers,
And of bright streams to glorious
valleys given,
And know the while, how little
dream of ours
Can shadow forth of Heaven.

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS ¹

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us, is given
By the cool soft evening hours.

¹ 'The loved hour of repose is striking. Let us come to the sunset tree.'—See Captain SHERER's interesting *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany*.

² 'Wohl ihm, er ist hingegangen

Wo kein Schnee mehr ist.'—SCHILLER's *Nadowessische Todtenklage*.

Sweet is the hour of rest !
Pleasant the wind's low sigh, 20
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie ;

When the burden and the heat
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes ; tuneful is the sound 21
That dwells in whispering boughs ;
Welcome the freshness round !
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat ; 30
There shall be no more snow,²
No weary wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free, 39
And the reaper's work is done.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

FORGET them not :—though now
their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Though by the hearth its utterance
claim
A stillness round.

Though for their sake this earth no
more

As it hath been may be,
And shadows, never mark'd before,
Brood o'er each tree ;

And though their image dim the sky,
Yet, yet forget them not ! 10
Nor, where their love and life went
by,
Forsake the spot !

They have a breathing influence
there,
A charm, not elsewhere found ;
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream—the ground.

Then, though the wind an alter'd
tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Though every flower, of something
gone
A thing may wear ; 20

Oh ! fly it not !—no fruitless grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their
tread,
Still tend their garden-bower,
Still commune with the holy dead
In each lone hour !

The holy dead !—oh ! bless'd we are,
That we may call them so, 30
And to their image look afar,
Through all our woe !

Bless'd, that the things they loved
on earth,
As relics we may hold,
That wake sweet thoughts of parted
worth,
By springs untold !

Bless'd, that a deep and chastening
power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for Heaven ! 40

HE WALK'D WITH GOD

(Gen. v. 24.)

HE walk'd with God, in holy joy,
While yet his days were few ;
The deep glad spirit of the boy
To love and reverence grew.
Whether, each nightly star to count,
The ancient hills he trod,
Or sought the flowers by stream and
fount—
Alike he walk'd with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,
The full of cares and fears ; 10
One voice was in his heart—the
same

It heard through childhood's
years.
Amidst fair tents, and flocks, and
swains,
O'er his green pasture-sod,
A shepherd king on eastern plains—
The patriarch walk'd with God.

And calmly, brightly, that pure life
Melted from earth away ;
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,
No sorrowful decay ; 20
He bow'd him not, like all beside,
Unto the spoiler's rod,
But join'd at once the glorified,
Where angels walk with God !

So let us walk !—the night must come
To us that comes to all ;
We through the darkness must go
home, 27

Hearing the trumpet's call.
Closed is the path for evermore,
Which without death he trod ;
Not so that way, wherein of yore
His footsteps walk'd with God !

THE ROD OF AARON

(Num. xvii. 8.)

WAS it the sigh of the southern gale
That flush'd the almond bough ?
Brightest and first the young Spring
to hail,
Still its red blossoms glow.

Was it the sunshine that woke its
flowers

With a kindling look of love ?
Oh, far and deep, and through hidden
bowers,
That smile of heaven can rove !

No ! from the breeze and the living
light

Shut was the sapless rod ; 10
But it felt in the stillness a secret
might,
And thrill'd to the breath of God.

E'en so may that breath, like the
vernal air,
O'er our glad spirits move ;
And all such things as are good and
fair,
Be the blossoms, its track that
prove !

THE VOICE OF GOD

I heard thy voice in the garden, and I
was afraid.—*Gen.* iii. 10.

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, thy
voice

At evening's fall drew near ;
Father ! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear ?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touch'd by the solemn tone ?
Not so !—for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and
bower,

His spirit shook with dread, 10
And call'd the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh ! in each wind, each fountain
flow,

Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God, thy voice to
know,
And not to be afraid !

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH

'And when they came to Marah, they
could not drink of the waters of Marah,
for they were bitter.

'And the people murmured against
Moses, saying, What shall we drink ?

'And he cried unto the Lord, and the
Lord showed him a tree, which when he
had cast into the waters, the waters were
made sweet.'—*Exod.* xv. 23-5.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave ?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save ?

Hath nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed ?

Is there no distant eastern bower
With such sweet leaves o'erspread ?

Nay, wherefore ask ?—since gifts are
ours

Which yet may well imbue 10
Earth's many troubled founts with
showers

Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be !

And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that bless'd healing tree !

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING

(*Luke* vii. 37, 38.)

Thou that with pallid cheek,
And eyes in sadness meek,
And faded locks that humbly swept
the ground,

From thy long wanderings won,
Before the all-healing Son,
Didst bow thee to the earth, oh, lost
and found !

When thou wouldst bathe His
feet

With odours richly sweet,
And many a shower of woman's
burning tear, 9

And dry them with that hair,
Brought low the dust to wear,

From the crown'd beauty of its
festal year.

Did He reject thee then,
While the sharp scorn of men
On thy once bright and stately head
was cast ?

No: from the Saviour's mien,
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at
last.

For thee, their smiles no more
Familiar faces wore ; 20
Voices, once kind, had learn'd the
stranger's tone :

Who raised thee up, and bound
Thy silent spirit's wound ?—
He, from all guilt the stainless, He
alone !

But which, oh, erring child !
From home so long beguiled,
Which of thine offerings won those
words of Heaven,

That o'er the bruised reed,
Condemn'd of earth to bleed,
In music pass'd, 'Thy sins are all
forgiven' ? 30

Was it that perfume fraught
With balm and incense brought,
From the sweet woods of Araby the
blest ?

Or that fast flowing rain
Of tears, which, not in vain
To Him who scorn'd not tears, thy
woes confess'd ?

No, not by these restored
Unto thy Father's board,
Thy peace, that kindled joy in
Heaven, was made ;

But costlier in his eyes, 40
By that bless'd sacrifice,
Thy heart, thy full-deep heart, before
Him laid.

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

[The monument by Chantrey in Lichfield Cathedral, to the memory of the two children of Mrs. Robinson, is one of the most affecting works of art ever executed. He has given a pathos to marble, which one who trusts to his natural feelings, and admires and is touched only at their bidding, might have thought from any previous experience that it was out of the power of statuary to attain. The monument is executed with all his beautiful simplicity and truth. The two children, two little girls, are represented as lying in each other's arms, and, at first glance, appear to be sleeping :

'But something lies,
Too deep and still on those soft-sealed eyes.'

It is while lying in the helplessness of innocent sleep, that infancy and childhood are viewed with the most touching interest ; and this and the loveliness of the children, the uncertainty of the expression at first view, the dim shadowing forth of that sleep from which they cannot be awakened, their hovering, as it were, upon the confines of life, as if they might still be recalled, all conspire to render the last feeling, that death is indeed before us, most deeply affecting. They were the only children of their mother, and she was a widow. A tablet commemorative of their father hangs over the monument. This stands at the end of one of the side aisles of the choir, where there is nothing to distract the attention from it, or weaken its effect. It may be contemplated in silence and alone. The inscription, in that subdued tone of strong feeling which seeks no relief in words, harmonizes with the character of the whole. It is as follows :

Sacred to the Memory of
ELLEN JANE and MARIANNE, only children
Of the late Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON, and ELLEN JANE, his wife.
Their affectionate Mother,
In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved innocence,
Consigns their resemblance to this sanctuary,
In humble gratitude for the glorious assurance,
That 'of such is the Kingdom of God'.

FAIR images of sleep,
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep,
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet
lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers, in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and
summer skies !

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness
away !
How many sudden tears, 10
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confess'd
your sway !

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops from memory's troubled
fountains wrung—
While hope hath blights to bear,
While love breathes mortal air,
Whileroses perishere to glorysprung !

Yet from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come, 20
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the sweet breathings low,
Of babes that grew and faded on her
breast ;

If then the dove-like tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly
return ;
If for the soft bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And life, now dust, her soul too
deeply yearn ; 30

O gentle forms, entwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can
unlink !
Send from your calm profound
A still small voice—a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart
to sink !

By all the pure meek mind
In your pale beauty shrined,
By childhood's love—too bright
a bloom to die !
O'er her worn spirit shed, 40
O fairest, holiest dead !
The faith, trust, joy, of immortality !

WOMAN AND FAME

THOU hast a charmèd cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away ! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel leaves, that
twine
Into so proud a wreath ;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death :
Give me from some kind hand a
flower, 11
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling
tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet :
But mine, let mine—a woman's
breast,
By words of home-born love be
bless'd.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye, 20
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy—
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame ! thou canst not be
the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need :
Where must the lone one turn or
flee ?— 29
Not unto thee—oh ! not to thee !

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE

DREAMER! and wouldst thou
 know
 If love goes with us to the viewless
 bourne?
 Wouldst thou bear hence the un-
 fathom'd source of woe
 In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
 That power, the dweller of thy secret
 breast?
 A dove sent forth across a stormy
 sea,
 Finding no place of rest:

A precious odour cast
 On a wild stream, that recklessly
 swept by;
 A voice of music utter'd to the blast,
 And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine—
 Wouldst thou be bless'd?—too
 sleepless, too profound,
 Are the soul's hidden springs; there
 is no line
 Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail
 When thou wouldst fill them with
 that ocean's power?
 As thine own cheek, before high
 thoughts grows pale
 In some o'erwhelming hour.

Doth not thy frail form sink
 Beneath the chain that binds thee
 to one spot,
 When thy heart strives, held down
 by many a link.
 Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
 Oft in the gush of powerless blessing
 shed,
 Till a vain tenderness, beyond
 control,
 Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all
this—
 The burden and the shadow of thy
 life—
 To trouble the blue skies of cloudless
 bliss
 With earthly feelings' strife?
 Not thus, not thus—oh, no!
 Not veil'd and mantled with dim
 clouds of care,
 That spirit of my soul should with
 me go
 To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs
 To its own sphere, where night afar
 is driven,
 As to its place the flower-seed findeth
 wings,
 So must love mount to heaven!
 Vainly it shall not strive
 There on weak words to pour a
 stream of fire;
 Thought unto thought shall kindling
 impulse give,
 As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessings *there*,
 Shower'd like rich balsam forth on
 some dear head,
 Powerless no more, a gift shall surely
 bear,
 A joy of sunlight shed.

Let me, then—let me dream
 That love goes with us to the shore
 unknown;
 So o'er its burning tears a heavenly
 gleam
 In mercy shall be thrown!

THE VOICE OF MUSIC

Striking the electric chain wherewith we
 are darkly bound.—*Childs Harold.*

WHENCE is the might of thy master-
 spell?
 Speak to me, voice of sweet sound,
 and tell!
 How canst thou wake, by one gentle
 breath,
 Passionate visions of love and death!

How call'st thou back, with a note,
a sigh,
Words and low tones from the days
gone by—
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?—
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound,
and tell!

What is thy power, from the soul's
deep spring
In sudden gushes the tears to bring?
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal
glee,
Fountains of sorrow are stirr'd by
thee!

Vain are those tears!—vain and
fruitless all—
Showers that refresh not, yet still
must fall;
For a purer bliss while the full heart
burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit
yearns!

Something of mystery there surely
dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-
cells;
Something that finds not its answer
here—
A chain to be clasp'd in another
sphere. 20

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
Through the stream of thy triumphs
is heard to sweep,
Like a moan of the breeze through
a summer sky—
Like a name of the dead when the
wine foams high!

Yet speak to me still, though thy
tones be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled
thought;
Speak! for thou tellest my soul that
its birth
Links it with regions more bright
than earth. 28

THE ANGEL'S GREETING

Hark!—they whisper!—Angels say
Sister spirit, come away.—POPE.

COME to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no
longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul
away—
The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and
love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the
dove
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright, and blest,
And crown'd for ever! 'midst that
shining band, 10
Gather'd to Heaven's own wreath
from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone
Come to thy mother!—on the
Sabbath shore,
The heart that rock'd thy childhood,
back once more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blent in one
sweet strain, 19
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a
willow's bough:
Come to thy Father!—it is finish'd
now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode,
Change finds no pathway, memory
no dark trace,
And, oh! bright victory—death by
love no place: 27
Come, spirit, to thy God!

A FAREWELL TO WALES

FOR THE MELODY CALLED 'THE ASH GROVE', ON LEAVING THAT
COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear—
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure mountain-air,
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand!
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my home and my dead!
I bless thee!—yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore; 10
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
—Green land, poet land of my home and my dead!
I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat,
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy skies;
For thy cottage hearths burning the stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead! 18

IMPROMPTU LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS F. A. L., ON RECEIVING FROM HER SOME FLOWERS
WHEN CONFINED BY ILLNESS

YE tell me not of birds and bees,
Not of the Summer's murmuring trees,
Not of the streams and woodland bowers:—
A sweeter tale is yours, fair flowers!
Glad tidings to my couch ye bring,
Of one still bright, still flowing spring—
A fount of kindness ever new,
In a friend's heart, the good and true.

A PARTING SONG

Oh! mes Amis, rappelez-vous quelquefois mes vers; mon âme y est empreinte.—*Corinne.*

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away—
When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burdened with tender thought—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—

When the rose of the rich midsummer time 10

Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime—

When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread—

Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, sweet friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—

When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye

At the sound of some olden melody—

When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,

When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream— 20

Then let it be !

Thus let my memory be with you, friends !

Thus ever think of me !

Kindly and gently, but as of one

For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—

As of a bird from a chain unbound,

As of a wanderer whose home is found—

So let it be. 28

WE RETURN NO MORE !¹

When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,

And saw around me the wide field revive

With fruits and fertile promise ; and the Spring

Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,

With all her reckless birds upon the wing,

I turn'd from all she brought to all she could not bring.

Childe Harold.

' We return !—we return !—we return no more ! '

So comes the song to the mountain-shore,

From those that are leaving their Highland home,

For a world far over the blue sea's foam :

' We return no more ! ' and through cave and dell

Mournfully wanders that wild farewell.

' We return !—we return !—we return no more ! '

So breathe the sad voices our spirits o'er :

Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,

Where lovely things with their light depart :

And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,

And we feel that a joy is for ever gone. 10

Ha til !—ha til !—ha til mi tulid !—(' We return !—we return !—we return no more !')—the burden of the Highland song of emigration.

' We return !—we return !—we return no more !'
 Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er ?
 When the passionate soul of the night-bird's lay
 Hath died from the summer woods away ?
 When the glory from sunset's robe hath pass'd,
 Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast ?

No !—it is not the rose that returns no more ;
 A breath of spring shall its bloom restore ;
 And it is not the voice that o'erflows the bowers,
 With a stream of love through the starry hours ;
 Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,
 Nor the frail flush'd leaves which the wild wind strews.

20

' We return !—we return !—we return no more !'
 Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter shore ?
 Those wings that follow the southern breeze,
 Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas ?
 Yes ! from the lands of the vine and palm
 They come, with the sunshine, when waves grow calm.

30

' But we !—we return !—we return no more !'
 The heart's young dreams, when their spring is o'er ;
 The love it hath pour'd so freely forth—
 The boundless trust in ideal worth ;
 The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—
 These are the lost that return not again

TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER

Thou hast loved and thou hast suffer'd ! Unto feeling deep and strong, Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string— I know it by thy song !	By the quivering of its flute-like swell— A sound of the heart's unrest. By its fond and plaintive lingering, On each word of grief so long, Oh ! thou hast loved and suffer'd much— I know it by thy song !
--	---

20

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—
 But well—oh ! but too well—
 Thou hast suffer'd all that woman's
 breast
 May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept and thou hast parted,
 Thou hast been forsaken long,
 Thou hast watch'd for steps that
 came not back—
 I know it by thy song !

11

By the low clear silvery gushing
 Of its music from thy breast,

THE PALMER

The faded palm branch in his hand,
 Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.
Scott.

ART thou come from the far-off land
 at last ?

Thou that hast wander'd long !
 Thou art come to a home whence the
 smile hath pass'd
 With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the
bounding heart

Thou wilt seek—but all are gone ;
They are parted e'en as waters part,
To meet in the deep alone !

And thou—from thy lip is fled the
glow,

From thine eye the light of morn ;
And the shades of thought o'erhang
thy brow, 11

And thy cheek with life is worn.
Say what hast thou brought from
the distant shore

For thy wasted youth to pay ?
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys
once more ?

Hast thou vassals to smooth thy
way ?

I have brought but the palm-branch
in my hand,

Yet I call not my bright youth
lost !

I have won but high thought in the
Holy Land,

Yet I count not too dear the cost !

'I look on the leaves of the deathless
tree— 21

These records of my track ;
And better than youth in its flush of
glee,

Are the memories they give me
back !

They speak of toil, and of high
emprise,

As in words of solemn cheer,
They speak of lonely victories
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

'They speak of scenes which have
now become

Bright pictures in my breast ; 30
Where my spirit finds a glorious
home,

And the love of my heart can rest.

'The colours pass not from *these*
away,

Like tints of shower or sun ;
Oh ! beyond all treasures that know
decay,

Is the wealth my soul hath won !

'A rich light thence o'er my life's
decline,

An inborn light is cast ;
For the sake of the palm from the
holy shrine, 39

I bewail not my bright days past !

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF

'OH ! call my brother back to me !
I cannot play alone ;

The Summer comes with flower and
bee—

Where is my brother gone ?

'The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;

I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back !

'The flowers run wild—the flowers
we sow'd

Around our garden tree ; 40
Our vine is drooping with its load—

Oh ! call him back to me !

'He would not hear thy voice, fair
child,

He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like Spring-time
smiled,

On earth no more thou'lt see.

'A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;

Go—thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven.' 20

'And has he left his birds and
flowers ;

And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer
hours,

Will he not come again ?

'And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er ?

Oh ! while my brother with me
play'd,

Would I had loved him more !

TO THE NEW-BORN¹

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child of many hopes and fears !
 A rainbow-welcome thine hath been, of mingled smiles and tears.
 Thy father greets thee unto life, with a full and chasten'd heart,
 For a solemn gift from God thou com'st, all precious as thou art !

I see thee not asleep, fair boy, upon thy mother's breast,
 Yet well I know how guarded there shall be thy rosy rest ;
 And how her soul with love, and prayer, and gladness, will o'erflow,
 While bending o'er thy soft-seal'd eyes, thou dear one, well I know !

A blessing on thy gentle head ! and bless'd thou *art* in truth, 9
 For a home where God is felt, awaits thy childhood and thy youth :
 Around thee pure and holy thoughts shall dwell as light and air,
 And steal unto thine heart, and wake the germs now folded there.

Smile on thy mother ! while she feels that unto her is given,
 In that young day-spring glance the pledge of a soul to rear for heaven !
 Smile ! and sweet peace be o'er thy sleep, joy o'er thy wakening shed !
 Blessings and blessings evermore, fair boy ! upon thy head 16

THE DEATH-SONG OF ALCESTIS

SHE came forth in her bridal robes array'd,
 And 'midst the graceful statues, round the hall
 Shedding the calm of their celestial mien,
 Stood pale yet proudly beautiful, as they :
 Flowers in her bosom, and the star-like gleam
 Of jewels trembling from her braided hair,
 And *death* upon her brow !—but glorious death !
 Her own heart's choice, the token and the seal
 Of love, o'ermastering love ; which, till that hour,
 Almost an anguish in the brooding weight 10
 Of its unutterable tenderness,
 Had burden'd her full soul. But now, oh ! now,
 Its time was come—and from the spirit's depths,
 The passion and the mighty melody
 Of its immortal voice, in triumph broke,
 Like a strong rushing wind !

The soft pure air
 Came floating through that hall—the Grecian air,
 Laden with music—flute-notes from the vales,
 Echoes of song—the last sweet sounds of life
 And the glad sunshine of the golden clime
 Stream'd, as a royal mantle, round her form—

¹ Addressed to the child of her eldest brother.

The glorified of love ! But she—she look'd
 Only on *him* for whom 'twas joy to die,
 Deep—deepest, holiest joy !—or if a thought
 Of the warm sunlight, and the scented breeze,
 And the sweet Dorian songs, o'erswept the tide
 Of her unswerving soul—'twas but a thought
 That own'd the summer loveliness of life
 For *him* a worthy offering !—So she stood,
 Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced awhile,
 Till her eye kindled, and her quivering frame
 With the swift breeze of inspiration shook,
 As the pale priestess trembles to the breath
 Of inborn oracles !—then flush'd her cheek,
 And all the triumph, all the agony,
 Borne on the battling waves of love and death,
 All from her woman's heart, in sudden song,
 Burst like a fount of fire.

30

 'I go, I go !
 Thou sun, thou golden sun, I go
 Far from thy light to dwell :
 Thou shalt not find my place below,
 Dim is that world—bright sun of Greece, farewell !

40

 'The laurel and the glorious rose
 Thy glad beam yet may see,
 But where no purple summer glows,
 O'er the dark wave I haste from them and thee.

 'Yet doth my spirit faint to part ?
 —I mourn thee not, O sun !
 Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart,
 Sing me triumphal songs !—my crown is won !

50

 'Let not a voice of weeping rise—
 My heart is girt with power !
 Let the green earth and festal skies
 Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's closing hour !

 'For thee, for *thee*, my bosom's lord !
 Thee, my soul's loved ! I die ;
 Thine is the torch of life restored,
 Mine, mine the rapture, mine the victory !

 'Now may the boundless love, that lay
 Unfathom'd still before,
 In one consuming burst find way,
 In one bright flood all, all its riches pour !

60

 'Thou know'st, thou know'st what love is *now* !
 Its glory and its might—
 Are they not written on my brow ?
 And will that image ever quit thy sight ?

- ' No ! deathless in thy faithful breast,
 There shall my memory keep
 Its own bright altar-place of rest,
 While o'er my grave the cypress branches weep. 70
- ' Oh, the glad light !—the light is fair,
 The soft breeze warm and free ;
 And rich notes fill the scented air,
 And all are gifts—*my* love's last gifts to thee !
- ' Take me to thy warm heart once more !
 Night falls—my pulse beats low :
 Seek not to quicken, to restore—
 Joy is in every pang—I go, I go !
- ' I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,
 I meet thy fond look still ; 80
 Keen is the strife of love and death ;
 Faint and yet fainter grows my bosom's thrill.
- ' Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,
 Though mists o'er shade mine eye !
 —Sing, Paean ! sing a conqueror's song !
 For thee, for *thee*, my spirit's lord, I die ! '

THE HOME OF LOVE

- THOU mov'st in visions, love !—Around thy way,
 E'en through this world's rough path and changeful day,
 For ever floats a gleam,
 Nor from the realms of moonlight or the morn,
 But thine own soul's illumined chambers born—
 The colouring of a dream !
- Love, shall I read thy dream ?—oh ! is it not
 All of some sheltering, wood-embosomed spot—
 A bower for thee and thine ? 10
 Yes ! lone and lowly is that home ; yet there
 Something of heaven in the transparent air
 Makes every flower divine.
- Something that mellows and that glorifies,
 Breathes o'er it ever from the tender skies,
 As o'er some blessed isle ;
 E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,
 Kindling rich woods, whereon the ethereal bow
 Sleeps lovingly awhile.
- The very whispers of the wind have there
 A flute-like harmony, that seems to bear 20
 Greeting from some bright shore,
 Where none have said *farewell* !—where no decay
 Lends the faint crimson to the dying day ;
 Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast

Hidden from earthly ill :

There wouldst thou watch the homeward step, whose sound
Wakening all nature to sweet echoes round,

Thine inmost soul can thrill.

30

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind the immortal heritage,

For thee its treasures pour ;

Or music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or dearer interchange of playful word,

Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,

Thence duly should arise ;

Lifting the eternal hope, the adoring breath,
Of spirits, not to be disjoin'd by death,

Up to the starry skies.

40

There, dost thou well believe, no storm should come
To mar the stillness of that angel-home ;

There should thy slumbers be

Weigh'd down with honey-dew, serenely bless'd,
Like theirs who first in Eden's grove took rest

Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love ! thou passionate in joy and woe !

And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace below—

Here, where bright things must die ?

50

O thou ! that wildly worshipping, dost shed

On the frail altar of a mortal head

Gifts of infinity !

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love !

Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,

Still round thy precious things ;

Thy stately pine-tree, or thy gracious rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,

Here, where the blight hath wings.

60

And as a flower, with some fine sense imbued,

To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,

So in thy prescient breast

Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic thrill

To the low footstep of each coming ill ;

—Oh ! canst *thou* dream of rest ?

Bear up thy dream ! thou mighty and thou weak !

Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to break—

As a flame, tempest-sway'd !

He that sits calm on high is yet the source

Whence thy soul's current hath its troubled course,

He that great deep hath made !

70

Will He not pity ?—He whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony ?—

Oh ! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with *Him* that bower of blessedness—
Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven !

78

BOOKS AND FLOWERS

'La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel j'étais nourrie dès l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres ;—dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux avec des livres et des fleurs.'—MADAME ROLAND.

COME, let me make a sunny realm around thee,
Of thought and beauty ! Here are books and flowers,
With spells to loose the fetter which hath bound thee—
The ravel'd coil of this world's feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless pages,
Even as the odour in the flower enshrined ;
Here the crown'd spirits of departed ages
Have left the silent melodies of mind.

Their thoughts, that strove with time, and change, and anguish,
For some high place where faith her wing might rest, 10
Are burning here—a flame that may not languish—
Still pointing upward to that bright hill's crest !

Their grief, the veil'd infinity exploring
For treasures lost, is here ;—their boundless love
Its mighty streams of gentleness outpouring
On all things round, and clasping all above.

And the bright beings, their own heart's creations,
Bright, yet all human, here are breathing still ;
Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations
Are here, and victories of prevailing will ! 20

Listen, oh, listen ! let their high words cheer thee !
Their swan-like music ringing through all woes ;
Let my voice bring their holy influence near thee—
The Elysian air of their divine repose !

Or wouldst thou turn to earth ? Not earth all furrow'd
By the old traces of man's toil and care,
But the green peaceful world that never sorrow'd,
The world of leaves, and dews, and summer air !

Look on these flowers ! As o'er an altar shedding,
O'er Milton's page, soft light from colour'd urns ! 30
They are the links, man's heart to nature wedding,
When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest dingles,
 Fresh banks of many a low-voiced hidden stream,
 Where the sweet star of eve looks down and mingles
 Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in gladness,
 Covering the turf with flowery blossom-showers ;
 —Too richly dower'd, O friend ! are *we* for sadness—
 Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours !

40

FOR A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA ATTENDED BY ANGELS

How rich that forehead's calm expanse !
 How bright that heaven-directed glance !
 —Waft her to glory, wing'd powers,
 Ere sorrow be renew'd,
 And intercourse with mortal hours
 Bring back a humbler mood !—WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with inspiration beaming,
 Wear yet so deep a calm ?—Oh, child of song !
 Is not the music-land a world of dreaming,
 Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty throng ?

Hath it not sounds from voices long departed ?
 Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's ear ?
 Low haunting whispers, which the weary-hearted,
 Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept to hear ?

No, not to thee !—*thy* spirit, meek, yet queenly,
 On its own starry height, beyond all this,
 Floating triumphantly and yet serenely,
 Breathes no faint under-tone through songs of bliss.

10

Say by what strain, through cloudless ether swelling,
 Thou hast drawn down those wanderers from the skies ?
 Bright guests ! even such as left of yore their dwelling,
 For the deep cedar shades of Paradise !

What strain ?—oh ! not the nightingale's when showering
 Her own heart's life drops on the burning lay,
 She stirs the young woods in the days of flowering,
 And pours her strength, but not her grief away :

20

And not the exile's—when, 'midst lonely billows,
 He wakes the alpine notes his mother sung,
 Or blends them with the sigh of alien willows,
 Where, murmuring to the wind, his harp is hung :

And not the pilgrim's—though his thoughts be holy,
 And sweet his *ave*-song, when day grows dim ;
 Yet, as he journeys, pensively and slowly,
 Something of sadness floats through that low hymn.

But thou !—the spirit which at eve is filling
 All the hush'd air and reverential sky,
 Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn rapture thrilling,
 This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony.

30

This bears up high those breathings of devotion
 Wherein the currents of thy heart gush free ;
 Therefore no world of sad and vain emotion
 Is the dream-haunted music-land for *thee*.

THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EASTLAKE'S

DARK chieftain of the heath and
 height !
 Wild feaster on the hills by night !
 Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow
 Flung back by glancing spears
 below ?

Now for one strife of stern despair !
 The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of
 blood

Hath risen from rock and lonely
 wood ;

And in whose dreams a moan should
 be,

Not of the water, nor the tree ; 10
 Haply thine own last hour is nigh,—
 Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one that pale beside thee
 stands,

More true than all thy mountain
 bands !

She will not shrink in doubt and
 dread

When the balls whistle round thy
 head :

Nor leave thee, though thy closing
 eye

No longer may to hers reply.

Oh ! many a soft and quiet grace
 Hath faded from her form and face ;
 And many a thought, the fitting
 guest 21

Of woman's meek religious breast,
 Hath perish'd in her wanderings
 wide,

Through the deep forests by thy
 side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
 A flower upon a ruin's wall,
 A friendless thing, whose lot is cast
 Of lovely ones to be the last ;
 Sad, but unchanged through good
 and ill,

Thine is her lone devotion still. 30

And oh ! not wholly lost the heart
 Where that undying love hath
 part ;

Not worthless all, though far and
 long

From home estranged, and guided
 wrong ;

Yet may its depths by Heaven be
 stirr'd,

Its prayer for thee be pour'd and
 heard ! 36

THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S

All good and guiltless as thou art,
 Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
 Griefs that along thy alter'd face
 Will breathe a more subduing grace,
 Than even those looks of joy that lie
 On the soft cheek of infancy.—WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey-bee ?
 Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free ?
 With the hare through the copses and dingles wild ?
 With the butterfly over the heath, fair child ?
 Yes: the light fall of thy bounding feet
 Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat :
 Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells
 And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song
 Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng ; 10
 The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
 The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim ;
 These are old words, that have made each grove .
 A dreaming haunt for romance and love—
 Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,
 A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy love
 Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er ;
 Enough for thee are the dews that sleep,
 Like hidden gems, in the flower-urns deep ; 20
 Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
 'Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell ;
 And the scent by the blossoming sweetbriers shed,
 And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

Oh ! happy child, in thy fawn-like glee,
 What is remembrance or thought to thee ?
 Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,
 O'er thy green pathway their colours fling ;
 Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—
 What if to droop and to perish soon ? 30
 Nature hath mines of such wealth—and thou
 Never wilt prize its delights as now !

For a day is coming to quell the tone
 That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one !
 And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
 Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;
 And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
 Into the stillness of autumn skies ;
 And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part
 'Midst the hidden things of each human heart. 40

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for this ?
 Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !
 Such be thy portion !—the bliss to look,
 With a reverent spirit, through nature's book
 By fount, by forest, by river's line
 To track the paths of a love divine ;
 To read its deep meanings—to see and hear
 God in earth's garden—and not to fear !

48

THE FAITH OF LOVE

<p>THOU hast watch'd beside the bed of death, Oh, fearless human Love ! Thy lip received the last faint breath, Ere the spirit fled above.</p> <p>Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier, In a low and farewell tone, Thou hast given the grave both flower and tear— —Oh, Love ! thy task is done.</p> <p>Then turn thee from each pleasant spot Where thou wert wont to rove, For there the friend of thy soul is not, Nor the joy of thy youth, oh, Love !</p> <p>Thou wilt meet but mournful mem- ory there, Her dreams in the grove she weaves, With echoes filling the summer air, With sighs the trembling leaves.</p> <p>Then turn thee to the world again, From those dim haunted bowers, And shut thine ear to the wild sweet strain That tells of vanish'd hours. 20</p> <p>And wear not on thine aching heart The image of the dead, For the tie is rent that gave thee part In the gladness its beauty shed.</p>	<p>And gaze on the pictured smile no more That thus can life outlast : All between parted souls is o'er ;— —Love ! Love ! forget the past !</p> <p>'Voice of vain boding ! away, be still ! Strive not against the faith 30 That yet my bosom with light can fill, Unquench'd, and undimm'd by death :</p> <p>'From the pictured smile I will not turn, Though sadly now it shine ; Nor quit the shades that in whispers mourn For the step once link'd with mine :</p> <p>'Nor shut mine ear to the song of old, Though its notes the pang renew, —Such memories deep in my heart I hold, To keep it pure and true. 40</p> <p>'By the holy instinct of my heart, By the hope that bears me on, I have still my own undying part In the deep affection gone.</p> <p>'By the presence that about me seems Through night and day to dwell, Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams ! —I have breathed no last fare- well !' 48</p>
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THE SISTER'S DREAM

[Suggested by a picture, in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.]

SHE sleeps ! —but not the free and sunny sleep

That lightly on the brow of childhood lies :

Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,

Yet, ere it sank upon her shadow'd eyes,
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erswept
Her soul's meek stillness—she had pray'd and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,

The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—

That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,

Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled ; 10

They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,

As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth—

Not as they were when binding up the flowers,

Telling wild legends round the winter-hearth,

Braiding their long fair hair for festal hours ;

These things are past—a spiritual gleam,

A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding years

In those pure aspects may no more be read, 20

Thence, too, hath sorrow melted—and the tears

Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed,

Are all effaced ; there earth hath left no sign

Save its deep love, still touching every line.

But, oh ! more soft, more tender, breathing more

A thought of pity, than in vanish'd days :

While, hovering silently and brightly o'er

The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's gaze

With their immortal eyes, that seem to say,

' Yet, sister, yet we love thee—come away ! ' 30

'Twill fade, the radiant dream ! and will she not

Wake with more painful yearning at her heart ?

Will not her home seem yet a lonelier spot,

Her task more sad, when those bright shadows part ?

And the green summer after them look dim,

And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild hymn ?

But let her hope be strong, and let the dead

Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty still,

Be their names utter'd, be their memory spread

Yet round the place they never more may fill ! 40

All is not over with earth's broken tie—

Where, where should sisters love, if not on high ?

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD

[These lines were given to Sir Walter Scott, at the gate of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1829. He was then apparently in the vigour of an existence whose energies promised long continuance; and the glance of his quick, smiling eye, and the very sound of his kindly voice, seemed to kindle the gladness of his own sunny and benignant spirit in all who had the happiness of approaching him.]

HOME of the gifted! fare thee well,

And a blessing on thee rest;
While the heather waves its purple bell

O'er moor and mountain crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,

And braes with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest

While the high voice from thee sent forth

Bids rock and cairn reply, ¹⁰
Wakening the spirits of the North,
Like a chieftain's gathering cry;
While its deep master-tones hold sway

As a king's o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay!
A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!

Long honours to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power, ¹⁹

And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood, still
May thy free sward be prest!

—While one proud pulse in the land
can thrill,

A blessing on thee rest!

O'CONNOR'S CHILD

[This piece was suggested by a picture in the possession of Mrs. Lawrence, of Wavertree Hall. It represents the 'Hero's Child' of Campbell's Poem, seated beside a solitary tomb of rock, marked with a cross, in a wild and desert place. A tempest seems gathering in the angry skies above her, but the attitude of the drooping figure expresses the utter carelessness of desolation, and the countenance speaks of entire abstraction from all external objects. A bow and quiver lie beside her, amongst the weeds and wild-flowers of the desert.]

I fled the home of grief
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall,
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall;
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.—CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies,
The weight of omens heavy in the cloud:—
Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,
And gird the form whose beauty grief hath bow'd,
And leave the tomb, as tombs are left—alone,
To the star's vigil, and the wind's wild moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,
 Where gems are glittering, and bright wine is pour'd ;
 Where to glad measures chiming footsteps fall,
 And soul seems gushing from the harp's full chord ; 10
 And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave,
 Than the sad '*Love lies bleeding*' of the grave.

Oh ! little know'st thou of the o'ermastering spell,
 Wherewith love binds the spirit strong in pain,
 To the spot hallow'd by a wild farewell,
 A parting agony,—intense, yet vain,
 A look—and darkness when its gleam hath flown,
 A voice—and silence when its words are gone !

She hears thee not ; her full, deep, fervent heart
 Is set in her dark eyes ;—and *they* are bound 20
 Unto that cross, that shrine, that world apart,
 Where faithful blood hath sanctified the ground ;
 And love with death striven long by tear and prayer,
 And anguish frozen into still despair.

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last
 A light, a joy, of its own wanderings born ;
 Around her path a vision's glow is cast,
 Back, back her lost one comes in hues of morn ! ¹
 For her the gulf is fill'd—the dark night fled,
 Whose mystery parts the living and the dead. 30

And she can pour forth in such converse high,
 All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the strong,
 Oh ! lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,
 And more forlorn, amidst the world's gay throng,
 Than hers—the queen of that majestic gloom,
 The tempest, and the desert, and the tomb !

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE

<p>O SUNSHINE and fair earth ! Sweet is your kindly mirth, Angel of death ! yet, yet awhile delay ! Too sad it is to part, Thus in my spring of heart, With all the light and laughter of the day.</p> <p>For me the falling leaf Touches no chord of grief, No dark void in the rose's bosom lies :</p>	<p>Not one triumphal tone, 10 One hue of hope, is gone From the song or bloom beneath the summer skies.</p> <p>Death, Death ! ere yet decay, Call me not hence away, Over the golden hours no shade is thrown ; The poesy that dwells Deep in green woods and dells, Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.</p>
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¹ 'A son of light, a lovely form,
 He comes, and makes her glad.'—CAMPBELL.

Yet not for this, O Death !
 Not for the vernal breath ²⁰
 Of winds that shake forth music
 from the trees ;
 Not for the splendour given
 To night's dark regal heaven,
 Spoiler ! I ask thee not reprieve for
 these.

But for the happy love
 Whose light, where'er I rove,
 Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,
 Shedding on branch and flower
 A rainbow-tinted shower
 Of richer life—spare, spare me yet
 awhile. ³⁰

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come !
 Too beautiful is home,
 A home of gentle voices and kind
 eyes !
 And I the loved of all,
 On whom fond blessings fall
 From every lip—oh ! wilt thou rend
 such ties ?

Sweet sisters ! weave a chain
 My spirit to detain ;
 Hold me to earth with strong
 affection back :
 Bind me with mighty love ⁴⁰
 Unto the stream, the grove,
 Our daily paths—our life's familiar
 track.

Stay with me ! gird me round !
 Your voices bear a sound
 Of hope—a light comes with you and
 departs ;
 Hush, my soul's boding swell,
 That murmurs of farewell ;
 How can I leave this ring of kindest
 hearts ?

Death ! grave !—and are there
 those
 That woo your dark repose ⁵⁰
 'Midst the rich beauty of the glowing
 earth ?
 Surely about them lies
 No world of loving eyes—
 Leave me, oh ! leave me unto home
 and hearth !

THE WELCOME TO DEATH

Thou art welcome, O thou warning
 voice !
 My soul hath pined for thee ;
 Thou art welcome as sweet sounds
 from shore
 To wanderer on the sea.
 I hear thee in the rustling woods,
 In the sighing vernal airs ;
 Thou call'st me from the lonely
 earth,
 With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! Since kindred
 steps
 From its green paths are fled, ¹⁰
 A dimness and a hush have lain
 O'er all its beauty spread.
 The silence of the unanswering soul
 Is on me and around ;
 My heart hath echoes but for thee,
 Thou still, small, warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,
 Once in my dwelling heard ;
 Sweet household-name by name hath
 changed
 To grief's forbidden word ! ²⁰
 From dreams of night on each I call,
 Each of the far removed ;
 And waken to my own wild cry—
 ' Where are ye, my beloved ? '

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers were
 dim
 With records of the past :
 And stars pour'd down another light
 Than o'er my youth they cast :
 Birds will not sing as once they sung,
 When ye were at my side, ³⁰
 And mournful tones are in the wind,
 Which I heard not till ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !
 Why should the last remain ?
 What eye can reach my heart of
 hearts,
 Bearing in light again ?

E'en could this be, too much of fear
 O'er love would now be thrown—
 Away, away! from time, from
 change,
 Once more to meet my own! 40

THE VICTOR

'De tout ce qui t'aimait n'est-il plus rien
 qui t'aime?'—LAMARTINE.

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death!
 Ye are the strong in this world of
 ours,

Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell
 'midst the flowers,
 —Which hath the conqueror's
 wreath?

Thou art the victor, Love!
Thou art the fearless, the crown'd,
the free,
 The strength of the battle is given
 to thee,
 The spirit from above!

Thou hast look'd on Death, and
 smiled!
 Thou hast borne up the reed-like and
 fragile form, 10
 Thro' the waves of the fight, thro'
 the rush of the storm,
 On field, and flood, and wild!
 No!—*Thou art the victor,*
Death!

Thou comest, and where is that which
 spoke,
 From the depths of the eye, when
 the spirit woke?
 —Gone with the fleeting breath!

Thou comest—and what is left
 Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves—yet answers the burning
 thought

Of the spirit lone and reft? 20
 Silence is where thou art!
 Silently there must kindred meet,
 No smile to cheer, and no voice to
 greet,
 No bounding of heart to heart!

Boast not thy victory, Death!
 It is but as the cloud's o'er the sun-
 beam's power,
 It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and
 flower,
 That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
 O'er the voice and the lip which he
 bids be still: 30
 But the fiery thought and the lofty
 will
 Are not for him to chain!

They shall soar his might above!
 And thus with the root whence
 affection springs,
 Though buried, it is not of mortal
 things—
Thou art the victor, Love!

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE
ALBUM AT ROSANNA¹

OH! lightly tread through these
 deep chestnut-bowers
 Where a sweet spirit once in
 beauty moved!
 And touch with reverent hand these
 leaves and flowers,
 Fair things, which well a gentle
 heart hath loved!
 A gentle heart, of love and grief the
 abode,
 Whence the bright stream of song in
 tear-drops flow'd.

And bid its memory sanctify the
 scene!
 And let the ideal presence of the
 dead
 Float round, and touch the woods
 with softer green,
 And o'er the streams a charm, like
 moonlight, shed; 10
 Through the soul's depths in holy
 silence felt—
 A spell to raise, to chasten, and to
 melt!

¹ A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow, formerly the abode of the authoress of 'Psyche'.

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES

WRITTEN NEAR THE SCENE OF
A RECENT SHIPWRECK

How perfect was the calm ! It seem'd
no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away or
brings ;
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle
things.

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be
borne.—WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves
That now in sunshine sweep ;
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
Voice of the solemn deep !

Hath man's lone spirit here
With storms in battle striven ?
Where all is now so calmly clear,
Hath anguish cried to heaven ?

—Then the sea's voice arose, 9
Like an earthquake's under-tone :
'Mortal, the strife of human woes
Where hath not nature known ?

'Here to the quivering mast
Despair hath wildly clung,
The shriek upon the wind hath pass'd,
The midnight sky hath rung.

'And the youthful and the brave,
With their beauty and renown,
To the hollow chambers of the wave
In darkness have gone down. 20

'They are vanish'd from their
place—
Let their homes and hearths make
moan !
But the rolling waters keep no trace
Of pang or conflict gone.'

—Alas ! thou haughty deep !
The strong, the sounding far !
My heart before thee dies,—I weep
To think on what we are !

To think that so we pass,
High hope, and thought, and mind,
Even as the breath-stain from the
glass, 31
Leaving no sign behind !

Saw'st thou naught else, thou main ?
Thou and the midnight sky ?
Naught save the struggle, brief and
vain,
The parting agony !

—And the sea's voice replied,
'Here nobler things have been !
Power with the valiant when they
died,
To sanctify the scene : 40

'Courage, in fragile form,
Faith trusting to the last,
Prayer, breathing heavenwards thro'
the storm,
But all alike have pass'd.'

Sound on, thou haughty sea !
These have not pass'd in vain ;
My soul awakes, my hope springs
free
On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,
Mayst vanish with thy powers ;
But, by the hearts that here have
striven,
A loftier doom is ours ! 52

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed.—MOORE.

SEEST thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm-shadows fall ?
Voices that have left the earth
Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its
hearth,
Soft and low :

Ever there ;—yet one alone
 Hath the gift to hear their tone.
 Guests come thither, and depart,
 Free of step, and light of heart ; 10
 Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
 In the haunted chambers rest ;
 One alone unslumbering lies
 When the night hath seal'd all eyes,
 One quick heart and watchful ear,
 Listening for those whispers clear.

Seest thou where the woodbine
 flowers

O'er yon low porch hang in showers ?
 Startling faces of the dead,
 Pale, yet sweet, 20

One lone woman's entering tread
 There still meet !

Some with young smooth foreheads
 fair,

Faintly shining through bright hair ;
 Some with reverend locks of snow—
 All, all buried long ago !

All, from under deep sea-waves,
 Or the flowers of foreign graves,
 Or the old and banner'd aisle,
 Where their high tombs gleam the
 while ; 30

Rising, wandering, floating by,
 Suddenly and silently,
 Through their earthly home and
 place,

But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
 Are those sounds and visions known ?
 Wherefore hath that spell of power

Dark and dread,
 On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
 Thus been shed ? 40

Oh ! in those deep-seeing eyes,
 No strange gift of mystery lies !
 She is lone where once she moved,
 Fair, and happy, and beloved !
 Sunny smiles were glancing round
 her,

Tendrils of kind hearts had bound
 her.

Now those silver chords are broken,
 Those bright looks have left no
 token ; 48

Not one trace on all the earth,
 Save her memory of their mirth.
 She is lone and lingering now,
 Dreams have gather'd o'er her brow,
 'Midst gay songs and children's play,
 She is dwelling far away,
 Seeing what none else may see—
 Haunted still her place must be !

THE SHEPHERD-POET OF THE ALPS

God gave him reverence of laws,
 Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause—
 A spirit to his rocks akin,
 The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein.
 COLERIDGE.

SINGING of the free blue sky,
 And the wild-flower glens that lie
 Far amidst the ancient hills,
 Which the fountain music fills ;
 Singing of the snow-peaks bright,
 And the royal eagle's flight,
 And the courage and the grace
 Foster'd by the chamois-chase ;
 In his fetters, day by day,
 So the Shepherd-poet lay, 10
 Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell
 Did those notes of freedom swell,
 Breathing sadness not their own,
 Forth with every Alpine tone ?
 Wherefore !—can a tyrant's ear
 Brook the mountain-winds to
 hear,

When each blast goes pealing by
 With a song of liberty ? 15

Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand
 O'er the Shepherd-poet's land ;
 Sounding there the waters gush'd,
 While the lip of man was hush'd ;
 There the falcon pierced the cloud,
 While the fiery heart was bow'd :
 But this might not long endure,
 Where the mountain-homes were
 pure ;

And a valiant voice arose,
 Thrilling all the silent snows ;
His—now singing far and lone,
 Where the young breeze ne'er was
 known ; 30

Singing of the glad blue sky,
Wildly—and how mournfully !

Are none but the Wind and the
Lammer-Geyer
To be free where the hills unto
heaven aspire ?

Is the soul of song from the deep
glens past,
Now that their poet is chain'd at
last ?—

Think of the mountains, and deem
not so !

Soon shall each blast like a clarion
blow !

Yes ! though forbidden be every
word

Wherewith that spirit the Alps hath
stirr'd, ⁴⁰

Yet even as a buried stream through
earth

Rolls on to another and brighter
birth,

So shall the voice that hath seem'd
to die,

Burst forth with the anthem of
liberty !

And another power is moving
In a bosom fondly loving :—
Oh ! a sister's heart is deep,
And her spirit strong to keep
Each light link of early hours,
All sweet scents of childhood's
flowers ! ⁵⁰

Thus each lay by Erni sung,
Rocks and crystal caves among,
Or beneath the linden-leaves,
Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,
Rapid though as bird-notes
gushing,

Transient as a wan cheek's flush-
ing, ⁵⁶

Each in young Teresa's breast
Left its fiery words impress'd ;
Treasured there lay every line,
As a rich book on a hidden shrine.
Fair was that lone girl, and meek,
With a pale transparent cheek,
And a deep-fringed violet eye
Seeking in sweet shade to lie,

Or, if raised to glance above,
Dim with its own dews of love
And a pure Madonna brow,
And a silvery voice, and low,
Like the echo of a flute,
Even the last, ere all be mute. ⁷⁰
But a loftier soul was seen
In the orphan sister's mien,
From that hour when chains
defiled

Him, the high Alps' noble child.
Tones in her quivering voice
awoke,

As if a harp of battle spoke ;
Light, that seem'd born of an
eagle's nest,

Flash'd from her soft eyes unre-
press'd ;

And her form, like a spreading
water-flower,

When its frail cup swells with a
sudden shower, ⁸⁰

Seem'd all dilated with love and
pride,

And grief for that brother, her
young heart's guide.

Well might they love !—those two
had grown

Orphans together and alone :
The silence of the Alpine sky

Had hush'd their hearts to piety ;
The turf, o'er their dead mother
laid,

Had been their altar when they
pray'd ;

There, more in tenderness than woe,
The stars had seen their young
tears flow ; ⁹⁰

The clouds, in spirit-like descent,
Their deep thoughts by one touch
had blent,

And the wild storms link'd them to
each other—

How dear can peril make a brother !

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,
The vine waves unpruned o'er their
mountain-cot

Away, in that holy affection's might,
The maiden is gone, like a breeze of
the night ;—

She is gone forth alone, but her
lighted face,
Filling with soul every secret place,
Hath a dower from Heaven, and a
gift of sway, 101
To arouse brave hearts in its hidden
way,
Like the sudden flinging forth on
high
Of a banner that startleth silently !
She hath wander'd through many
a hamlet-vale,
Telling its children her brother's tale;
And the strains, by his spirit pour'd
away,
Freely as fountains might shower
their spray,
From her fervent lip a new life have
caught,
And a power to kindle yet bolder
thought ; 110
While sometimes a melody, all her
own,
Like a gush of tears in its plaintive
tone,
May be heard 'midst the lonely rocks
to flow,
Clear through the water-chimes—
clear, yet low.

'Thou'rt not where wild-flowers
wave
O'er crag and sparry cave ;
Thou'rt not where pines are
sounding,
Or joyous torrents bounding—
Alas, my brother !

'Thou'rt not where green, on
high, 120
The brighter pastures lie ;
Even those, thine own wild places,
Bear of our own chain dark
traces :

Alas, my brother !

'Far hath the sunbeam spread,
Nor found thy lonely bed ;
Long hath the fresh wind sought
thee,
Nor one sweet whisper brought
thee—

Alas, my brother !

'Thou, that for joy wert born,
Free as the wings of morn ! 131
Will aught thy young life cherish,
Where the Alpine rose would
perish ?

Alas, my brother !

'Canst thou be singing still
As once on every hill ?
Is not thy soul forsaken,
And the bright gift from thee
taken ?—

Alas, alas, my brother !

And *was* the bright gift from the
captive fled ? 140
Like the fire on his hearth, was his
spirit dead ?
Not so !—but as rooted in stillness
deep,
The pure stream-lily its place will
keep,
Though its tearful urns to the blast
may quiver,
While the red waves rush down the
foaming river,
So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,
Trembling, yet not to be borne
away !
He thought of the Alps and their
breezy air,
And felt that his country no chains
might bear ;
He thought of the hunter's haughty
life, 150
And knew there must yet be noble
strife ;
But, oh ! when he thought of that
orphan maid,
His high heart melted—he wept and
pray'd !
For he saw her not as she moved
e'en then,
A waker of heroes in every glen,
With a glance inspired which no
grief could tame,
Bearing on Hope like a torch's flame,
While the strengthening voice of
mighty wrongs
Gave echoes back to her thrilling
songs

But his dreams were fill'd by a
haunting tone, 160
Sad as a sleeping infant's moan;
And his soul was pierced by a mourn-
ful eye,
Which look'd on it—oh! how
beseechingly!
And there floated past him a fragile
form,
With a willowy droop, as beneath
the storm;
Till wakening in anguish, his faint
heart strove
In vain with its burden of helpless
love!
—Thus woke the dreamer one weary
night—
There flashed through his dungeon a
swift strong light;
He sprang up—he climb'd to the
grating-bars, 170
—It was not the rising of moon or
stars,
But a signal flame from a peak of
snow,
Rock'd through the dark skies, to
and fro!
There shot forth another—another
still—
A hundred answers of hill to hill!
Tossing like pines in the tempest's
way,
Joyously, wildly, the bright spires
play,
And each is hailed with a pealing
shout,
For the high Alps waving their
banners out!
Erni, young Erni! the land hath
risen! 180
—Alas! to be lone in thy narrow
prison!
Those free streamers glancing, and
thou not there!
—Is the moment of rapture, or fierce
despair?
—Hark! there's a tumult that
shakes his cell,
At the gates of the mountain citadel!
Hark! a clear voice through the rude
sounds ringing!

Doth he know the strain, and the
wild, sweet singing?

'There may not long be fetters,
Where the cloud is earth's array,
And the bright floods leap from cave
and steep, 190
Like a hunter on the prey!

'There may not long be fetters,
Where the white Alps have their
towers;

Unto eagle-homes, if the arrow
comes,
The chain is not for ours!'

It is she!—She is come like a day-
spring beam,
She that so mournfully shadow'd his
dream!

With her shining eyes and her
buoyant form,
She is come! her tears on his cheek
are warm;

And oh! the thrill in that weeping
voice! 200

'My brother, my brother! come
forth, rejoice!'

—Poet! the land of thy love is
free,

—Sister! thy brother is won by
thee!

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS

How divine

The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps!—Regions con-
secrate

To oldest time!—And reckless of the
storm

That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—One
Among the many there.—WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAIN winds! oh! whither do
ye call me?

Vainly, vainly would my steps
pursue!

Chains of care to lower earth enthrall
me,

Wherefore thus my weary spirit
woo?

Oh ! the strife of this divided being !
Is there peace where ye are borne
on high ?

Could we soar to your proud eyries
fleeing,

In our hearts would haunting
memories die ?

Those wild places are not as a
dwelling

Whence the footsteps of the loved
are gone !

Never from those rocky halls came
swelling

Voice of kindness in familiar tone !

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wander-
ings free ;

And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,
Sings of no lost home amidst its
glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's
pinion

Is not from some hidden pang to
fly ;

All things breathe of power and stern
dominion—

Not of hearts that in vain yearn-
ings die. 20

Mountain winds ! oh ! is it, is it only
Where man's trace hath been that
so we pine ?

Bear me up, to grow in thought less
lonely,

Even at nature's deepest, loneliest
shrine !

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious
singers !

At whose tone my heart within me
burns ;

Bear me where the last red sunbeam
lingers,

Where the waters have their secret
urns !

There to commune with a loftier
spirit

Than the troubling shadows of
regret ; 30

There the wings of freedom to in-
herit,

Where the enduring and the
wing'd are met.

Hush, proud voices ! gentle be your
falling !

Woman's lot thus chainless may
not be ;

Hush ! the heart your trumpet
sounds are calling,

Darkly still may grow—but never
free ! 36

THE PROCESSION

"The peace which passeth all under-
standing" disclosed itself in her looks
and movements. It lay on her counte-
nance like a steady unshadowed moon-
light."—COLERIDGE.

THERE were trampling sounds of
many feet,

And music rush'd through the
crowded street ;

Proud music, such as tells the sky
Of a chief return'd from victory.

There were banners to the winds
unroll'd,

With haughty words on each blazon'd
fold ;

High battle-names, which had rung
of yore,

When lances clash'd on the Syrian
shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green
and lone,

There were flowers of the woods on
the pathway strown ; 10

And wheels that crush'd as they
swept along—

Oh ! what doth the violet amidst the
throng ?

I saw where a bright procession
pass'd

The gates of a minster old and vast ;
And a king to his crowning place was
led,

Through a sculptured line of the
warrior dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array
Of trophies, on those high tombs that
lay,

And the colour'd light, that wrapp'd
them all,

Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But a lowlier grave soon won mine
eye 21

Away from the ancestral pageantry :
A grave by the lordly minster's gate,
Unhonour'd, and yet not desolate.

It was but a dewy greensward bed,
Meet for the rest of a peasant head ;
But Love—oh ! lovelier than all
beside !—

That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching
there,

Young—but how sorrowfully fair !
Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,
That reckless feet might profane
them not. 32

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender
cheek,

And her eye, though tearful, serenely
meek ;

And I deem'd, by its lifted gaze of
love,
That her sad heart's treasure was all
above.

For alone she seem'd 'midst the
throng to be,

Like a bird of the waves far away at
sea ;

Alone, in a mourner's vest array'd,
And with folded hands, e'en as if she
pray'd. 40

It faded before me, that masque of
pride,

The haughty swell of the music died ;
Banner, and armour, and tossing
plume,

All melted away in the twilight's
gloom.

But that orphan form, with its
willowy grace,

And the speaking prayer in that pale,
calm face,

Still, still o'er my thoughts in the
night-hour glide—

—Oh ! Love is lovelier than all
beside. 48

THE BROKEN LUTE

When the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead ;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet sounds are remember'd not ;

When the words are spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.
As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute.
SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,
'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured walls ;
But a glow of beauty like her own,
There had no dream of the painter thrown.
Lit from within was her noble brow,
As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may flow ;
Her young, clear cheek had a changeful hue,
As if ye might see how the soul wrought through
And every flash of her fervent eye
Seem'd the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was !—from her childhood's years—
 A being of sudden smiles and tears—
 Passionate visions, quick light and shade,
 Such was that high-born Italian maid !
 And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell
 Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,
 Or as the sounds in Aeolian strings—
 Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings ;
 There, ever there, with the life enshrined,
 Waiting the call of the faintest wind.

20

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,
 In the city's hour of moonlight glee,
 Oft would that gift of the southern sky
 O'erflow from her lips in melody ;
 Oft amid festal halls it came,
 Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—
 Till the dance was hush'd, and the silvery tone
 Of her inspiration was heard alone.
 And fame went with her, the bright, the crown'd
 And music floated her steps around ;
 And every lay of her soul was borne
 Through the sunny land, as on wings of morn.

30.

And was the daughter of Venice blest
 With a power so deep in her youthful breast ?
 Could she be happy, o'er whose dark eye
 So many changes and dreams went by ?
 And in whose cheek the swift crimson wrought
 As if but born from the rush of thought ?
 Yes ! in the brightness of joy awhile
 She moved as a bark in the sunbeam's smile ;
 For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,
 All, all on a happy love was pour'd !
 How loves a heart, whence the stream of song
 Flows, like the life-blood, quick, bright, and strong ?
 How loves a heart, which hath never proved
 One breath of the world ?—Even so she loved !
 Bless'd, though the lord of her soul, afar,
 Was charging the foremost in Moslem war—
 Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,
 As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.
 Proud music breathed in her song, when fame
 Gave a tone more thrilling to his name ;
 And her trust in his love was a woman's faith—
 Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

40

50

But the fields are won from the Othman host,
 In the land that quell'd the Persian's boast,
 And a thousand hearts in Venice burn,
 For the day of triumph and return !

—The day is come ! the flashing deep
Foams where the galleys of victory sweep ; 60
And the sceptred city of the wave,
With her festal splendour greets the brave ;
Cymbal and clarion, and voice, around,
Make the air one stream of exulting sound,
While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,
Robed for her warrior's festival,
Moving a queen 'midst the radiant throng,
Was she, the inspired one, the maid of song ! 70
The lute he loved on her arm she bore,
As she rush'd in her joy to the crowded shore ;
With a hue on her cheek like the damask glow
By the sunset given unto mountain snow,
And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's play,
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,
And her long hair waving in ringlets bright—
So came that being of hope and light !
—One moment, Erminia ! one moment more,
And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er ! 80
The bark of her lover hath touch'd the strand—
Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand ?
—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace
Accorded well with the Grecian face,
And the eye, in its clear soft darkness meek,
And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose cheek ;
And he look'd on that beauty with tender pride—
The warrior hath brought back an Eastern bride !

But how stood she, the forsaken, there,
Struck by the lightning of swift despair ? 90
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,
And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,
And there came from her quivering lip no word,
Only the fall of her lute was heard,
As it dropp'd from her hand at her rival's feet,
Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet !

What more remaineth ? her day was done ;
Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one !
The light, the vision, the gift of power,
Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour, 100
Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,
Whence the gush of sweetness no more might spring !
As an eagle struck in his upward flight,
So was her hope from its radiant height,
And her song went with it for evermore,
A gladness taken from sea and shore !

She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—
 Silently, silently, died her name !
 Silently melted her life away,
 As ye have seen a young flower decay,
 Or a lamp that hath swiftly burn'd, expire,
 Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,
 Leaving its channel all dry and mute—
 Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute !

110

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT

How weeps yon gallant band
 O'er him their valour could not save !
 For the bayonet is red with gore,
 And he, the beautiful and brave,
 Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.

WILSON.

IN the shadow of the pyramid
 Our brother's grave we made,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.

The blood-red sky above us
 Was darkening into night,
 And the Arab watching silently
 Our sad and hurried rite.

The voice of Egypt's river 10
 Came hollow and profound,
 And one lone palm-tree, where we
 stood,
 Rock'd with a shivery sound :

While the shadow of the Pyramid
 Hung o'er the grave we made,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.

The fathers of our brother
 Were borne to knightly tombs,
 With torch-light and with anthem-
 note, 21
 And many waving plumes :

But he, the last and noblest
 Of that high Norman race,
 With a few brief words of soldier-love
 Was gather'd to his place ;

In the shadow of the Pyramid,
 Where his youthful form we laid,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun 30
 A field of death survey'd.

But let him, let him slumber
 By the old Egyptian wave !
 It is well with those who bear their
 fame
 Unsullied to the grave !

When brightest names are breathed
 on,
 When loftiest fall so fast,
 We would not call our brother back
 On dark days to be cast,— 39

From the shadow of the Pyramid,
 Where his noble heart we laid,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.

TO A PICTURE OF THE
MADONNA

Ave Maria ! May our spirits dare
 Look up to thine, and to thy Son's
 above ?—BYRON.

FAIR vision ! thou'rt from sunny
 skies,
 Born where the rose hath richest
 dyes ;
 To thee a southern heart hath given
 That glow of love, that calm of
 heaven,
 And round thee seat the ideal gleam,
 The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music
fills

The haunted air of Roman hills,
Or where Venetian waves of yore
Heard melodies, they hear no more,
Some proud old minster's gorgeous
aisle

Hath known the sweetness of thy
smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,
'Mid forests of the Apennine,
Whose breezy sounds of cave and
dell

Pass like a floating anthem-swell,
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way
Shed blessing with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut
wood,

Perchance thine island-chapel stood,
Where from the blue Sicilian sea,
The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,
And bless'd thy power to guide, to
save,

Madonna ! watcher of the wave !

Oh ! might a voice, a whisper low,
Forth from those lips of beauty flow !
Couldst thou but speak of all the
tears,

The conflicts, and the pangs of years,
Which, at thy secret shrine reveal'd,
Have gush'd from human hearts
unseal'd !

Surely to thee hath woman come,
As a tired wanderer back to home !
Unveiling many a timid guest,
And treasured sorrow of her breast,
A buried love—a wasting care—
Oh ! did those griefs win peace from
prayer ?

And did the poet's fervid soul
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll ?
Those thoughts, which pour'd their
quenchless fire

And passion o'er the Italian lyre,
Did they to still submission die,
Beneath thy calm, religious eye ?

And hath the crested helmet bow'd
Before thee, 'midst the incense-
cloud ?

Hath the crown'd leader's bosom
lone,

To thee its haughty griefs made
known ?

Did thy glance break their frozen
sleep,

And win the unconquer'd one to
weep ?

Hush'd is the anthem—closed the
vow—

The votive garland wither'd now ;
Yet holy still to me thou art,
Thou that hast soothed so many a
heart !

And still, must blessed influence flow
From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,
Of rest for gentle hearts above ;
Of hope, that hath its treasure there,
Of home, that knows no changeful
air !

Bright form, lit up with thoughts
divine,

Ave ! such power be ever thine !

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE

How much of memory dwells amidst
thy bloom,

Rose ! ever wearing beauty for
thy dower !

The bridal-day—the festival—the
tomb—

Thou hast thy part in each, thou
stateliest flower !

Therefore with thy soft breath come
floating by

A thousand images of love or
grief,

Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mor-
tality,

Deep thoughts of all things
beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that
 hail'd thee first,
 In the clear light of Eden's golden
 day !
 There thy rich leaves to crimson¹⁰
 glory burst,
 Link'd with no dim remembrance
 of decay.

Rose ! for the banquet gather'd, and
 the bier ;
 Rose ! colour'd now by human
 hope and pain ;
 Surely where death is not—nor
 change, nor fear,
 Yet may we meet thee, joy's own
 flower again !¹⁶

DREAMS OF HEAVEN

We colour Heaven with our own human
 thoughts,
 Our vain aspirations, fond remembrances,
 Our passionate love, that seems unto
 itself
 An Immortality.

DREAM'ST *thou* of Heaven ?—what
 dreams are thine ?
 Fair child, fair, gladsome child ?
 With eyes that like the dewdrop
 shine,
 And bounding footsteps wild !

Tell me what hues the immortal
 shore
 Can wear, my bird ! to thee ?
 Ere yet one shadow hath pass'd o'er
 Thy glance and spirit free ?

' Oh ! beautiful is Heaven, and
 bright,
 With long, long summer days ;
 I see its lilies gleam in light,
 Where many a fountain plays.

' And there uncheck'd, methinks,
 I rove,
 And seek where young flowers lie,

In vale and golden-fruited grove—
 Flowers that are not to die !'

Thou poet of the lonely thought,
 Sad heir of gifts divine !
 Say with what solemn glory fraught,
 Is heaven in dreams of thine ?²⁰

' Oh ! where the living waters flow
 Along that radiant shore,
 My soul, a wanderer here, shall
 know,
 The exile thirst no more.

' The burden of the stranger's heart
 Which here alone I bear,
 Like the night-shadow shall depart,
 With my first wakening *there*.

' And borne on eagle wings afar,
 Free thought shall claim its
 dower,³⁰
 From every realm, from every star,
 Of glory and of power.'

O woman ! with the soft sad eye,
 Of spiritual gleam,
 Tell me of those bright worlds on
 high,
 How doth *thy* fond heart dream ?

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,
 On thy pale brow I see,
 That thou hast loved, in fear, and
 woe—
 Say what is Heaven to thee ?⁴⁰

' Oh ! Heaven is where no secret
 dread
 May haunt love's meeting hour,
 Where from the past no gloom is shed
 O'er the heart's chosen bower :

' Where every sever'd wreath is
 bound—
 Where none have heard the knell
 That smites the heart with that deep
 sound—
 Farewell—beloved, farewell !'⁴⁸

THE WISH

COME to me, when my soul
 Hath but a few dim hours to linger here ;
 When earthly chains are as a shrivell'd scroll,
 Oh ! let me feel thy presence ! be but near !

That I may look once more
 Into thine eyes, which never changed for me ;
 That I may speak to thee of that bright shore,
 Where, with our treasure, we have longed to be.

Thou friend of many days !
 Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth ! 10
 Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
 The trembling pinions of my hope from earth ?

By every solemn thought
 Which on our hearts hath sunk in days gone by,
 From the deep voices of the mountains caught,
 Or all the adoring silence of the sky ;

By every lofty theme
 Whereon, in low-toned reverence we have spoken,
 By our communion in each fervent dream
 That sought from realms beyond the grave a token ; 20

And by our tears for those
 Whose loss hath touch'd our world with hues of death ;
 And by the hopes that with their dust repose,
 As flowers await the south-wind's vernal breath :

Come to me in that day—
 The one—the sever'd from all days—O friend !
 Even then, if human thought may then have sway,
 My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone :
 I ask my heart if all indeed must die ; 30
 All that of holiest feelings it hath known ?
 And my heart's voice replies—Eternity !

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A TOMB

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY ¹

Yes ! hide beneath the mouldering heap,
 The undelighting, slighted thing ;
 There in the cold earth, buried deep,
 In silence let it wait the Spring.

Mrs. TIGHE's *Poem on the Lily*.

I STOOD where the lip of song lay low,
 Where the dust had gather'd on Beauty's brow ;
 Where stillness hung on the heart of Love
 And a marble weeper kept watch above.

¹ See 'The Grave of a Poetess', in 'The Records of Woman', on the same subject, and written several years previously to visiting the scene.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,
Of deep affections that inly wrought,
Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with fear—
They knew themselves exiled spirits here !

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,
Child of the sunbeam, bright butterfly !
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wings,
No burden of mortal sufferings. 10

Thou wert fitting past that solemn tomb,
Over a bright world of joy and bloom ;
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,
The all that sever'd *thy* life and *mine*.

Mine, with its inborn mysterious things
Of love and grief, its unfathom'd springs ;
And quick thoughts wandering o'er earth and sky,
With voices to question eternity ! 20

Thine, in its reckless and joyous way,
Like an embodied breeze at play !
Child of the sunlight !—thou wing'd and free !
One moment, *one* moment, I envied thee !

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam,
Thou hast no longings that pine for home ;
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and bird,
To fly from the sickness of hope deferr'd :

In thy brief being no strife of mind,
No boundless passion, is deeply shrined ;
While I, as I gazed on thy swift flight by,
One hour of my soul seem'd infinity ! 30

And she, that voiceless below me slept,
Flow'd not her song from a heart that wept ?
—O Love and Song ! though of Heaven your powers,
Dark is your fate in this world of ours.

Yet, ere I turn'd from that silent place,
Or ceased from watching thy sunny race,
Thou, even thou, on those glancing wings,
Didst waft me visions of brighter things ! 40

Thou that dost image the freed soul's birth,
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,
Oh ! fitly thy path is through flowers that rise
Round the dark chamber where Genius lies !

EPITAPH

FAREWELL, beloved and mourn'd ! we miss awhile
 Thy tender gentleness of voice and smile,
 And that bless'd gift of Heaven, to cheer us lent—
 That thrilling touch, divinely eloquent,
 Which breathed the soul of prayer, deep, fervent, high,
 Through thy rich strains of sacred harmony ;
 Yet from those very memories there is born
 A soft light, pointing to celestial morn.
 Oh ! bid it guide us where *thy* footsteps trod,
 To meet at last ' the pure in heart ' with God !

10

TO GIULIO REGONDI

THE BOY GUITARIST

BLESSING and love be round thee still, fair boy !
 Never may suffering wake a deeper tone,
 Than genius now, in its first fearless joy,
 Calls forth exulting from the chords which own
 Thy fairy touch ! Oh ! mayst thou ne'er be taught
 The power whose fountain is in troubled thought !

For in the light of those confiding eyes,
 And on the ingenuous calm of that clear brow,
 A dower, more precious e'en than genius lies,
 A pure mind's worth, a warm heart's vernal glow !
 God, who hath graced thee thus, oh, gentle child,
 Keep 'midst the world thy brightness undefiled !

10

O YE HOURS

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
 Floating lightly by,
 Are ye come with birds and flowers,
 Odours and blue sky ?

' Yes, we come, again we come,
 Through the woodpaths free :
 Bringing many a wanderer home,
 With the bird and bee.'

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
 Are ye wafting song ? 10
 Doth wild music stream in showers,
 All the groves among ?

' Yes, the nightingale is there
 While the starlight reigns,
 Making young leaves and sweet air
 Tremble with her strains.'

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
 In your silent flow,
 Ye are mighty, mighty powers !
 Bring ye bliss or woe ? 20

' Ask not this—oh ! seek not this !
 Yield your hearts awhile
 To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
 And the heavens' bright smile.

'Throw not shades of anxious
thought
O'er the glowing flowers!
We are come with sunshine fraught,
Question not the hours!' 28

THE FREED BIRD

RETURN, return, my bird!
I have dress'd thy cage with
flowers,
Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

'I am free, I am free—I return no
more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er;
Through the rolling clouds I can soar
on high,
The sky is around me—the blue
bright sky!

'The hills lie beneath me, spread far
and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and
bounding deer 10
I see the waves flash on the sunny
shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no
more!'

Alas, alas! my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not bless'd in thy little
bower,
When thy song breathed naught
but glee?

'Did my song of the summer breathe
naught but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem
sweet to thee?
—O! hadst thou known its deep
meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to
tell! 20

From a dream of the forest that
music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a
torrent rang;

And its dying fall, when it sooth'd
thee best,
Sigh'd for wild-flowers and a leafy
nest.'

Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and
bright;
I have seen the glance of sudden
joy
In its quick and dewy light.

'It flash'd with the fire of a tameless
race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my
native place! 30
With the spirit that panted through
heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

'My home is high, amidst rocking
trees,
My kindred things are the star and
the breeze,
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely
play,
And the odours that wander afar
away!'

Farewell—farewell, then, bird!
I have call'd on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy'd, like
thee, to part—
Like thee, that wert all my own!

'If they were captives, and pined
like me, 41
Though love may guard them, they
joy'd to be free;
They sprang from the earth with
a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to
their triumph's hour!

'Call them not back when the chain
is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all
through heaven!
Farewell!—with my song through
the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's
no more!' 48

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE ¹

Thou falcon-hearted dove.

COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her
wall

Waved free its lily-flowers.

Aye, proudly did the banner wave,
As queen of earth and air ;

But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its
folds,

In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon

Their kingly chieftain lay, ¹⁰

And low on many an Eastern field

Their knighthood's best array.

'Twas mournful, when at feasts they
met,

The wine-cup round to send,

For each that touch'd it silently,

Then miss'd a gallant friend !

And mournful was their vigil

On the beleaguer'd wall,

And dark their slumber, dark with
dreams

Of slow defeat and fall. ²⁰

Yet a few hearts of chivalry

Rose high to breast the storm,

And one—of all the loftiest there—

Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending

O'er the slumber of her child,

With her soft sad eyes of weeping
love,

As the Virgin Mother's mild.

Oh ! roughly cradled was thy babe,

'Midst the clash of spear and lance,

And a strange, wild bower was

thine, young queen ! ³¹

Fair Marguerite of France !

¹ Queen of St. Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the king her husband, she there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her that the knights entrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment, and, by her heroic words, so wrought upon their spirits, that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

² The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Knights of Pisa.

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard-spell,

Deep in the Saracenic gloom

Of the warrior citadel ;

And there 'midst arms the couch was
spread,

And with banners curtain'd o'er,

For the daughter of the minstrel-
land,

The gay Provençal shore ! ⁴⁰

For the bright queen of St. Louis,

The star of court and hall !—

But the deep strength of the gentle
heart

Wakes to the tempest's call !

Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,

His soul with grief oppress'd,

Yet calmly lay the desolate

With her young babe on her
breast !

There were voices in the city,

Voices of wrath and fear— ⁵⁰

'The walls grow weak, the strife is
vain,

We will not perish here !

Yield ! yield ! and let the Crescent
gleam

O'er tower and bastion high !

Our distant homes are beautiful—

We stay not here to die !'

They bore those fearful tidings

To the sad queen where she lay—

They told a tale of wavering hearts,

Of treason and dismay : ⁶⁰

The blood rush'd through her pearly
cheek,

The sparkle to her eye—

'Now call me hither those recreant
knights

From the bands of Italy !' ²

Then through the vaulted chambers
 Stern iron footsteps rang ;
 And heavily the sounding floor
 Gave back the sabre's clang.
 They stood around her—steel-clad
 men,
 Moulded for storm and fight, 70
 But they quail'd before the loftier
 soul
 In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the falcon shrinks
 The bird of meaner wing,
 So shrank they from the imperial
 glance
 Of her—that fragile thing !
 And her flute-like voice rose clear
 and high,
 Through the din of arms around,
 Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
 As a silver clarion's sound. 80

'The honour of the Lily
 Is in your hands to keep,
 And the banner of the Cross, for
 Him
 Who died on Calvary's steep :
 And the city which for Christian
 prayer
 Hath heard the holy bell—
 And is it *these* your hearts would
 yield
 To the godless infidel ?

'Then bring me here a breastplate
 And a helm, before ye fly, 90
 And I will gird my woman's form,
 And on the ramparts die !
 And the boy whom I have borne for
 woe,
 But never for disgrace,
 Shall go within mine arms to death
 Meet for his royal race.

'Look on him as he slumbers
 In the shadow of the lance !
 Then go, and with the Cross for-
 sake
 The princely babe of France ! 100

But tell your homes ye left *one heart*
 To perish undefiled ;
 A woman and a queen, to guard
 Her honour and her child !'

Before her words they thrill'd, like
 leaves
 When winds are in the wood ;
 And a deepening murmur told of
 men
 Roused to a loftier mood.
 And her babe awoke to flashing
 swords,
 Unsheathe'd in many a hand, 110
 As they gather'd round the helpless
 One,
 Again a noble band !

'We are thy warriors, lady !
 True to the Cross and thee !
 The spirit of thy kindling words
 On every sword shall be !
 Rest, with thy fair child on thy
 breast,
 Rest—we will guard thee well !
 St. Denis for the Lily-flower,
 And the Christian citadel !' 120

TO CAROLINE

WHEN thy bounding step I hear,
 And thy soft voice, low and clear ;
 When thy glancing eyes I meet,
 In their sudden laughter sweet—
Thou, I dream, wert surely born
 For a path by care unworn !
 Thou must be a shelter'd flower,
 With but sunshine for thy dower.

Ah ! fair child, not e'en for thee
 May this lot of brightness be ; 10
 Yet, if grief must add a tone
 To thine accents now unknown ;
 If within that cloudless eye
 Sadder thought must one day lie,
 Still, I trust the signs which tell
 On thy life a light shall dwell,
 Light—thy gentle spirit's own,
 From *within* around thee thrown.

THE WANDERER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
SCHMIDT VON LUBECK

Ich komme vom Gebirge her, &c.

I-COME down from the hills alone,
Mist wraps the vale, the billows
moan !

I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where ?*

The sunshine round seems dim and
cold,

And flowers are pale, and life is old,
And words fall soulless on my ear—
—Oh ! I am still a stranger here.

Where art thou, land, sweet land,
mine own ?

Still sought for, long'd for, never
known ? ¹⁰

The land, the land of hope, of light,
Where glow my roses freshly bright,

And where my friends the green
paths tread,

And where in beauty rise my dead ;
The land that speaks my native
speech,

The blessed land I may not reach !

I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where ?*

And spirit-sounds come answering
this

—‘ *There, where thou art not, there is
bliss !* ’ ²⁰

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT

‘ Who does not recollect the exultation
of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid
wastes of Africa ? The affecting mention
of the influence of a flower upon the
mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of
suffering and despondency, in the heart
of the same savage country, is familiar
to every one.’—HOWITT’S *Book of the
Seasons*.

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty
cast,

O lonely, loneliest flower ;

Where the sound of song hath never
pass’d

From human hearth or bower ?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,
For that glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each
wind to rove—

In vain, lost thing ! in vain !

I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory’s fleeting hour, ¹⁰
For the desert place, thy living
tomb—

O lonely, loneliest flower !

I said—but a low voice made reply,
‘ Lament not for the flower !

Though its blossoms all unmark’d
must die,

They have had a glorious dower.

‘ Though it bloom afar from the
minstrel’s way,

And the paths where lovers tread ;
Yet strength and hope, like an in-
born day,

By its odours hath been shed. ²⁰

‘ Yes ! dew more sweet than ever
fell

O’er island of the blest,
Were shaken forth, from its purple
bell,

On a suffering human breast.

‘ A wanderer came, as a stricken
deer,

O’er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

‘ And dreams of home in a troubled
tide

Swept o’er his darkening eye, ³⁰
As he lay down by the fountain side,
In his mute despair to die.

‘ But his glance was caught by the
desert’s flower,

The precious boon of Heaven ;
And sudden hope, like a vernal
shower,

To his fainting heart was given.

' For the bright flower spoke of One
above ;

Of the presence felt to brood,
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude. 40

' Oh ! the seed was thrown those
wastes among

In a bless'd and gracious hour,
For the lone one rose in heart made
strong,

By the lonely, loneliest flower !'

TROUBADOUR SONG

THEY rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,
They bade no requiem flow ;

What left they there to tell the brave
That a warrior sleeps below ?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,
A helm with its white plume torn,
And a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal
field,

Where a chief to his rest was borne.

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
But who hath a tomb more
proud ? 10

For the Syrian wilds his record keep,
And a banner is his shroud.

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL

I STAND upon the threshold stone
Of mine ancestral hall ;

I hear my native river moan ;
I see the night o'er my old forests
fall.

I look round on the dark'ning vale
That saw my childhood's plays :
The low wind in its rising wail

Hath a strange tone, a sound of
other days.

But I must rule my swelling breast :
A sign is in the sky ; 10

Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle
nest

Shines forth a warning star—it
bids me fly.

My father's sword is in my hand,
His deep voice haunts mine ear ;
He tells me of the noble band
Whose lives have left a brooding
glory here.

He bids their offspring guard from
stain

Their pure and lofty faith ;
And yield up all things, to maintain
The cause for which they girt
themselves to death. 20

And I obey.—I leave their towers
Unto the stranger's tread ;
Unto the creeping grass and flowers ;
Unto the fading pictures of the
dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,
Their banners to the dust ;
I go, and only bear away
Their old majestic name—a solemn
trust !

I go up to the ancient hills,
Where chains may never be, 30
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,
Where man may worship God,
alone and free.

There shall an altar and a camp
Impregnable arise ;
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
To shine, unwavering, through the
open skies.

And song shall 'midst the rocks be
heard,
And fearless prayer ascend ;
While, thrilling to God's holy word,
The mountain pines in adoration
bend. 40

And there the burning heart no more
Its deep thought shall suppress,
But the long-buried truth shall pour
Free currents thence, amidst the
wilderness.

Then fare thee well, my mother's
bower,
Farewell, my father's hearth ;
Perish my home ! where lawless power
Hath rent the tie of love to native
earth.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Perish ! let deathlike silence fall
 Upon the lone abode : 50
 Spread fast, dark ivy, spread thy
 pall ;—
 I go up to the mountains with my
 God.

THE ENGLISH BOY

Go, call thy sons ; instruct them what
 a debt
 They owe their ancestors ; and make
 them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves
 were born.—AKENSIDE.

Look from the ancient mountains
 down,
 My noble English boy !
 Thy country's fields around thee
 gleam
 In sunlight and in joy.

Agnes have roll'd since foeman's
 march
 Pass'd o'er that old firm sod ;
 For well the land hath fealty held
 To freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English boy !
 And let thy kindling mind 10
 Drink in the spirit of high thought
 From every chainless wind !

There, in the shadow of old Time,
 The halls beneath thee lie,
 Which pour'd forth to the fields of
 yore
 Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
 They stand, 'midst oak and yew !
 Whence Cressy's yeoman haply
 framed
 The bow, in battle true. 20

And round their walls the good
 swords hang
 Whose faith knew no alloy,
 And shields of knighthood, pure
 from stain—
 Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
 Gleams by the antique elm,
 Or where the minster lifts the cross
 High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free
 heart's blood
 That England's prayer might rise,
 From those grey fanes of thoughtful
 years, 31
 Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their
 trees,
 This earth's most glorious dust,
 Once fired with valour, wisdom,
 song,
 Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
 My gallant English boy !
 Yon blue sea bears thy country's
 flag,
 The billows' pride and joy ! 40

Those waves in many a fight have
 closed
 Above her faithful dead ;
 That red-cross flag victoriously
 Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to
 keep
 By hostile tread unstain'd ;
 These knightly halls inviolate,
 Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's
 light
 Along our shore is set, 50
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet !

Lift up thy heart, my English
 boy !
 And pray, like *them* to stand,
 Should God so summon *thee*, to
 guard
 The altars of the land.

ANTIQUE GREEK LAMENT

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

I pine for thee through all the joyless day—
Through the long night I pine : the golden sun
Looks dim since thou hast left me, and the Spring
Seems but to weep. Where art thou, my beloved ?
Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,
By the old temple on the breezy cliff,
These hands have heap'd the watch-fire, till it stream'd 10
Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red—
Along the crested billows !—but in vain ;
Thy white sail comes not from the distant isles—
Yet thou wert faithful ever. Oh ! the deep
Hath shut above thy head—that graceful head ;
The sea-weed mingles with thy clustering locks ;
The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one ! 20

Where art thou ?—where ?—had I but lingering prest
On thy cold lips the last long kiss ; but smooth'd
The parted ringlets of thy shining hair
With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had been still'd
Into a voiceless grief ; I would have strew'd
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods—
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,
In slumber beautiful !—I would have heap'd
Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy pyre, 30
And with mine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,
And many a garland of the pallid rose.
But thou liest far away !—No funeral chant,
Save the wild moaning of the wave, is thine :
No pyre—save, haply, some long-buried wreck ;
Thou that wert fairest—thou that wert most loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,
And speak to me !—E'en though thy voice be changed,
My heart would know it still. Oh, speak to me,
And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world, 40

Which knows not how the festal sunshine burns—
 O yet, in some pale mead of Asphodel,
 We two shall meet again ! Oh, I would quit
 The day, rejoicingly—the rosy light—
 All the rich flowers and fountains musical,
 And sweet familiar melodies of earth,
 To dwell with thee below !—Thou answerest not ! 50
 The powers whom I have call'd upon are mute :
 The voices buried in old whispery caves,
 And by lone river-sources, and amidst
 The gloom and mystery of dark prophet-oaks,
 The wood-gods' haunt—they give me no reply !
 All silent—heaven and earth !—for evermore
 From the deserted mountains thou art gone—
 For ever from the melancholy groves,
 Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering sound !—
 And I—I pine through all the joyous day, 60
 Through the long night I pine—as fondly pines
 The night's own bird, dissolving her lorn life
 To song in moonlight woods. Thou hear'st me not !
 The heavens are pitiless of human tears :
 The deep sea-darkness is about thy head ;
 The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
 Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
 Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one ! 69

TO THE BLUE ANEMONE

<p>FLOWER of starry clearness bright, Quivering urn of colour'd light, Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye From the intenseness of the sky ? From a long, long fervent gaze Through the year's first golden days, Up that blue and silent deep, Where, like things of sculptured sleep, Alabaster clouds repose, 9 With the sunshine on their snows ? Thither was thy heart's love turning, Like a censer ever burning, Till the purple heavens in thee Set their smile, Anemone ?</p> <p>Or can those warm tints be caught Each from some quick glow of thought ?</p>	<p>So much of bright <i>soul</i> there seems In thy bendings and thy gleams, So much thy sweet life resembles That which feels, and weeps, and trembles, 20 I could deem thee spirit-fill'd, As a reed by music thrill'd, When thy being I behold To each loving breath unfold, Or like woman's willowy form, Shrink before the gathering storm ; I could ask a <i>voice</i> from thee, Delicate Anemone ! Flower ! thou seem'st not born to die With thy radiant purity, 30 But to melt in air away, Mingling with the soft Spring-day, When the crystal heavens are still And faint azure veils each hill,</p>
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And the lime-leaf doth not move,
Save to songs that stir the grove,
And earth all glorified is seen,
As imaged in some lake serene ;
—Then thy vanishing should be,
Pure and meek Anemone !

Brows which love sustains no more :
But by living rays refined,
Thou, the trembler of the wind,
Thou, the spiritual flower
Sentient of each breeze and shower,
Thou, rejoicing in the skies, 51
And transpierced with all their dyes ;
Breathing vase, with light o'er-
flowing,
Gem-like to thy centre glowing,
Thou the poet's type shalt be
Flower of soul, Anemone !

Flower ! the laurel still may shed
Brightness round the victor's head ;
And the rose in beauty's hair
Still its festal glory wear ;
And the willow-leaves droop o'er

THE SONG OF PENITENCE ¹

UNFINISHED

HE pass'd from earth
Without his fame,—the calm, pure, starry fame
He might have won, to guide on radiantly
Full many a noble soul,—he sought it not ;
And e'en like brief and barren lightning pass'd
The wayward child of genius. And the songs
Which his wild spirit, in the pride of life,
Had shower'd forth recklessly, as ocean-waves
Fling up their treasures mingled with dark weed,
They died before him ;—they were winged seed, 10
Scatter'd afar, and, falling on the rock
Of the world's heart, had perish'd. One alone,
One fervent, mournful, supplicating strain,
The deep beseeching of a stricken breast,
Survived the vainly-gifted. In the souls
Of the kind few that loved him, with a love
Faithful to even its disappointed hope,
That song of tears found root, and by their hearths
Full oft, in low and reverential tones,
Fill'd with the piety of tenderness, 20
Is murmur'd to their children, when his name
On some faint harp-string of remembrance falls,
Far from the world's rude voices, far away.
Oh ! hear, and judge him gently ; 'twas his last.

I come alone, and faint I come,
To nature's arms I flee ;
The green woods take their wanderer home,
But Thou, O Father ! may I turn to thee ?

Suggested by the late Mrs. FLETCHER's story of 'The Lost Life', published in *The Amulet* for 1830.

The earliest odour of the flower,
 The bird's first song is thine ;
 Father in heaven ! my dayspring's hour
 Pour'd its vain incense on another shrine. 30
 Therefore my childhood's once-loved scene
 Around me faded lies ;
 Therefore, remembering what hath been,
 I ask, is this mine early paradise ?
 It is, it is—but Thou art gone,
 Or if the trembling shade
 Breathe yet of thee, with alter'd tone
 Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart dismay'd. 40

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE

WITH OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY

Thy face
 Is all at once spread over with a calm
 More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy !
 I am no more disconsolate.—WILSON.

Scene in a Prison

EDITH, alone

Edith. MORN once again ! Morn in the lone dim cell,
 The cavern of the prisoner's fever dream,
 And morn on all the green rejoicing hills,
 And the bright waters round the prisoner's home,
 Far, far away ! Now wakes the early bird
 That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,
 Close to my cottage lattice—he awakes,
 To stir the young leaves with his gushing soul,
 And to call forth rich answers of delight
 From voices buried in a thousand trees,
 Through the dim starry hours. Now doth the lake 10
 Darken and flash in rapid interchange
 Unto the matin breeze ; and the blue mist
 Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows
 Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods that rise
 As if new-born. Bright world ! and I am here !

And thou, O thou ! the awakening thought of whom
 Was more than dayspring, dearer than the sun,
 Herbert ! the very glance of whose clear eye
 Made my soul melt away to one pure fount
 Of living, bounding gladness !—where art *thou* ?
 My friend ! my only and my blessed love !
 Herbert, my soul's companion !

20

[GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest, enters.
 Daughter, hail !

Gomez.
 I bring thee tidings.

Edith. Heaven will aid my soul
 Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.

Gomez. Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to Heaven,
 And bow thy knee down for deliverance won !
 Hast thou not pray'd for life ? and wouldst thou not
 Once more be free ?

Edith. Have I not pray'd for life ?
 I, that am so beloved ! that love again
 With such a heart of tendrils ? Heaven ! *thou* know'st
 The gushings of my prayers ! And would I not
 Once more be free ? I that have been a child
 Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn
 In ancient woodlands from mine infancy !
 A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,
 Beneath the adoring silence of the night ;
 And a glad wanderer with the happy streams,
 Whose laughter fills the mountains ! Oh ! to hear
 Their blessed sounds again !

30

Gomez. Rejoice, rejoice !
 Our Queen hath pity, maiden, on thy youth ;
 She wills not thou should'st perish.—I am come
 To loose thy bonds.

40

Edith. And shall I see *his* face,
 And shall I listen to *his* voice again,
 And lay my head upon his faithful breast,
 Weeping there in my gladness ? *Will* this be ?—
 Blessings upon thee, father ! my quick heart
 Hath deem'd thee stern—say, wilt thou not forgive
 The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd—
 Too long unused to chastening ? Wilt thou not ?
 But Herbert, Herbert ! Oh, my soul hath rush'd
 On a swift gust of sudden joy away,
 Forgetting all beside ! Speak, father, speak !
 Herbert—is he too free ?

50

Gomez. His freedom lies
 In his own choice—a boon like thine.

Edith. Thy words
 Fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.
 Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing me.
 Let all be told.

Gomez. The monarchs of the earth

Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim
 Unto some token of true vassalage,
 Some mark of homage.

60

Edith. Oh ! unlike to *Him*,
 Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,
 And the bright quickening rain, on those who serve
 And those who heed *Him* not !

Gomez (laying a paper before her). Is it so much
 That thine own hand should set the crowning seal
 To thy deliverance ? Look, thy task is here !
 Sign but these words for liberty and life.

Edith (examining and then throwing it from her).
 Sign but these words ! and wherefore saidst thou not,
 ' Be but a traitor to God's light within ' ?—
 Cruel, oh, cruel ! thy dark sport hath been
 With a young bosom's hope ! Farewell, glad life !
 Bright opening path to love and home, farewell !
 And thou—now leave me with my God alone !

70

Gomez. Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy ?

Edith. Heaven's ! doth *Heaven*

Woo the free spirit for dishonour'd breath
 To sell its birthright ? doth *Heaven* set a price
 On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,
 And the bright calm of conscience ? Priest, away
 God hath been with me 'midst the holiness
 Of England's mountains. Not in sport alone
 I trod their heath-flowers ; but high thoughts rose up
 From the broad shadow of the enduring rocks
 And wander'd with me into solemn glens,
 Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.
 I have heard voices of immortal truth,
 Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds
 That make the deep hills tremble.—Shall I quail ?—
 Shall England's daughter sink ?—No ! He who there
 Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,
 Will not forsake his child !

80

Gomez (turning from her). Then perish ! lost
 In thine own blindness !

90

Edith (suddenly throwing herself at his feet).

Father ! hear me yet !

Oh ! if the kindly touch of human love
 Hath ever warm'd thy breast—

Gomez. Away—away !
 I know not love.

Edith. Yet hear ! if thou hast known
 The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—
 If the true vigil of affection's eye
 Hath watch'd thy childhood—if fond tears have e'er
 Been shower'd upon thy head—if parting words
 E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness—
 Let me but look upon *his* face once more,

100

Let me but say—farewell, my soul's beloved !
And I will bless thee still !

Gomez (aside). Her soul may yield,
Beholding him in fetters ; woman's faith
Will bend to woman's love—

Thy prayer is heard ;
Follow, and I will guide thee to thy cell.

Edith. Oh ! stormy hour of agony and joy !
But I shall see him—I shall hear his voice :

[*They go out.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Prison*

HERBERT—EDITH

Edith. Herbert, my Herbert ! is it thus we meet ?

Herbert. The voice of my own Edith ! Can such joy
Light up this place of death ? And do I feel
Thy breath of love once more upon my cheek,
And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair,
My blessed Edith ? Oh, so pale ! so changed !
My flower, my blighted flower ! thou that wert made
For the kind fostering of sweet summer airs,
How hath the storm been with thee !—Lay thy head
On this true breast again, my gentle one !
And tell me all.

10

Edith. Yes, take me to thy heart,
For I am weary, weary ! Oh ! that heart !
The kind, the brave, the tender !—how my soul
Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for the balm
Of rest on that warm heart !—full, deep repose !
One draught of dewy stillness after storm !
And God hath pitied me, and I am here—
Yet once before I die !

Herbert. They cannot slay
One young, and meek, and beautiful as thou,
My broken lily ! Surely the long days
Of the dark cell have been enough for thee !
Oh ! thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious head
Yet in calm sunshine.

20

Edith. Herbert ! I have cast
The snare of proffer'd mercy from my soul,
This very hour. God to the weak hath given
Victory o'er life and death !—The tempter's price
Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must die.

Herbert. O Edith ! Edith ! I, that led thee first
From the old path wherein thy fathers trod—
I, that received it as an angel's task,
To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,
Which drank it as a sunflower—I have been
Thy guide to death !

30

Edith. To heaven ! my guide to heaven,

My noble and my bless'd ! Oh ! look up,
 Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert ! But for *thee*,
 How could my spirit have sprung up to God,
 Through the dark cloud which o'er its vision hung,
 The night of fear and error ?—thy dear hand
 First raised that veil, and show'd the glorious world
 My heritage beyond.—Friend ! love, and friend ! 40
 It was as if thou gav'st me mine own soul
 In those bright days ! Yes ! a new earth and heaven,
 And a new sense for all their splendours born,
 These were thy gifts ! and shall I not rejoice
 To die, upholding their immortal worth,
 Even for *thy* sake ? Yes, fill'd with nobler life
 By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,
 Lay me upon the altar of thy God,
 The first fruits of thy ministry below ;
 Thy work, thine own !

Herbert. My love, my sainted love ! 50
 Oh ! I *can* almost yield thee unto heaven ;
 Earth would but sully thee ! Thou must depart,
 With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts
 Untainted by a breath ! And yet, alas !
 Edith ! what dreams of holy happiness,
 Even for *this* world, were ours !—the low, sweet home,
 The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied porch,
 And lattice gleaming through the leaves—and thou,
 My life's companion !—Thou, beside my hearth,
 Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me 60
 Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,
 In the green meadow-path, or by my side
 Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to mine,
 In the sweet hush of prayer ! and now—oh ! now—
 How have we loved—how fervently, how long !
 And *this* to be the close !

Edith. Oh ! bear me up
 Against the unutterable tenderness
 Of earthly love, my God ! in the sick hour
 Of dying human hope, forsake me not !
 Herbert, my Herbert ! even from that sweet home 70
 Where it had been too much of Paradise
 To dwell with thee—even thence the oppressor's hand
 Might soon have torn us ; or the touch of death
 Might one day there have left a widow'd heart,
 Pining alone. We will go hence, beloved !
 To the bright country, where the wicked cease
 From troubling, where the spoiler hath no sway :
 Where no harsh voice of worldliness disturbs
 The Sabbath-place of love. We will go hence,
 Together with our wedded souls, to heaven : 80
 No solitary lingering, no cold void,
 No dying of the heart ! Our lives have been

Lovely through faithful love, and in our deaths
We will not be divided.

Herbert. Oh ! the peace
Of God is lying far within thine eyes,
Far underneath the mist of human tears,
Lighting those blue still depths, and sinking thence
On my worn heart. Now am I girt with strength,
Now I can bless thee, my true bride for Heaven !

Edith. And let me bless *thee*, Herbert ! in this hour 90
Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might !
Oh ! thou hast loved me nobly ! thou didst take
An orphan to thy heart, a thing unprized
And desolate ; and thou didst guard her there,
That lone and lowly creature, as a pearl
Of richest price ; and thou didst fill her soul
With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.—
I bless, I bless thee ! Never did thine eye
Look on me but in glistening tenderness,
My gentle Herbert ! Never did thy voice 100
But in affection's deepest music speak
To thy poor Edith ! Never was thy heart
Aught but the kindest sheltering home to mine,
My faithful, generous Herbert ! Woman's peace
Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true
Reposed before.—Alas ! thy showering tears
Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive, forgive !
I should not melt thy noble strength away
In such an hour.

Herbert. Sweet Edith, no ! my heart 110
Will fail no more ; God bears me up through thee,
And, by thy words, and by the heavenly light
Shining around thee, through thy very tears,
Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on Him !
Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,
Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on Him,
The all-pitying One, to aid. [They kneel.

O, look on us,
Father above ! in tender mercy look
On us, Thy children ! through the o'ershadowing cloud
Of sorrow and mortality, send aid—
Save or we perish ! We would pour our lives 120
Forth as a joyous offering to Thy truth,
But we are weak—we, the bruised reeds of earth,
Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive, O God !
The blindness of our passionate desires,
The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts,
Which cleave to dust ! Forgive the strife ; accept
The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,
From mortal pangs wrung forth ! And if our souls,
In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,
Of their long-clasping love, have wander'd not, 130

Holiest ! from Thee ; oh ! take them to Thyself,
 After the fiery trial, take them home
 To dwell, in that imperishable bond
 Before Thee link'd, for ever. Hear, through Him
 Who meekly drank the cup of agony,
 Who pass'd through death to victory, hear and save !
 Pity us, Father ! we are girt with snares ;
 Father in Heaven ! we have no help but Thee.
 Is thy soul strengthen'd, my beloved one ?
 O Edith ! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,
 And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn
 We loved in happier days—the strain which tells
 Of the dread conflict in the olive shade ?

[*They rise.*

140

[*She sings.*

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd, When but His Father's eye Look'd through the lonely garden's shade On that dread agony ; The Lord of All above, beneath, Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.	The mists that hang o'er parting life, All gather'd round His head ; And the Deliverer knelt to pray— Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away ! It pass'd not—though the stormy wave Had sunk beneath His tread ; It pass'd not—though to Him the grave Had yielded up its dead. But there was sent Him from on high A gift of strength for man to die.
The sun set in a fearful hour, 150 The stars might well grow dim, When this mortality had power So to o'ershadow HIM ! That He who gave man's breath, might know The very depths of human woe.	And was the sinless thus beset With anguish and dismay ? How may we meet our conflict yet, In the dark narrow way ? 171
He proved them all !—the doubt, the strife, The faint perplexing dread,	Through Him—through Him, that path who trod— Save, or we perish, Son of God !

Hark, hark ! the parting signal.

[*Prison attendants enter.*

Fare-thee-well !

O thou unutterably loved, farewell !
 Let our hearts bow to God !

Herbert.

One last embrace.

On earth the last !—We have eternity
 For love's communion yet !—Farewell—farewell !—
 'Tis o'er—the bitterness of death is past !

[*She is led out.*

179

FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS

Once when I look'd along the laughing earth,
 Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
 Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song,
 I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young
 To bid farewell to so much happiness.
 But Christ hath call'd me from this lower world,
 Delightful though it be.—Wilson.

Apartment in an English Country-House.—LILIAN reclining, as sleeping on a couch. Her Mother watching beside her. Her Sister enters with flowers.

Mother. Hush, lightly tread ! still tranquilly she sleeps,
 As, when a babe, I rock'd her on my heart.
 I've watch'd, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
 To break the heavenly spell. Move silently !
 And oh ! those flowers ! dear Jessy, bear them hence—
 Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears
 That shook her trembling frame, when last we brought
 The roses to her couch ? Dost thou not know
 What sudden longings for the woods and hills,
 Where once her free steps moved so buoyantly,
 These leaves and odours with strange influence wake
 In her fast-kindled soul ? 10

Jessy. Oh ! she would pine,
 Were the wild scents and glowing hues withheld,
 Mother ! far more than now her spirit yearns
 For the blue sky, the singing-birds and brooks,
 And swell of breathing turf, whose lightsome spring
 Their blooms recall.

Lilian (raising herself). Is that my Jessy's voice ?
 It woke me not, sweet mother ! I had lain
 Silently, visited by waking dreams,
 Yet conscious of thy brooding watchfulness, 20
 Long ere I heard the sound. Hath she brought flowers ?
 Nay, fear not now thy fond child's waywardness,
 My thoughtful mother !—in her chaste'n'd soul
 The passion-colour'd images of life,
 Which, with their sudden startling flush awoke
 So oft those burning tears, have died away ;
 And night is there—still, solemn, holy night,
 With all her stars, and with the gentle tune
 Of many fountains, low and musical,
 By day unheard.

Mother. And wherefore night, my child ? 30
 Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,
 And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt rise,
 And walk forth with the dayspring.

Lilian. Hope it not !
 Dream it no more, my mother !—there are things

Known but to God, and to the parting soul,
Which feels his thrilling summons.

But my words
Too much o'ershadow those kind loving eyes.
Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy ! Ah ! thy step,
Well do I see, hath not alone explored
The garden bowers, but freely visited 40
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like meadow-sweet
Is from the cool green shadowy river nook,
Where the stream chimes around the old mossy stones
With sounds like childhood's laughter. Is that spot
Lovely as when our glad eyes hail'd it first ?
Still doth the golden willow bend, and sweep
The clear brown wave with every passing wind ?
And through the shallower waters, where they lie
Dimpling in light, do the vein'd pebbles gleam
Like bedded gems ? And the white butterflies, 50
From shade to sun-streak are they glancing still
Among the poplar boughs ?

Jessy. All, all is there
Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours can bring ;
All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightening smile !
Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst the leaves,
And caught an under-music of lament
In the stream's voice ; but Nature waits thee still,
And for thy coming piles a fairy throne
Of richest moss.

Lilian. Alas ! it may not be !
My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly, 60
To all these blessed haunts of song and thought ;
Yet not the less I love to look on these,
Their dear memorials ; —strew them o'er my couch
Till it grow like a forest bank in spring,
All flush'd with violets and anemones.
Ah ! the pale brier rose ! touch'd so tenderly,
As a pure ocean shell, with faintest red,
Melting away to pearliness !—I know
How its long light festoons o'erarching hung
From the grey rock, that rises altar-like, 70
With its high waving crown of mountain ash,
'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich bough
Of honey'd woodbine, tells me of the oak
Whose deep midsummer gloom sleeps heavily,
Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face
Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now ;
I look up through the stirring of its leaves
Unto the intense blue crystal firmament.
The ringdove's wing is flitting o'er my head,
Casting at times a silvery shadow down 80
'Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful !
How beautiful is all this fair free world

Under God's open sky !

Mother. Thou art o'erwrought
Once more, my child ! The dewy trembling light,
Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.
O, hush, dear Lilian ! turn thee to repose.

Lilian. Mother ! I cannot. In my soul the thoughts
Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire ;
Importunately to my lips they throng,
And with their earthly kindred seek to blend 90
Ere the veil drop between. When I am gone—
(For I *must* go)—then the remember'd words
Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,
Will to thy fond heart be as amulets
Held there with life and love. And weep not thus,
Mother ! dear sister ! kindest, gentlest ones !
Be comforted that now I weep no more
For the glad earth and all the golden light
Whence I depart.
No ! God hath purified my spirit's eye, 100
And in the folds of this consummate rose
I read bright prophecies. I see not there,
Dimly and mournfully, the word '*farewell*'
On the rich petals traced : No—in soft veins
And characters of beauty, I can read—
' *Look up, look heavenward !* '

Blessed God of Love !

I thank Thee for these gifts, the precious links
Whereby my spirit unto Thee is drawn !
I thank Thee that the loveliness of earth
Higher than earth can raise me ! Are not these 110
But germs of things unperishing, that bloom
Beside the immortal streams ? Shall I not find
The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
In the serene and never-moaning air,
And the clear starry light of angel eyes,
A thousand-fold more glorious ? Richer far
Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,
When it hath ne'er been press'd to broken hearts,
A record of lost love ?

Mother. My Lilian ! thou
Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known 120
Of lost things or of changed !

Lilian. Oh ! little yet,
For *thou* hast been my shield ! But had it been
My lot on this world's billows to be thrown
Without thy love—O mother ! there are hearts
So perilously fashion'd, that for them
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings !—
We will not speak of this !

By what strange spell

Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,
 I dream of music ? Something in their hues 130
 All melting into colour'd harmonies,
 Wafts a swift thought of interwoven chords,
 Of blended singing-tones, that swell and die
 In tenderest falls away.—O, bring thy harp,
 Sister ! a gentle heaviness at last
 Hath touch'd mine eyelids : sing to me, and sleep
 Will come again.

Jessy. What wouldst thou hear ? The Italian peasant's lay,
 Which makes the desolate Campagna ring
 With ' *Roma, Roma* ' ? or the madrigal 140
 Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily ?
 Or the old ditty left by Troubadours
 To girls of Languedoc ?

Lilian. Oh, no ! not these.

Jessy. What then ? the Moorish melody still known
 Within the Alhambra city ? or those notes
 Born of the Alps, which pierce the exile's heart
 Even unto death ?

Lilian. No, sister, nor yet these—
 Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,
 Of passionately fond remembrance, breathes 150
 In the caressing sweetness of their tones,
 For one who dies ;—They would but woo me back
 To glowing life with those Arcadian sounds—
 And vainly, vainly—No ! a loftier strain,
 A deeper music !—Something that may bear
 The spirit upon slow yet mighty wings,
 Unsway'd by gusts of earth : something all fill'd
 With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.—
 Sing me that antique strain which once I deem'd
 Almost too sternly simple, too austere 160
 In its grave majesty ! I love it now—
 Now it seems fraught with holiest power, to hush
 All billows of the soul, e'en like His voice
 That said of old—' Be still ! '—Sing me that strain,
 ' The Saviour's dying hour.'

[*Jessy sings to the Harp.*]

<p>O Son of Man ! In Thy last mortal hour Shadows of earth closed round Thee fearfully ! All that on us is laid, All the deep gloom, The desolation and the abandon- ment, 170 The dark amaze of death ; All upon <i>Thee</i> too fell, Redeemer ! Son of Man !</p>	<p>But the keen pang Wherewith the silver cord Of earth's affection from the soul is wrung ; The uptearing of those tendrils which have grown Into the quick strong heart ; This, <i>this</i>, the passion and the agony Of battling love and death, 180 Surely was not for <i>Thee</i>, Holy One ! Son of God !</p>
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Yes, my Redeemer !
 E'en this cup was Thine !
 Fond wailing voices call'd Thy spirit
 back :
 E'en 'midst the mighty thoughts
 Of that last crowning hour ;
 E'en on Thine awful way to victory,
 Wildly they call'd Thee back !
 And weeping eyes of love 190
 Unto Thy heart's deep core,
 Pierced through the folds of death's
 mysterious veil—
 Sufferer ! Thou Son of Man !
 Mother-tears were mingled
 With Thy costly blood-drops,
 In the shadow of the atoning Cross ;
 And the friend, the faithful,
 He that on Thy bosom,
 Thence imbibing heavenly love, had
 lain—
 He a pale sad watcher— 200
 Met with looks of anguish,
 All the anguish in *Thy* last meek
 glance—
 Dying Son of Man !

Oh ! therefore unto Thee,
 Thou that hast known all
 woes
 Bound in the girdle of mortality !
 Thou that wilt lift the reed
 Which storms have bruised,
 To Thee may sorrow through each
 conflict cry,
 And, in that tempest-hour, when
 love and life 210
 Mysteriously must part,
 When tearful eyes
 Are passionately bent
 To drink earth's last fond meaning
 from our gaze,
 Then, then forsake us not !
 Shed on our spirits then
 The faith and deep submissiveness of
 Thine !
 Thou that didst love,
 Thou that didst weep and
 die—
 Thou that didst rise a Victor
 glorified ; 220
 Conqueror ! Thou Son of God !

CATHEDRAL HYMN

They dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here.—WORDSWORTH.

A DIM and mighty minster of old time !
 A temple shadowy with remembrances
 Of the majestic past !—the very light
 Streams with a colouring of heroic days
 In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
 A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
 To other years ;—and the rich fretted roof,
 And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
 Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—
 The tenderest image of mortality—
 Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
 Cluster like stems in corn sheaves—all these things
 Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
 On their heart's worship pour'd a wealth of love !
 Honour be with the dead !—The people kneel
 Under the helms of antique chivalry,
 And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
 And 'midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved,

Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
 Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewell'd crowns 20
 On the flush'd brows of conquerors have been set;
 Where the high anthems of old victories
 Have made the dust give echoes.—Hence, vain thoughts!
 Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,
 Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
 In twilight depths away.—Return, my soul!
 The Cross recalls thee—Lo! the blessed Cross!
 High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,
 Fix'd in its meek and still supremacy!
 And lo! the throng of beating human hearts, 30
 With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
 All their full treasures of immortal hope,
 Gather'd before their God!—Hark! how the flood
 Of the rich organ harmony bears up
 Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst!
 A forest-sounding music! every tone
 Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
 From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:
 And the old minster—forest-like itself—
 With its long avenues of pillar'd shade, 40
 Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
 O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
 One tomb unthrill'd by the strong sympathy
 Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul!
 In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
 And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire!
 In solemn joy aspire,
 Deepening thy passion still, O choral 50
 strain!
 On thy strong rushing wind
 Bear up from humankind
 Thanks and implorings—be they not
 in vain!

Father, which art on high!
 Weak is the melody
 Of harp or song to reach Thine awful 60
 ear,
 Unless the heart be there,
 Winging the words of prayer,
 With its own fervent faith or sup-
 plicant fear.

Let, then, Thy spirit brood
 Over the multitude— 60
 Be Thou amidst them through that
 heavenly Guest

So shall their cry have power
 To win from thee a shower
 Of healing gifts for every wounded
 breast.

What griefs that make no sign,
 That ask no aid but Thine,
 Father of mercies! here before Thee
 swell!
 As to the open sky,
 All their dark waters lie
 To Thee reveal'd, in each close bosom 70
 cell.

The sorrow for the dead,
 Mantling its lonely head
 From the world's glare, is, in Thy
 sight, set free;
 And the fond aching love,
 Thy minister, to move
 All the wrong spirit, softening it for
 Thee

And doth not Thy dread eye
Behold the agony
In that most hidden chamber of the
heart,
Where darkly sits remorse, 80
Beside the secret source
Of fearful visions, keeping watch
apart ?

Yes ! here before Thy throne
Many—yet each alone—
To thee that terrible unveiling make ;
And still small whispers clear
Are startling many an ear,
As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place !
The glory of Thy face 90
Fills it too searchingly for mortal
sight :

Where shall the guilty flee ?
Over what far-off sea ?
What hill, what woods, may shroud
him from that light ?

Not to the cedar shade
Let his vain flight be made ;
Nor the old mountains, nor the
desert sea ;
What, but the Cross, can yield
The hope—the stay—the
shield ?
Thence may the Atoner lead him up
to Thee ! 100

Be Thou, be Thou his aid !
Oh ! let Thy love pervade
The haunted caves of self-accusing
thought ;
There let the living stone
Be cleft—the seed be sown—
The song of fountains from the
silence brought !

So shall Thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thine own first image—Holiest and
Most High !
As a clear lake is fill'd 110
With hues of Heaven, instill'd
Down to the depths of its calm purity

And if, amidst the throng
Link'd by the ascending song,
There are, whose thoughts in trem-
bling rapture soar ;
Thanks, Father ! that the power
Of joy, man's early dower,
Thus, e'en 'midst tears, can fervently
adore !

Thanks for each gift divine !
Eternal praise be Thine, 120
Blessing and love, O Thou that
hearest prayer !
Let the hymn pierce the sky,
And let the tombs reply !
For seed, that waits the harvest-
time, is there.

WOOD WALK AND HYMN

Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart : with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.—WORDSWORTH.

FATHER—CHILD

Child. There are the aspens, with their silvery leaves
Trembling, for ever trembling ; though the lime
And chestnut boughs, and those long arching sprays
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
Were all one picture !

Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree ?

Child. No, father ; doth he say the fairies dance
Amidst the branches ?

Father. Oh ! a cause more deep,
 More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
 To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves !
 The cross he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
 The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to death,
 Was framed of aspen wood ; and since that hour,
 Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
 A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
 Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
 Disturbs the airy thistledown, or shakes
 The light lines of the shining gossamer.

Child (after a pause). Dost thou believe it, father ?

Father. Nay, my child,
 We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,
 With something of a lingering love, I read
 The characters, by that mysterious hour,
 Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man
 In visionary days ; and thence thrown back
 On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign
 Of the great sacrifice which won us heaven,
 The woodman and the mountaineer can trace
 On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so !
 They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,
 Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
 From their strong soil within the peasant's breast
 And scatter them—far, far too fast !—away
 As worthless weeds :—Oh ! little do we know
 When they have soothed, when saved !

But come, dear boy !
 My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.
 Come—let us search for violets.

Child. Know you not
 More of the legends which the woodmen tell
 Amidst the trees and flowers !

Father. Wilt thou know more ?
 Bring then the folding leaf, with dark-brown stains,
 There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,
 'Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—seest thou not ?
 There is a spray of woodbine from the tree
 Just bending o'er it with a wild bee's weight.

Child. The Arum leaf ?

Father. Yes, these deep inwrought marks,
 The villager will tell thee (and with voice
 Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)
 Are the flower's portion from the atoning blood
 On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew ;
 And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
 Catching from that dread shower of agony
 A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
 Unto the groves and hills, their sealing stains,
 A heritage, for storm or vernal wind

Never to waft away !

And hast thou seen
The passion-flower ?—It grows not in the woods,
But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.

Child. What, the pale star-shaped flower, with purple streaks
And light green tendrils ?

Father. Thou hast mark'd it well.
Yes, a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,
As from a land of spirits !—To mine eye

60

Those faint wan petals—colourless—and yet
Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines
(As letters of some wizard language gone)
Into their vapour-like transparence wrought,
Bear something of a strange solemnity,
Awfully lovely !—and the Christian's thought
Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to find
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs,
Set by God's hand—The coronal of thorns—
The cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep,
Which I will teach thee when we meet again
That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,
The Saviour's holy flower.

70

But let us pause :
Now have we reach'd the very inmost heart
Of the old wood.—How the green shadows close
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom !—Scarce doth one ray,
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades ;
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue
Of glow-worm colour'd light.

80

Here, in the days
Of pagan visions, would have been a place
For worship of the wood-nymphs ! Through these oaks
A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts
On the stream's bosom ; or a sculptured form,
Dryad, or fountain-goddess of the gloom,
Have bow'd its head o'er that dark crystal down,
Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops
Under bright rain :—but *we*, my child, are here
With God, our God, a Spirit ; who requires
Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth ;
And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough
To fill and hallow all the solitude,
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,
Without the aid of shrines.

90

What ! dost thou feel
The solemn whispering influence of the scene
Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost draw
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand

Faster in thine ? Nay, fear not, gentle child ! 100
 'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal breath pervades
 The stillness round. Come, sit beside me here,
 Where brooding violets mantle this green slope
 With dark exuberance—and beneath these plumes
 Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss holds
 In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and bright,
 The starry dews of morning. Rest awhile
 And let me hear once more the woodland verse
 I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene. [Child speaks.

WOOD HYMN

Broods there some spirit here ? 110
 The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud ;
 And o'er the pools all still and darkly clear,
 The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd ;
 And something of a tender cloistral gloom
 Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams
 Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
 Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
 As if it knew the place were holy ground ;
 And would not startle, with too bright a burst, 120
 Flowers, all divinely nursed.

Wakes there some spirit here ?
 A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing by,
 And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
 Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery !
 Surely some awful influence must pervade
 These depths of trembling shade !

Yes, lightly, softly move !
 There is a Power, a Presence in the woods ;
 A viewless Being, that, with life and love, 130
 Informs the reverential solitudes :
 The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
 Thou, *Thou* art here, my God !

And if with awe we tread
 The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
 And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead,
 Shall the green voiceful wild seem *less* Thy fane,
 Where Thou alone hast built ?—where arch and roof
 Are of Thy living woof ?

The silence and the sound, 140
 In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee ;
 The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
 The dew cup of the frail anemone,
 The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
 All, all with Thee are fill'd !

Oh ! purify mine eyes,
 More and yet more, by love and lowly thought,
 Thy presence, holiest One ! to recognize
 In these majestic aisles which Thou hast wrought !
 And 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear
 Ever Thy voice to hear !

150

And sanctify my heart
 To meet the awful sweetness of that tone
 With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,
 But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own—
 Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
 Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
 O'er nature thrown by guilt !—the boding sky,
 The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,
 The weight wherewith the dark tree shadows lie !
 Father ! oh ! keep my footsteps pure and free,
 To walk the woods with Thee !

160

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT

Soul of our souls ! and safeguard of the world !
 Sustain—*Thou* only canst—the sick at heart,
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto thee and thine.—WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT—holy night—the time
 For mind's free breathings in a purer clime !
 Night !—when in happier hour the unveiling sky
 Woke all my kindled soul,
 To meet its revelations, clear and high,
 With the strong joy of immortality !
 Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd me—strange and deep—
 And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
 E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep
 Far beyond earth's control.

10

Wherefore is this ?—I see the stars returning,
 Fire after fire in Heaven's rich temple burning—
 Fast shine they forth—my spirit friends, my guides,
 Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides ;
 They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze—
 Oh ! is the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays ?
 They from whose glance my childhood drank delight !
 A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
 They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,
 The harmony of their magnificence,
 Drew silently the worship of my youth
 To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth ;

20

Shall they shower blessing, with their beams divine,
 Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
 And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine
 Through some wild pass of rocky Apennine,
 And to the wanderer lone
 On wastes of Afric thrown,
 And not to *me*?

Am I a thing forsaken, 30
 And is the gladness taken
 From the bright-pinion'd nature which hath soar'd
 Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,
 And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
 Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?

And now an alien!—Wherefore must this be?
 How shall I rend the chain?
 How drink rich life again
 From those pure urns of radiance, welling free?
 Father of Spirits! let me turn to Thee! 40

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,
 My soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,
 Hath stood without Thee on her hill of power—
 A fearful and a dazzling solitude!—
 And therefore from that haughty summit's crown,
 To dim desertion is by Thee cast down;
 Behold! Thy child submissively hath bow'd—
 Shine on him through the cloud!

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd heaven
 Back to his vision with Thy face be given! 50
 Bear him on high once more,
 But in Thy strength to soar,
 And wrapt and still'd by that o'ershadowing might,
 Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chasten'd sight.

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,
 My thoughts go forth, and find no resting-place,
 No sheltering home of sympathy and love,
 In the responsive bosoms of my race,
 And back return, a darkness and a weight,
 Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate— 60
 Yel, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vow'd
 To solemn service high;
 And shall the spirit, for Thy tasks endow'd,
 Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary.
 Fainting beneath the burden of the day,
 Because no human tone,
 Unto the altar-stone,
 Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,
 Where it should make eternal truth its mate
 May cheer the sacred solitary way? 70

Oh ! be the whisper of Thy voice within
 Enough to strengthen ! Be the hope to win
 A more deep-seeing homage for Thy name,
 Far, far beyond the burning dream of fame !
 Make me Thine only !—Let me add but one
 To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
 Which glorious minds have piled
 Through bright self-offering, earnest, childlike, lone,
 For mounting to Thy throne !
 And let my soul, upborne
 On wings of inner morn,
 Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
 Of that bless'd work, its own high recompense.

80

 The dimness melts away
 That on your glory lay,
 O ye majestic watchers of the skies !
 Through the dissolving veil,
 Which made each aspect pale,
 Your gladd'ning fires once more I recognize ;
 And once again a shower
 Of hope, and joy, and power,
 Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes.
 And, if that splendour to my sober'd sight
 Come tremulous, with more of pensive light—
 Something, though beautiful, yet deeply fraught,
 With more that pierces through each fold of thought
 Than I was wont to trace
 On Heaven's unshadow'd face—
 Be it e'en so !—be mine, though set apart
 Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
 A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart ;
 Bow'd before thee, O Mightiest ! whose bless'd will
 All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.¹

90

100

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG

FATHER, guide me ! Day declines. Hollow winds are in the pines ; Darkly waves each giant bough O'er the sky's last crimson glow ; Hush'd is now the convent's bell, Which erewhile with breezy swell From the purple mountains bore Greeting to the sunset-shore.	Now the sailor's vesper-hymn Dies away. Father ! in the forest dim, Be my stay ! In the low and shivering thrill Of the leaves that late hung still ; In the dull and muffled tone Of the sea-wave's distant moan ;	10
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¹ Written after hearing the introductory Lecture on Astronomy delivered in Trinity College, Dublin, by Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer-Royal of Ireland, on November 8, 1832.

In the deep tints of the sky
 There are signs of tempests nigh.
 Ominous, with sullen sound,
 Falls the closing dusk around. 20
 Father! through the storm and
 shade
 O'er the wild,
 Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—
 Save Thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
 Homewards, through the boding
 gloom,
 O'er my way hath fitt'd fast,
 Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
 From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
 And the pools, now lone and dark,
 Where the wakening night-winds
 sigh 31
 Through the long reeds mournfully.
 Homeward, homeward, all things
 haste—
 God of might!
 Shield the homeless 'midst the waste,
 Be his light!

In his distant cradle nest,
 Now my babe is laid to rest;
 Beautiful his slumber seems 39
 With a glow of heavenly dreams,
 Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
 Where his mother bends to pray
 For the loved and far away.—
 Father, guard that household bower
 Hear that prayer!
 Back, through Thine all-guiding
 power,
 Lead me there!
 Darker, wilder, grows the night,
 Not a star sends quivering light 50
 Through the massy arch of shade
 By the stern old forest made.
 Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
 All my pathway open lies,
 By thy Son, who knew distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 Where no roof to that bless'd head
 Shelter gave—
 Father! through the time of dread,
 Save—oh, save! 60

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river in an American forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting before the tent, with a child in her arms apparently sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream!
 The desolation and the agony—
 The strange red sunrise—and the gloomy woods,
 So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
 And the broad lonely river! all a dream!
 And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,
 Wild singing tones, as they were wont to come,
 Through the wreath'd sweetbrier at my lattice-panes
 In happy, happy England! Speak to me!
 Speak to thy mother, bright one! she hath watch'd 10
 All the dread night beside thee, till her brain
 Is darken'd by swift waves of fantasies,
 And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
 Oh! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss
 On his fair brow!

(*Shudderingly.*) The strange damp thrilling touch!
 The marble chill! Now, now it rushes back—

Now I know all!—dead—*dead*!—a fearful word!
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
To journey on without the blessed light
In his deep loving eyes—he's gone—he's gone!

20

[*Her HUSBAND enters.*

Husband. Agnes, my Agnes! hast thou look'd thy last
On our sweet slumberer's face? The hour is come—
The couch made ready for his last repose.

Agnes. Not yet! thou canst not take him from me yet!
If he but left me for a few short days,
This were too brief a gazing time, to draw
His angel image into my fond heart,
And fix its beauty there. And now—oh! *now*,
Never again the laughter of his eye
Shall send its gladd'ning summer through my soul—
Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay!
Thou canst not take him from me.

30

Husband. My beloved!
Is it not God hath taken him? the God
That took our first-born, o'er whose early grave
Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head; and say,
'His will be done!'

Agnes. Oh! that near household grave,
Under the turf of England, seem'd not half—
Not half so much to part me from my child
As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,
And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,
Loving and clinging to the grassy spot;
And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers—
Familiar, meadow flowers. O'er *thee*, my babe,
The primrose will not blossom! Oh! that now,
Together, by thy fair young sister's side,
We lay 'midst England's valleys!

40

Husband. Dost thou grieve,
Agnes! that thou hast follow'd o'er the deep
An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,
Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,
My spirit sinks at last.

Agnes. Forgive, forgive!
My Edmund, pardon me! Oh! grief is wild—
Forget its words, quick spray-drops from a fount
Of unknown bitterness! Thou art my home!
Mine only and my blessed one! Where'er
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,
There is my country! *there* my head shall rest,
And throb no more. Oh! still, by thy strong love,
Bear up the feeble reed!

50

[*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*

And Thou, my God!
Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilderness,
Oh! hear, and pardon me! If I have made
This treasure, sent from Thee, too much the ark

60

Fraught with mine earthward-clinging happiness,
 Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,
 Oh, pardon me !

If nature hath rebell'd,
 And from Thy light turn'd wilfully away,
 Making a midnight of her agony,
 When the despairing passion of her clasp
 Was from its idol stricken at one touch
 Of Thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me !
 By Thy Son's anguish, pardon ! In the soul 70
 The tempests and the waves will know thy voice—
 Father ! say, ' Peace, be still ! ' *[Giving the child to her husband.*
 Farewell, my babe !

Go from my bosom now to other rest !
 With this last kiss on thine unsullied brow,
 And on thy pale calm cheek these contrite tears,
 I yield thee to thy Maker !

Husband. Now, my wife,
 Thine own meek holiness beams forth once more
 A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,
 From thy dear arms, the slumberer to repose—
 With a calm, trustful heart.
Agnes. My Edmund ! where— 80
 Where wilt thou lay him ?

Husband. See'st thou where the spire
 Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun
 To burning gold ?—there—o'er yon willow-tuft ?
 Under that native desert monument
 Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,
 With the grey mosses of the wilderness
 Hath lined it closely through ; and there breathed forth,
 E'en from the fullness of his own pure heart,
 A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of tears,
 Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy 90
 Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
 As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,
 Perchance unconsciously.

Agnes. My gentle son !
 The affectionate, the gifted ! With what joy—
 Edmund, rememberest thou ?—with what bright joy
 His baby brother ever to his arms
 Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully
 Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair
 In that kind youthful breast ! Oh ! now no more,
 But strengthen me, my God ! and melt my heart, 100
 Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
 For many a blessing left.

(Bending over the child.) Once more farewell !
 Oh, the pale, piercing sweetness of that look !
 How can it be sustain'd ? Away, away !
 Edmund, my woman's nature still is weak—

[After a short pause.

I cannot see thee render dust to dust !
Go thou, my husband, to thy solemn task ;
I will rest here, and still my soul with prayer
Till thy return.

Husband. Then strength be with thy prayer !
Peace on thy bosom ! Faith and heavenly hope
Unto thy spirit ! Fare thee well a while !
We must be pilgrims of the woods again,
After this mournful hour.

110

[He goes out with the child.—AGNES kneels in prayer.—After a time voices without are heard singing.]

THE FUNERAL HYMN

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
By the forest river,
Sleeps our babe alone.
England's field flowers may not deck
his grave,
Cypress shadows o'er him darkly
wave.

Woods unknown receive him,
'Midst the mighty wild ; 121
Yet with God we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child !
And our tears gush o'er his lovely
dust,
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of
trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lighten'd
Half our hearts' dismay ;
Still in hope we give back what was
given, 130
Yielding up the beautiful to Heaven.

And to her who bore him,
Her who long must weep,
Yet shall Heaven restore him
From his pale, sweet sleep !
Those blue eyes of love and peace
again
Through her soul will shine, un-
dimin'd by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
Leave we by the river 140
Earth to earth alone !
God and Father ! may our journey-
ings on
Lead to where the blessed boy is
gone !

From the exile's sorrow,
From the wanderer's dread
Of the night and morrow,
Early, brightly fled ;
Thou hast call'd him to a sweeter
home
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's
foam.

Now let thought behold him 150
With his angel look,
Where those arms enfold him,
Which benignly took
Israel's babes to their Good Shep-
herd's breast,
When His voice their tender meek-
ness blest.

Turn thee now, fond mother !
From thy dead, oh, turn !
Linger not, young brother,
Here to dream and mourn :
Only kneel once more around the
sod, 160
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to
God !

EASTER-DAY IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD

THERE is a wakening on the mighty hills,
 A kindling with the spirit of the morn !
 Bright gleams are scatter'd from the thousand rills,
 And a soft visionary hue is born
 On the young foliage, worn
 By all the embosom'd woods—a silvery green,
 Made up of Spring and dew, harmoniously serene.

And lo ! where floating through a glory, sings
 The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky !
 Lo ! where the darkness of his buoyant wings, 10
 Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,
 Trembles with melody !
 While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice
 To the rich laugh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun
 Is on you cast, O mountains of the earth !
 And for your dwellers nobler joy is won
 Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's mirth,
 By this glad morning's birth !
 And gifts more precious by its breath are shed 20
 Than music on the breeze, dew on the violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illumined eye,
 O'er nature's face the colouring glory flows ;
 Gifts from the fount of immortality,
 Which, fill'd with balm, unknown to human woes,
 Lay hush'd in dark repose,
 Till thou, bright dayspring ! madest its waves our own,
 By thine unsealing of the burial stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye hills !
 And let a full victorious tone be given, 30
 By rock and cavern, to the wind which fills
 Your urn-like depths with sound ! The tomb is riven,
 The radiant gate of heaven
 Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast
 By death's o'ersweeping wing, from the earth's bosom past.

And you, ye graves ! upon whose turf I stand,
 Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,
 Time with a soft and reconciling hand
 The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread
 O'er every narrow bed :
 But not by time, and not by nature sown 40
 Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace hath grown.

Christ hath arisen ! oh ! not one cherish'd head
 Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillow'd here
 Without a hope (howe'er the heart hath bled
 In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier),

A hope, upspringing clear
 From those majestic tidings of the morn,
 Which lit the living way to all of woman born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human love !
 E'en on this greensward ; night hath heard thy cry,
 Heart-stricken one ! thy precious dust above,
 Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply

30

Unto thine agony !
 But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
 Christ hath arisen, O love ! thy tears shall all be dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those tears,
 Heavy and unsleeping phantom of the tomb
 On thine impassion'd soul, in elder years
 When, burden'd with the mystery of its doom,
 Mortality's thick gloom

60

Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath
 Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts of death.

By thee, sad Love, and by thy sister, Fear,
 Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought
 To veil that haunting shadow, still too near,
 Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,

And, where the board was fraught
 With wine and myrtles in the summer bower,
 Felt, e'en when disavow'd, a presence and a power.

70

But that dark night is closed ; and o'er the dead,
 Here, where the gleamy primrose tufts have blown,
 And where the mountain-heath a couch has spread,
 And, settling oft on some grey letter'd stone,

The redbreast warbles lone ;
 And the wild-bee's deep drowsy murmurs pass,
 Like a low thrill of harp-strings, through the grass :

Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's sleep,
 We o'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye,
 For hope sits, dovelike, on the gloomy deep,
 And the green hills wherein these valleys lie

80

Seem all one sanctuary
 Of holiest thought—nor needs their fresh bright sod,
 Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen !—O mountain peaks ! attest
 Witness, resounding glen and torrent wave,
 The immortal courage in the human breast
 Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave

To camp 'midst rock and cave,
 Nerved by those words, their struggling faith have borne
 Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn !

90

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for to-day—
 Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone,
 Have thrill'd their pines, when those that knelt to pray
 Rose up to arm ! the pure high snows have known

A colouring not their own,
 But from true hearts which by that crimson stain
 Gave token of a trust that call'd no suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains wear no more
 The solemn splendour of the martyr's blood,
 And may that awful record, as of yore,
 Never again be known to field or flood !

100

E'en though the faithful stood,
 A noble army, in the exulting sight
 Of earth and heaven, which bless'd their battle for the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken
 Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;
 And many a bitter cup is meekly taken ;
 And, for the strength whereby the just and pure

Thus steadfastly endure,
 Glory to Him whose victory won that dower,
 Him, from whose rising stream'd that robe of spirit power.

110

Glory to Him ! Hope to the suffering breast !
 Light to the nations ! He hath roll'd away
 The mists, which, gathering into deathlike rest,
 Between the soul and heaven's calm ether lay—

His love hath made it day
 With those that sat in darkness.—Earth and sea !
 Lift up glad strains for man by truth divine made free !

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE

A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death.

WORDSWORTH.

I saw him at his sport erewhile,
 The bright exulting boy,
 Like Summer's lightning came the smile

Of his young spirit's joy ;
 A flash that wheresoe'er it broke,
 To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair looks waved in sunny play,
 By a clear fountain's side,
 Where jewel-colour'd pebbles lay
 Beneath the shallow tide ;

10

And pearly spray at times would
 meet

The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all Spring-
 flowers,

Which drank that streamlet's dew ;
 He flung them o'er the wave in
 showers,

Till, gazing, scarce I knew
 Which seem'd more pure, or bright,
 or wild,

The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom

Made earth one festal scene, 20

Where the dull shadow of the tomb
Seem'd as it ne'er had been.
How could one image of decay
Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day?

I saw once more that aspect bright—
The boy's meek head was bow'd
In silence o'er the Book of Light,
And, like a golden cloud—
The still cloud of a pictured sky—
His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him
fair, ³¹
When in the fountain glade,
A creature of the sky and air,
Almost on wings he play'd;
Oh! how much holier beauty now
Lit the young human being's brow!

The being born to toil, to die,
To break forth from the tomb,
Unto far nobler destiny ³⁹
Than waits the skylark's plume!
I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw,
My watching eye could trace
The shadows of its new-born awe,
Sweeping o'er that fair face:
As o'er a flower might pass the shade
By some dread angel's pinion made!

The soul, the mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite ⁵⁰

Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets ¹, undefiled,
As yet, by evil thought—
Oh! little dream'd the brooding
child,

Of what within me wrought,
While *his* young heart first burn'd
and stirr'd, ⁵⁹
And quiver'd to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught
The reverence of *his* gaze;
A sight with dew of blessing fraught
To hallow after-days;
To make the proud heart meekly
wise,
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose
Before me brightly there,
And in the depths of its repose ⁶⁹
My soul o'erflow'd with prayer,
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
The power of infant sanctity!

O Father! mould my heart once
more,
By Thy prevailing breath!
Teach me, oh! teach me to adore
E'en with that pure one's faith;
A faith, all made of love and light,
Child-like, and therefore full of
might!

A POET'S DYING HYMN

Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship, here and every where.—WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,
And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
And own'd Thine image in the majesty
Of their calm temple still!—that never yet
There hath Thy face been shrouded from my sight
By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night:
I bless Thee, O my God!

¹ 'All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon the *red-leaved tablets* of my heart.'—HAYWOOD.

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,
 I see the mercy of Thine aspect shine,
 Touching death's features with a lovely glance 10
 Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,
 And lending to each holy star a ray
 As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away :
 I bless Thee, O my God !

That I have heard Thy voice, nor been afraid,
 In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old
 And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,
 And the wild sound of waters uncontroll'd—
 And upon many a desert plain and shore—
 No solitude—for there I felt *Thee* more : 20
 I bless Thee, O my God !

And if Thy spirit on Thy child hath shed
 The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
 To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings spread,
 To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie
 Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
 And pure—a consecration unto Thee :
 I bless Thee, O my God !

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been fraught
 With an awakening power—if Thou hast made, 30
 Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,
 And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd
 To lands of other lays, and there become
 Native as early melodies of home :
 I bless Thee, O my God !

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
 Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
 But that, perchance, a faint gale of Thy breath,
 A still small whisper in my song hath led
 One struggling spirit upwards to Thy throne, 40
 Or but one hope, one prayer :—for this alone
 I bless Thee, O my God !

That I have loved—that I have known the love
 Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
 Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
 Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
 Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
 Still weaving links for intercourse with Thee :
 I bless Thee, O my God !

That by the passion of its deep distress, 50
 And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
 And by the yearning of its tenderness,
 Too full for words upon their stream to bear,

I have been drawn still closer to Thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine ;
I bless Thee, O my God !

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or dread,
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken
Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed : 60
That passing storms have only fann'd the fire
Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire,
I bless Thee, O my God !

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying day :
Thou leav'st me not, though early life grows pale,
I am not darkly sinking to decay ;
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud
Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
I bless Thee, O my God ! 70

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
And mountain sanctuaries for poet's dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes—
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that Thy footprints on its dust appear :
I bless Thee, O my God !

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
Of glories cast in more consummate mould, 80
No longer vassals to the changeful hour ;
That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
Rich visions of imperishable spring :
I bless Thee, O my God !

Yes ! the young vernal voices in the skies
Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine ear,
Seem heralds of the eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, imperturb'd and clear ;
The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
Let me, too, joining those pure strains, adore ! 90
I bless Thee, O my God !

Now aid, sustain me still !—to Thee I come,
Make Thou my dwelling where Thy children are !
And for the hope of that immortal home,
And for Thy Son, the bright and morning star,
The sufferer and the victor-king of death,
I bless Thee with my glad song's dying breath !
I bless Thee, O my God !

THE FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

Many an eye

May wail the dimming of our shining star.—SHAKESPEARE.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased !—
 Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant
 Breathe reverently ! 'There is a dreamy sound,
 A hollow murmur of the dying year,
 In the deep woods. Let it be wild and sad !
 A more Aeolian melancholy tone
 Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing !
 For *that* is passing from the darken'd land,
 Which the green summer will not bring us back—
 Though all her songs return. The funeral chant 10
 Breathe reverently !—They bear the mighty forth,
 The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—
 They bear him through the household paths, the groves,
 Where every tree had music of its own
 To his quick ear of knowledge taught by love—
 And he is silent !—Past the living stream
 They bear him now ; the stream, whose kindly voice
 On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear—
 And he is silent ! O'er the heathery hills,
 Which his own soul had mantled with a light 20
 Richer than autumn's purple, now they move—
 And he is silent !—he, whose flexile lips
 Were but unseal'd, and lo ! a thousand forms,
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
 In glowing life upsprang :—Vassal and chief,
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
 Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,
 Like the wild huntsman's band. And still they live,
 To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
 And, from the mountain mist still flashing by, 30
 Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there
 To the seer's voice : phantoms of colour'd thought,
 Surviving him who raised.—O eloquence !
 O power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead !
 Who shall wake *thee* ? lord of the buried past !
 And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join'd,
 Thy subject-host so long ?—The wand is dropp'd
 The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand
 Touch'd, and the genii came !—Sing reverently
 The funeral chant !—The mighty is borne home— 40
 And who shall be his mourners ?—Youth and age,
 For each hath felt his magic—love and grief,
 For he hath communed with the heart of each :
 Yes—the free spirit of humanity
 May join the august procession, for to him

Its mysteries have been tributary things,
 And all its accents known :—from field or wave,
 Never was conqueror on his battle bier,
 By the vail'd banner and the muffled drum,
 And the proud drooping of the crested head,
 More nobly follow'd home.—The last abode,
 The voiceless dwelling of the bard is reach'd :
 A still majestic spot : girt solemnly
 With all the imploring beauty of decay ;
 A stately couch 'midst ruins ! meet for him
 With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
 Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
 Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant
 Over the honour'd grave !—the *grave* !—oh, say
 Rather the shrine !—An altar for the love,
 The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive wreaths
 Of years unborn—a place where leaf and flower,
 By that which dies not of the sovereign dead,
 Shall be made holy things—where every weed
 Shall have its portion of the inspiring gift
 From buried glory breathed. And now, what strain,
 Making victorious melody ascend
 High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb
 Where he that sway'd the nations thus is laid—
 The crown'd of men ?

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to Thee,
 Father divine !
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that life and death
 Alike are Thine !
 A spirit on its way,
 Sceptred the earth to sway,
 From Thee was sent :
 Now call'st Thou back Thine own—
 Hence is that radiance flown—
 To earth but lent.
 Watching in breathless awe,
 The bright head bow'd we saw,
 Beneath Thy hand !
 Fill'd by one hope, one fear,
 Now o'er a brother's bier,
 Weeping we stand.
 How hath he pass'd !—the lord
 Of each deep bosom chord,
 To meet Thy sight,

Unmantled and alone,
 On Thy bless'd mercy thrown,
 O Infinite !

So, from his harvest home,
 Must the tired peasant come ;
 So, in one trust,
 Leader and king must yield
 The naked soul, reveal'd
 To Thee, All Just !

The sword of many a fight—
 What *then* shall be its might ?
 The lofty lay,
 That rush'd on eagle wing—
 What shall its memory bring ?
 What hope, what stay ?

O Father ! in that hour,
 When earth all succouring power
 Shall disavow ;
 When spear, and shield, and crown,
 In faintness are cast down—
 Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bow'd to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save, 120
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine !

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF CORREGGIO'S

In the deep wilderness unseen she pray'd,
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone,
With all the still small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone :—she lifted up
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er her head,
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer—the fearful prayer
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

Father of Spirits, hear !
Look on the inmost heart to Thee reveal'd, 10
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before Thy sight in solitude unseal'd !

Hear, Father ! hear, and aid !
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God ! more fitly laid.

If I have sought to live
But in *one* light, and made a human eye
The lonely star of mine idolatry,
Thou that art Love ! oh, pity and forgive ! 20

Chasten'd and school'd at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fix'd on Thee, from that wild worship turns—
What have I said ?—the deep dream is not past !

Yet hear !—if *still* I love,
Oh ! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes, my heart between,
And Thy calm glory, Father, throned above.

If still a voice is near,
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,) 30
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul
With its deep music, too intensely dear,

O Father ! draw to Thee
My lost affections back !—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free !

I must love on, O God !
 This bosom must love on !—but let Thy breath
 Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death,
 Bearing it up to heaven—love's own abode !

40

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,
 With its dark cedars, and the thrilling night,
 With her clear stars, and the mysterious winds,
 That waft all sound, were conscious of those prayers.
 How many such hath woman's bursting heart
Since then, in silence and in darkness breathed,
 Like the dim night-flower's odour, up to God !

PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ¹

From their spheres
 The stars of human glory are cast down ;
 Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
 Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms
 Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed !
 Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
 Long to protect her own.—WORDSWORTH.

SCENE.—*Prison of the Luxembourg, in Paris, during the Reign of Terror.*

D'AUBIGNÉ, *an aged Royalist*—BLANCHE, *his daughter, a young girl.*

Blanche. What was our doom, my father ? In thine arms
 I lay unconsciously through that dread hour.
 Tell me the sentence ! Could our judges look,
 Without relenting, on thy silvery hair ?
 Was there not mercy, father ? Will they not
 Restore us to our home ?

D'Aubigné. Yes, my poor child !
 They send us home.

Blanche. Oh ! shall we gaze again
 On the bright Loire ? Will the old hamlet spire,
 And the grey turret of our own château,
 Look forth to greet us through the dusky elms ?
 Will the kind voices of our villagers,
 The loving laughter in their children's eyes,
 Welcome us back at last ?—But how is this ?—
 Father, thy glance is clouded—on thy brow
 There sits no joy !

10

D'Aubigné. Upon my brow, dear girl,
 There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace
 As may befit the Christian, who receives
 And recognises, in submissive awe,
 The summons of his God.

¹ The last days of two prisoners in the Luxembourg, Sillery and La Source, so affectingly described by HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, in her *Letters from France*, gave rise to this little scene. These two victims had composed a simple hymn, which they every night sang together in a low and restrained voice.

Blanche. Thou dost not mean——
No, no ! it cannot be !—Didst thou not say
They sent us home ? 20

D'Aubigné. Where is the spirit's home——
Oh ! most of all, in these dark evil days,
Where should it be—but in that world serene,
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power—
Where, but in Heaven ?

Blanche. My father !
D'Aubigné. We must die.
We must look up to God, and calmly die.—
Come to my heart, and weep there !—for awhile
Give Nature's passion way, then brightly rise
In the still courage of a woman's heart !
Do I not know thee ?—Do I ask too much 30
From mine own noble *Blanche* ?

Blanche (falling on his bosom). Oh ! clasp me fast !
Thy trembling child !—Hide, hide me in thine arms—
Father !

D'Aubigné. Alas ! my flower, thou 'rt young to go—
Young, and so fair !—Yet were it worse, methinks,
To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,
The loyal-hearted and the chivalrous,
And they that loved their God, have all been swept,
Like the sere leaves, away.—For them no hearth
Through the wide land was left inviolate,
No altar holy ; therefore did they fall, 40
Rejoicing to depart.—The soil is steep'd
In noble blood ; the temples are gone down ;
The voice of prayer is hush'd, or fearfully
Mutter'd, like sounds of guilt.—Why, who would live ?
Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
To quit for ever the dishonour'd soil,
The burden'd air ?—Our God upon the cross—
Our king upon the scaffold¹—let us think
Of these—and fold endurance to our hearts,
And bravely die !

Blanche. A dark and fearful way ! 50
An evil doom for thy dear honour'd head !
Oh ! thou, the kind, the gracious !—whom all eyes
Bless'd as they look'd upon !—Speak yet again—
Say, will they part us ?

D'Aubigné. No, my *Blanche* ; in death
We shall not be divided.

Blanche. Thanks to God !

¹ A French royalist officer, dying upon a field of battle, and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive lamentations, turned towards the sufferer and thus addressed him : " My friend, whoever you may be, remember that your God expired upon the cross—your king upon the scaffold—and he who now speaks to you has had his limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a man."

He, by thy glance, will aid me—I shall see
His light before me to the last.—And when—
Oh, pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child !—
When shall the hour befall ?

D'Aubigné. Oh ! swiftly now,
And suddenly, with brief dread interval,
Comes down the mortal stroke.—But of that hour
As yet I know not.—Each low throbbing pulse
Of the quick pendulum may usher in
Eternity !

60

Blanche (kneeling before him). My father ! lay thy hand
On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again
Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness,
Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul,
Ere we are call'd.

D'Aubigné. If I may speak through tears !—
Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,
Child of my heart !—thou who dost look on me
With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love !
Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,
A guest of Heaven unto my lonely soul,
A stainless lily in my widow'd house,
There springing up—with soft light round thee shed—
For immortality !—Meek child of God !
I bless thee—He will bless thee !—In His love
He calls thee now from this rude stormy world
To thy Redeemer's breast !—And thou wilt die,
As thou hast lived—my duteous, holy Blanche !
In trusting and serene submissiveness,
Humble, yet full of Heaven.

70

80

Blanche (rising). Now is there strength
Infused through all my spirit.—I can rise
And say, ' Thy will be done ! '

D'Aubigné (pointing upwards). Seest thou, my child,
Yon faint light in the west ? The signal star
Of our due vesper service, gleaming in
Through the close dungeon grating !—Mournfully
It seems to quiver ; yet shall this night pass,
This night alone, without the lifted voice
Of adoration in our narrow cell,
As if unworthy fear or wavering faith
Silenced the strain ?—No ! let it waft to heaven
The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,
In its dark hour once more !—And we will sleep—
Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

90

[*They sing together.*]

PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN

We see no more in Thy pure skies,
How soft, O God ! the sunset dies ;
How every colour'd hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood :

Yet, by the precious memories won 100
From bright hours now for ever gone,
Father ! o'er all Thy works, we know,
Thou still art shedding beauty's glow ;
Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory, eloquent of Thee ;
Still feeding all Thy flowers with light,
Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.
We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging One, the All-just !
And bless Thee still with free and boundless trust !

We read no more, O God ! Thy ways 110
On earth, in these wild evil days.
The red sword in the oppressor's hand
Is ruler of the weeping land ;
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.
Yet, by the deep voice from the past,
Which tells us these things cannot last—
And by the hope which finds no ark,
Save in Thy breast, when storms grow dark—
We trust Thee !—As the sailor knows 120
That in its place of bright repose
His pole-star burns, though mist and cloud
May veil it with a midnight shroud.
We know Thou reign'st—All-holy One, All-just !
And bless Thee still with love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
When our faint hearts within us die.
We suffer—and we know our doom
Must be one suffering till the tomb.
Yet, by the anguish of Thy Son 130
When His last hour came darkly on—
By His dread cry, the air which rent
In terror of abandonment—
And by His parting word, which rose
Through faith victorious o'er all woes—
We know that Thou mayst wound, mayst break
The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake !
Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,
In our deep need to Thee we turn !
To whom but Thee !—All-merciful, All-just ! 140
In life, in death, we yield Thee boundless trust !

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN TIMES
OF PERSECUTION

Thanks be to God for the mountains.
Howitt's *Book of the Seasons*.

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

Thou hast made Thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain
sod.

Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er
trod ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die ; 10

We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky :

The rocks yield founts of courage
Struck forth as by Thy rod ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where Thy still, small voice is
heard ; 18

For the strong pines of the forests,
That by Thy breath are stirr'd ;

For the storms, in whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights ;

But we, for *Thy* communion, 29
Have sought the mountain sod ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves ;

The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves :

Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God ! 40

For the shadow of Thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outspread ;

For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead ;

For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial-sod ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY ¹

But by my wrongs and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light me to the foe !—Indian Song in *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

SCENE.—*The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and sycamore trees. HERRMANN, the missionary, seated alone before the cabin. The hour is evening twilight.*

Herrmann. Was that the light from some lone swift canoe
Shooting across the waters ?—No, a flash
From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again

¹ Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded are recorded in CARNE'S *Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland*, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.

In the deep bay of cedars, Not a bark
Is on the wave ; no rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new, strange world,
Oh ! how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods !
The desert's own great spirit, infinite !
Little they know, in mine own fatherland,
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst
The wild Harz mountains, or the sylvan glades
Deep in the Odenwald, they little know
Of what is solitude ! In hours like this,
There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage-hearths
Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,
To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home path ; while round his lowly porch,
With eager eyes awaiting his return,
The cluster'd faces of his children shine
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts !
Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope
By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God
Draw me still nearer, closer unto Thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with Thyself be fill'd !—Be it enough
At once to gladden and to solemnize
My lonely life, if for Thine altar here
In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win
The offering of one heart, one human heart,
Bleeding, repenting, loving !

10

20

30

Hark ! a step,
An Indian tread ! I know the stealthy sound—
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass
Gliding so serpent-like.

[He comes forward, and meets an Indian warrior armed.]

Enonio, is it thou ? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye
Discerns thy face.

Enonio. My father speaks my name.

Herrmann. Are not the hunters from the chase returned ?
The night-fires lit ? Why is my son abroad ?

40

Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey
Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave
The lone path free.

Herrmann. The forest way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile
Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
Of these things further.

Enonio. Tell me not of rest !
My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift.—
I must begone.

Herrmann (solemnly). No, warrior, thou must stay !

The Mighty One hath given me power to search
 Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay, 50
 And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart
 Be grown thus restless, is it not because
 Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up
 Some burning thought of ill?—

Enonio (with sudden impetuosity). How should I rest?—
 Last night the spirit of my brother came,
 An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
 And said, 'Avenge me!'—In the clouds this morn
 I saw the frowning colour of his blood—
 And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon 60
 Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
 And through its thunder-music spake a tone—
 A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
 And said 'Avenge me!'—Therefore have I raised
 The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
 That I may send the shadow from my couch,
 And take the strange sound from the cataract,
 And sleep once more.

Herrmann. A better path, my son,
 Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
 My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en the way
 The dying brother trod,—Say, didst thou love 70
 That lost one well?

Enonio. Know'st thou not we grew up
 Even as twin roes amidst the wilderness?
 Unto the chase we journey'd in one path;
 We stemm'd the lake in one canoe; we lay
 Beneath one oak to rest. When fever hung
 Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand
 Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe
 Cover'd my bosom from the chill night air.
 Our lives were girdled by one belt of love
 Until he turn'd him from his father's gods, 80
 And then my soul fell from him—then the grass
 Grew in the way between our parted homes,
 And wheresoe'er I wander'd, then it seem'd
 That all the woods were silent.—I went forth—
 I journey'd, with my lonely heart, afar,
 And so return'd—and where was he?—the earth
 Own'd him no more.

Herrmann. But thou thyself, since then,
 Hast turn'd thee from the idols of thy tribe,
 And, like thy brother, bow'd the suppliant knee
 To the one God.

Enonio. Yes, I have learn'd to pray 90
 With my white father's words, yet all the more
 My heart, that shut against my brother's love,
 Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
 Burning my sleep away.—In the night hush,

'Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things
 Of the great forests, I have call'd aloud,
 'Brother ! forgive, forgive !'—He answer'd not—
 His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,
 Cries but '*Avenge me !*'—and I go forth now
 To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes
 Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,
 I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,
 'I have avenged thee.'

100

Herrmann. Oh ! that human love
 Should be the root of this dread bitterness,
 Till heaven through all the fever'd being pours
 Transmuting balsam !—Stay, Enonio, stay !
 Thy brother calls thee not !—The spirit world
 Where the departed go, sends back to earth
 No visitants for evil.—'Tis the might
 Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief
 At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice
 Unto the forest and the cataract,
 The angry colour to the clouds of morn,
 The shadow to the moonlight.—Stay, my son !
 Thy brother is at peace.—Beside his couch,
 When of the murderer's poison'd shaft he died,
 I knelt and pray'd ; he named his Saviour's name,
 Meekly, beseechingly ; he spoke of thee
 In pity and in love.

110

Enonio (hurriedly). Did he not say
 My arrow should avenge him ?

Herrmann. His last words
 Were all forgiveness.

120

Enonio. What ! and shall the man
 Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery,
 Walk fearless forth in joy ?

Herrmann. Was he not once
 Thy brother's friend ?—Oh ! trust me, not in joy
 He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,
 Too late repentant of its heart estranged,
 Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its train
 Of sounds and shadows—and shall *he* escape ?
 Enonio, dream it not !—Our God, the All Just,
 Unto Himself reserves this royalty—
 The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
 The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,
 Leave it with Him !—Yet make it not thy *hope*—
 For that strong heart of thine—Oh ! listen yet—
 Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish
 For death or torture to the guilty one,
 Ere it can sleep again.

130

Enonio. My father speaks
 Of change, for man too mighty.

Herrmann. I but speak

Of that which hath been, and again must be,
 If thou wouldst join thy brother, in the life 140
 Of the bright country, where, I well believe,
 His soul rejoices.—*He had known such change.*
 He died in peace. He, whom his tribe once named
 The Avenging Eagle, took to his meek heart,
 In its last pangs, the spirit of those words
 Which, from the Saviour's cross, went up to heaven—
 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do,
 Father, forgive!'—And o'er the eternal bounds
 Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
 Where evil may not enter, he, I deem, 150
 Hath to his Master pass'd.—He waits thee there—
 For love, we trust, springs heavenward from the grave,
 Immortal in its holiness.—He calls
 His brother to the land of golden light
 And ever-living fountains—couldst thou hear
 His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,
 'My brother! oh! be pure, be merciful!
 That we may meet again.'

Enonio (hesitating). Can I return
 Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

Herrmann. To Him,
 To Him return, from whom thine erring steps 160
 Have wander'd far and long!—Return, my son,
 To thy Redeemer!—Died He not in love—
 The sinless, the divine, the Son of God—
 Breathing forgiveness 'midst all agonies,
 And we, dare we be ruthless? By His aid
 Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place
 'Midst the pure spirits. Oh! retrace the way
 Back to thy Saviour! He rejects no heart
 E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears
 Be o'er them shower'd.—Ay, weep, thou Indian chief! 170
 For, by the kindling moonlight, I behold
 Thy proud lip's working—weep, relieve thy soul!
 Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour
 Of its great conflict.

Enonio (giving up his weapons to Herrmann).

Father, take the bow,
 Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call
 Forth to the chase once more.—And let me dwell
 A little while, my father! by thy side,
 That I may hear the blessed words again—
 Like water brooks amidst the summer hills—
 From thy true lips flow forth; for in my heart 180
 The music and the memory of their sound
 Too long have died away.

Herrmann. O, welcome back;
 Friend, rescued one!—Yes, thou shalt be my guest,
 And we will pray beneath my sycamore

Together, morn and eve ; and I will spread
 Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last—
 After the visiting of holy thoughts—
 With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes !—
 Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back
 To peace, to God, thou lost and found again !

190

[*They go into the cabin together.*—HERMANN, *lingering for a moment on the threshold, looks up to the starry skies.*

Father ! that from amidst yon glorious worlds
 Now look'st on us, Thy children ! make this hour
 Blessed for ever ! May it see the birth
 Of Thine own image in the unfathom'd deep
 Of an immortal soul ;—a thing to name
 With reverential thought, a solemn world !
 To Thee more precious than those thousand stars
 Burning on high in Thy majestic Heaven !

PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY

The land shall never rue,
 So England to herself do prove but true.
 SHAKESPEARE.

THROUGH evening's bright repose
 A voice of prayer arose,
 When the sea-fight was done :
 The sons of England knelt,
 With hearts that now could melt,
 For on the wave her battle had been
 won.

Round their tall ship, the main
 Heaved with a dark red stain,
 Caught not from sunset's cloud ;
 While with the tide swept past
 Pennon and shiver'd mast, 11
 Which to the Ocean Queen that day
 had bow'd.

But free and fair on high,
 A native of the sky,
 Her streamer met the breeze ;
 It flow'd o'er fearless men,
 Though hush'd and child-like then
 Before their God they gather'd on
 the seas.

Oh ! did not thoughts of home
 O'er each bold spirit come 20
 As, from the land, sweet gales ?
 In every word of prayer
 Had not some hearth a share,
 Some bower, inviolate 'midst Eng-
 land's vales ?

Yes ! bright green spots that lay
 In beauty far away,
 Hearing no billows roar ;
 Safer from touch of spoil,
 For that day's fiery toil,
 Rose on high hearts, that now with
 love gush'd o'er. 30

A solemn scene and dread !
 The victors and the dead,
 The breathless burning sky
 And, passing with the race
 Of waves that keep no trace,
 The wild, brief signs of human
 victory !

A stern, yet holy scene !
 Billows, where strife hath been,
 Sinking to awful sleep ;
 And words, that breathe the sense
 Of God's omnipotence, 41
 Making a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,
 Thy flag hath been a star,
 Where eagle's wing ne'er flew ;—
 England ! the unprofaned,
 Thou of the hearths unstain'd,
 Oh ! to the banner and the shrine
 be true !

EVENING SONG OF THE
WEARY

FATHER of heaven and earth !
 I bless Thee for the night,
 The soft, still night !
 The holy pause of care and mirth,
 Of sound and light !

Now, far in glade and dell,
 Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,
 Have shut around the sleeping wood-
 lark's nest—
 The bee's long murmuring toils
 are done 10

And I, the o'erwearied one,
 O'erwearied and o'erwrought,
 Bless Thee, O God ! O Father of the
 oppress'd,
 With my last waking thought,
 In the still night !

Yes, ere I sink to rest,
 By the fire's dying light,
 Thou Lord of earth and heaven !
 I bless Thee, who hast given
 Unto life's fainting travellers, the
 night, 20
 The soft, still, holy night !

THE DAY OF FLOWERS

A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD

One spirit—His
 Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows,
 Rules universal nature.—Not a flower
 But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,
 Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odours, and imports their hues,
 And bathes their eyes with nectar.
 Happy who walks with Him !—COWPER.

COME to the woods, my boy !
 Come to the streams and bowery dingles forth,
 My happy child ! The spirit of bright hours
 Woos us in every wind ; fresh wild-leaf scents
 From thickets where the lonely stock-dove broods,
 Enter our lattice ; fitful songs of joy
 Float in with each soft current of the air ;
 And we will hear their summons ; we will give
 One day to flowers, and sunshine, and glad thoughts,
 And thou shalt revel 'midst free nature's wealth, 10
 And for thy mother twine wild wreaths ; while she,
 From thy delight, wins to her own fond heart
 The vernal ecstasy of childhood back
 Come to the woods, my boy !

What ! wouldst thou lead already to the path
 Along the copsewood brook ? Come, then ! in truth
 Meet playmate for a child, a blessed child,
 Is a glad singing stream, heard or unheard,
 Singing its melody of happiness
 Amidst the reeds, and bounding in free grace 20
 To that sweet chime. With what a sparkling life
 It fills the shadowy dingle !—now the wing

Of some low skimming swallow shakes bright spray
 Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled wave ;
 Now, from some pool of crystal darkness deep,
 The trout springs upward, with a showery gleam
 And plashing sound of waters. What swift rings
 Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide
 Seem, as they glance, to scatter sparks of light
 From burnish'd films ! And mark yon silvery line 30
 Of gossamer, so tremulously hung
 Across the narrow current, from the tuft
 Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough !
 See, in the air's transparence, how it waves,
 Quivering and glistening with each faintest gale,
 Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy shapes,
 How delicate, how wondrous !

Yes, my boy !

Well may we make the stream's bright winding vein
 Our woodland guide, for He who made the stream
 Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness, 40
 For ever deepening. Oh, forget Him not,
 Dear child ! that airy gladness which thou feel'st
 Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,
 As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not less
 His gift, His blessing on thy spring-time hours,
 Than this rich outward sunshine, mantling all
 The leaves, and grass, and mossy tinted stones
 With summer glory. Stay thy bounding step,
 My merry wanderer ! let us rest a while
 By this clear pool, where, in the shadow flung 50
 From alder boughs and osiers o'er its breast,
 The soft red of the flowering willow-herb
 So vividly is pictured. Seems it not
 E'en melting to a more transparent glow
 In that pure glass ? Oh ! beautiful are streams !
 And, through all ages, human hearts have loved
 Their music, still accordant with each mood
 Of sadness or of joy. And love hath grown
 Into vain worship, which hath left its trace
 On sculptured urn and altar, gleaming still 50
 Beneath dim olive boughs, by many a fount
 Of Italy and Greece. But we will take
 Our lesson e'en from erring hearts, which bless'd
 The river deities or fountain nymphs,
 For the cool breeze, and for the freshening shade,
 And the sweet water's tune. The One supreme,
 The all-sustaining, ever-present God,
 Who dower'd the soul with immortality,
 Gave also these delights, to cheer on earth
 Its fleeting passage ; therefore let us greet 70
 Each wandering flower-scent as a boon from Him,
 Each bird-note, quivering 'midst light summer leaves,

And every rich celestial tint unnamed,
Wherewith transpierced, the clouds of morn and eve
Kindle and melt away !

And now, in love,
In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us bend
Our footsteps onward to the dell of flowers
Around the ruin'd mansion. Thou, my boy,
Not yet, I deem, hast visited that lorn
But lovely spot, whose loveliness for *thee*
Will wear no shadow of subduing thought—
No colouring from the past. This way our path
Winds through the hazels ;—mark how brightly shoots
The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,
Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of life,
The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,
Is all the murmuring shade ! and thine, O *thine* !
Of all the brightest and the happiest here,
My blessed child ! *my* gift of God ! that makest
My heart o'erflow with summer !

80

Hast thou twined
Thy wreath so soon ! yet will we loiter not,
Though here the blue-bell wave, and gorgeously
Round the brown twisted roots of yon scathed oak
The heath-flower spread its purple. We must leave
The copse, and through yon broken avenue,
Shadow'd by drooping walnut foliage, reach
The ruin's glade.

90

And, lo ! before us fair,
Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,
It stands, that house of silence ! wedded now
To verdant nature by the o'ermantling growth
Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands
Once loved to train. How the rich wallflower scent
From every niche and mossy cornice floats,
Embalming its decay ! The bee alone
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more
Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,
Watching some homeward footstep. See ! unbound
From the old fretted stone-work, what thick wreaths
Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,
Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and load
The air with mournful fragrance, for it speaks
Of life gone hence ; and the faint southern breath
Of myrtle leaves from yon forsaken porch,
Startles the soul with sweetness ! Yet rich knots
Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-sown
Through all the sunny hollow, spread around
A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,
Undimm'd by human change. How kindly here,
With the low thyme and daisies, they have blent !
And, under arches of wild eglantine,

100

110

120

Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely seems
 The frail gum-cistus o'er the turf to snow
 Its pearly flower-leaves down !—Go, happy boy !
 Rove thou at will amidst these roving sweets,
 Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone,
 Under the tall moss rose-tree, long unpruned,
 Rest where thick clustering pansies weave around
 Their many-tinged mosaic, 'midst dark grass,
 Bedded like jewels.

He hath bounded on,
 Wild with delight !—the crimson on his cheek
 Purer and richer e'en than that which lies
 In this deep-hearted rose-cup !—Bright moss rose !
 Though now so lorn, yet surely, gracious tree !
 Once thou wert cherish'd ! and, by human love,
 Through many a summer duly visited
 For thy bloom-offerings, which o'er festal board,
 And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded couch
 Of long secluded sickness, may have shed
 A joy, now lost.

130

Yet shall there still be joy,
 Where God hath pour'd forth beauty, and the voice
 Of human love shall still be heard in praise
 Over His glorious gifts !—O Father, Lord !
 The All-beneficent ! I bless Thy name,
 That Thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
 Linking our hearts to nature ! By the love
 Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
 Into her deep recesses are beguiled,
 Her minster cells ; dark glen and forest bower,
 Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee,
 Amidst the low religious whisperings
 And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,
 The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
 Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers
 Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,
 Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
 That sing of Thee ! back to free childhood's heart,
 Fresh with the dews of tenderness !—Thou bidd'st
 The lilies of the field with placid smile
 Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse
 Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
 With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
 His purer nature, with its fine desires,
 Uncared for in this universe of thine !
 The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
 Of poet hearts, touch'd by their fervent dreams
 With spiritual light, and made a source
 Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age
 Thou lend'st the vernal bliss :—the old man's eye
 Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul

140

150

160

Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
 Turns unto Thee, who call'st earth's buried germs
 From dust to splendour; as the mortal seed
 Shall, at Thy summons, from the grave spring up
 To put on glory, to be girt with power,
 And fill'd with immortality. Receive
 Thanks, blessings, love, for these, Thy lavish boons,
 And, most of all, their heavenward influences,
 O Thou that gavest us flowers!

170

Return, my boy,
 With all thy chaplets and bright bands return!
 See, with how deep a crimson eve hath touch'd
 And glorified the ruin! glow-worm light
 Will twinkle on the dewdrops, e'er we reach
 Our home again. Come, with thy last sweet prayer
 At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night shall thanks
 Unto our Father in His heaven arise,
 For all the gladness, all the beauty shed
 O'er one rich day of flowers.

180

HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSEHOLD ON HIS RETURN

IN THE OLDEN TIME

Joy! the lost one is restored!
 Sunshine comes to hearth and board.
 From the far-off countries old
 Of the diamond and red gold:
 From the dusky archer bands,
 Roamers of the fiery sands!
 From the desert winds, whose breath
 Smites with sudden silent death;
 He hath reach'd his home again,
 Where we sing
 In Thy praise a fervent strain,
 God our King!

10

Mightiest! unto Thee he turn'd,
 When the noon-day fiercest burn'd;
 When the fountain springs were
 far,
 And the sounds of Arab war
 Swell'd upon the sultry blast,
 And the sandy columns past,
 Unto Thee he cried! and Thou,
 Merciful! didst hear his vow!
 Therefore unto Thee again
 Joy shall sing,
 Many a sweet and thankful strain,
 God our King!

20

Thou wert with him on the main,
 And the snowy mountain chain,
 And the rivers, dark and wide,
 Which through Indian forests glide,
 Thou didst guard him from the
 wrath
 Of the lion in his path,
 And the arrows on the breeze,
 And the dropping poison-trees:
 Therefore from our household train
 Oft shall spring
 Unto Thee a blessing strain,
 God our King!

30

Thou to his lone watching wife
 Hast brought back the light of life!
 Thou hast spared his loving child
 Home to greet him from the wild.
 Though the suns of eastern skies
 On his cheek have set their dyes,
 Though long toils and sleepless cares
 On his brow have blanch'd the hairs,
 Yet the night of fear is flown,
 He is living, and our own!—
 Brethren! spread his festal board,
 Hang his mantle and his sword,

40

With the armour, on the wall—
While this long, long silent hall 50
Joyfully doth hear again
Voice and string
Swell to Thee the exulting strain,
God our King !

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION

BLESSINGS, O Father! shower,
Father of Mercies! round his precious
head !
On his lone walks and on his thought-
ful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight
bed,
Blessings be shed !

Father ! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most
beloved,
Fame, fortune, power :—oh ! be his
spirit proved
By these, or by their absence, at Thy
will !
But let Thy peace be wedded to his
lot, 10
Guarding his inner life from touch
of ill,

With its dove-pinion still !
Let such a sense of Thee,
Thy watching presence, Thy sus-
taining love,
His bosom guest inalienably be,
That wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimm'd ! a gladness rest
his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world un-
known ! 20
Such as from childhood's morning
land of dreams,
Remember'd faintly, gleams,
Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly
flown !

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by Thy spirit free ;
And when Thou call'st him from his
mortal place,
To his last hour be still that sweet-
ness given,
That joyful trust ! and brightly let
him part,
With lamp clear burning, and un-
lingering heart, 29
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face !

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK ¹

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress ;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh ! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just—
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hope of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in dust !—CAMPBELL.

The Scene is an English Cottage. The lattice opens upon a Landscape at sunset.

EUGENE—TERESA

Teresa. The fever's hue hath left thy cheek, beloved !
Thine eyes, that make the dayspring in my heart,
Are clear and still once more !—Wilt thou look forth ?

¹ Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake, which is beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.

Now, while the sunset with low streaming light—
 The light thou lovest—hath made the elm-wood stems
 All burning bronze, the river molten gold !
 Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to meet
 The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds ?
 Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more
 On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest
 With our own evening hymn ?

10

Eugene. Not now, dear love ;
 My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
 Not on the sun, but thee !—Doth the light sleep
 On the stream tenderly ? and are the stems
 Of our own elm-trees, by its alchemy,
 So richly changed ? and is the sweetbrier scent
 Floating around ?—But I have said farewell,
 Farewell to earth, Teresa !—not to thee ;
 Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile
 Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
 Back on my soul in mastery.—One last work !
 And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,
 Clinging affections, and undying hopes,
 All, all in that memorial !

20

Teresa. O, what dream
 Is this, mine own Eugene ?—Waste thou not thus
 Thy scarce returning strength ; keep thy rich thoughts
 For happier days ! they will not melt away
 Like passing music from the lute—dear friend !
 Dearest of friends ! thou canst win back at will
 The glorious visions.

Eugene. Yes ! the unseen land
 Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice
 To call me hence.—Oh ! be thou not deceived !
 Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa !
 I must, *must* leave thee !—Yet be strong, my love,
 As thou hast still been gentle.

30

Teresa. O Eugene !
 What will this dim world be to me, Eugene,
 When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all ?
 My only sunshine !—How can I bear on ?
 How can we part ? We that have loved so well,
 With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief,
 By tears, by prayer ?

40

Eugene. E'en *therefore* we can part,
 With an immortal trust, that such high love
 Is not of things to perish.

Let me leave
 One record still of its ethereal flame
 Brightening thro' death's cold shadow. Once again,
 Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
 And eyes half veil'd, in thine own soul absorb'd,
 As in thy watchings, ere I sink to sleep ;

And I will give the bending flower-like grace
 Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned
 On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile
 Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast
 Their delicate earthly being. There! thy head
 Bow'd down with beauty, and with tenderness,
 And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa!
 Oh! the quick-glancing radiance and bright bloom
 That once around thee hung, have melted now
 Into more solemn light—but holier far,
 And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
 Than all that summer flush! For by my couch,
 In patient and serene devotedness,
 Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles
 Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give
 Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,
 And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,
 Unto the canvas;—I may catch the flow
 Of all those drooping locks, and glorify
 With a soft halo what is imaged thus—
 But how much rests unbreathed! my faithful one!
 What thou hast been to me! This bitter world,
 This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
 To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back
 All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
 A little while—how have I turn'd away
 From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart
 Found ever the sweet fountain of response,
 To quench my thirst for home!

The dear work grows

Beneath my hand,—the last!

Teresa (falling on his neck in tears). Eugene, Eugene!
 Break not my heart with thine excess of love!—
 Oh! must I lose thee—thou that hast been still
 The tenderest—best—

Eugene.

Weep, weep not thus, beloved!

Let my true heart o'er thine retain its power
 Of soothing to the last!—Mine own Teresa!
 Take strength from strong affection!—Let our souls,
 Ere this brief parting, mingle in one strain
 Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's rich boon—
 Our perfect love!—Oh! blessed have we been
 In that high gift; thousands o'er earth may pass
 With hearts unfreshen'd by the heavenly dew,
 Which hath kept *ours* from withering.—Kneel, true wife!
 And lay thy hands in mine. *[She kneels beside the couch—he prays.*

Oh, thus receive

Thy children's thanks, Creator! for the love
 Which Thou hast granted, through all earthly woes,
 To spread heaven's peace around them; which hath bound
 Their spirits to each other and to Thee,

With links whereon unkindness ne'er hath breathed,
 Nor wandering thought. We thank Thee, gracious God !
 For all its treasured memories ! tender cares,
 Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks, unchanged
 Through tears and joy. O Father ! most of all
 We thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless trust,
 Through Thy redeeming Son vouchsafed, to those
 That love in Thee, of union, in Thy sight,
 And in Thy heavens, immortal ! Hear our prayer !
 Take home our fond affections, purified
 To spirit radiance from all earthly stain ;
 Exalted, solemnized, made fit to dwell,
 Father ! where all things that are lovely meet,
 And all things that are pure—for evermore,
 With Thee and Thine !

100

110

MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICK-BED OF A CHILD

SAVIOUR, that of woman born,
 Mother-sorrow didst not scorn,
 Thou, with whose last anguish strove
 One dear thought of earthly love—
 Hear and aid !

Low he lies, my precious child,
 With his spirit wandering wild
 From its gladsome tasks and play,
 And its bright thoughts far away—
 Saviour, aid ! . 10

Pain sits heavy on his brow,
 E'en though slumber seal it now ;
 Round his lip is quivering strife,
 In his hand unquiet life—
 Aid ! oh, aid !

Saviour ! loose the burning chain
 From his fever'd heart and brain,
 Give, oh ! give his young soul back,
 Into its own cloudless track !
 Hear and aid ! 20

Thou that saidst, 'Awake, arise !'
 E'en when death had quench'd the
 eyes,
 In this hour of grief's deep sighing,
 When o'erwearied hope is dying !
 Hear and aid !

Yet, oh ! make him Thine, all Thine,
 Saviour ! whether Death's or mine !
 Yet, oh ! pour on human love,
 Strength, trust, patience, from above !
 Hear and aid ! 30

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY
 BY FELTON

NIGHT sinks on the wave,
 Hollow gusts are sighing,
 Sea-birds to their cave
 Through the gloom are flying.
 Oh ! should storms come sweeping,
 Thou, in heaven unsleeping,
 O'er Thy children vigil keeping,
 Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,
 Few, and sad, and shrouded ; 10
 Faith our light must be,
 When all else is clouded.
 Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
 Wind and billow stilling,
 Speak once more ! our prayer ful-
 filling—
 Power dwells with Thee !

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE

A SERIES OF SONNETS¹

Your tents are desolate ; your stately steps,
 Of all their choral dances, have not left
 One trace beside the fountains : your full cup
 Of gladness and of trembling, each alike
 Is broken ; yet, amidst undying things,
 The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
 All the fresh glories of the early world
 Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
 Never to change !

I—INVOCATION

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
 Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,
 To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,
 Of dim sweet woods that hear no billows roar ;
 So, from the depth of days, when earth yet wore
 Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,
 I call you, gracious Forms ! Oh ! come, restore
 Awhile that holy freshness, and renew
 Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice, the lyre,
 Daughters of Judah ! with the timbrel rise !
 Ye of the dark prophetic Eastern eyes,
 Imperial in their visionary fire ;
 Oh ! steep my soul in that old glorious time,
 When God's own whisper shook the cedars of your clime !

II—INVOCATION CONTINUED

AND come, ye faithful ! round Messiah seen,
 With a soft harmony of tears and light
 Streaming through all your spiritual mien,
 As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright,
 Showers weave with sunshine, and transpierce their slight
 Ethereal cradle.—From *your* heart subdued
 All haughty dreams of power had wing'd their flight,
 And left high place for martyr fortitude,
 True faith, long-suffering love.—Come to me, come !
 And, as the seas beneath your master's tread
 Fell into the crystal smoothness, round him spread
 Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home ;
 So in your presence, let the soul's great deep
 Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

¹ Suggested by the perusal of Mrs. SANDFORD's *Woman*.

III—THE SONG OF MIRIAM

A SONG for Israel's God !—Spear, crest, and helm,
 Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,
 When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm
 Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee ;
 With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,
 Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the strain,
 E'en as instinct with the tempestuous glee
 Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.

A song for God's own victory !—Oh, thy lays,
 Bright poesy ! were holy in their birth :—
 How hath it died, thy seraph note of praise,
 In the bewildering melodies of earth !
 Return from troubling bitter founts—return,
 Back to the life-springs of thy native urn !

10

IV—RUTH

THE plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
 By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,
 Still brings me back thine image—Oh ! forlorn,
 Yet not forsaken, Ruth !—I see thee stand
 Lone, 'midst the gladness of the harvest band—
 Lone, as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,
 Fall'n in its weariness. Thy fatherland
 Smiles far away ! yet to the sense of home,—
 That finest, purest, which can recognize
 Home in affection's glance,—for ever true
 Beats thy calm heart ; and if thy gentle eyes
 Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
 Those words, immortal in their deep love's tone,
 '*Thy people and thy God shall be mine own !*'

10

V—THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH

' And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.'—2 Sam. xxi. 10.

Who watches on the mountain with the dead,
 Alone before the awfulness of night ?—
 A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might ?
 A warrior guarding some dark pass of dread ?
 No, a lorn woman !—On her drooping head,
 Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the rain ;
 She recks not—living for the unburied slain,
 Only to scare the vulture from their bed.

So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept
 With the pale stars, and with the dews hath wept ;—
 ' Oh ! surely some bright Presence from above
 On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid !—
 E'en so ; a strengthener through all storm and shade,
 The unconquerable angel mightiest love !

10

VI—THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMMITE WOMAN

'And she answered, I dwell among mine own people.'—2 *Kings* iv. 13.

'I DWELL among mine own,'—Oh ! happy thou !
 Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,
 Not for the olives on the mountain's brow ;
 Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery line
 Of streams, that make the green land where they shine
 Laugh to the light of waters—not for these,
 Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
 Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and thine—
 Oh ! not for *these* I call thee richly blest,
 But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,
 Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies ;
 And for thy holy household love, which clings
 Unto all ancient and familiar things,
 Weaving from each some link for home's dear charities.

10

VII—THE ANNUNCIATION

LOWLIEST of women, and most glorified !
 In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,
 A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side
 Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,
 Solemn, yet breathing gladness. From her throne
 A queen had risen with more imperial eye,
 A stately prophetess of victory
 From her proud lyre had struck a tempest's tone,
 For such high tidings as to *thee* were brought,
 Chosen of Heaven ! that hour :—but thou, O thou !
 E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught,
 Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,
 And take to thy meek breast the all-holy word,
 And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord*.

10

VIII—THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN

YET as a sunburst flushing mountain snow,
 Fell the celestial touch of fire erelong
 On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,
 And thy calm spirit lighten'd into song.
 Unconsciously, perchance, yet free and strong
 Flow'd the majestic joy of tuneful words,
 Which living harps the quires of Heaven among
 Might well have link'd with their divinest chords.
 Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,
 Shall leave, where once its haughty music pass'd,
 No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh ;
 While thine, O childlike virgin ! through all time
 Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,
 Being of God, and therefore not to die.

10

IX—THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET

THERE was a mournfulness in angel eyes,
 That saw thee, woman ! bright in this world's train,
 Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,
 Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.
 But from thy beauty's garland, brief and vain,
 When one by one the rose-leaves had been torn,
 When thy heart's core had quiver'd to the pain
 Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy scorn ;
 When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odours forth
 On the Redeemer's feet, with many a sigh,
 And showering tear-drop, of yet richer worth
 Than all those costly balms of Araby ;
 Then was there joy, a song of joy in heaven,
 For thee, the child won back, the penitent forgiven !

10

X—MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST

OH ! bless'd beyond all daughters of the earth !
 What were the Orient's thrones to that low seat
 Where thy hush'd spirit drew celestial birth ?
 Mary ! meek listener at the Saviour's feet !
 No feverish cares to that divine retreat
 Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,
 But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet,
 With love, and wonder, and submissive thought.
 Oh ! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
 'Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying,
 Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-spring, lying
 So deep and still in its transparent rest,
 That e'en when noontide burns upon the hills,
 Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror fills.

10

XI—THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS

ONE grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead !
 Was in your bosoms—thou, whose steps, made fleet
 By keen hope fluttering in the heart which bled,
 Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to greet ;
 And thou, that duteous in thy still retreat
 Didst wait His summons—then with reverent love
 Fall weeping at the bless'd Deliverer's feet,
 Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe could move.
 And which to *Him*, the All Seeing and All Just,
 Was loveliest, that quick zeal, or lowly trust ? 10
 Oh ! question not, and let no law be given
 To those unveilings of its deepest shrine,
 By the wrung spirit made in outward sign :
 Free service from the heart is all in all to Heaven.

XII—THE MEMORIAL OF MARY

'Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.'—*Matt.* xxvi. 13. See also *John*, xii. 3.

THOU hast thy record in the monarch's hall ;
 And on the waters of the far mid sea ;
 And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
 The alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee :
 Where'er, beneath some Oriental tree,
 The Christian traveller rests—where'er the child
 Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
 With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,
 There art thou known—where'er the Book of light
 Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight, 10
 Is borne thy memory, and all praise above :
 Oh ! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
 Mary ! to that pure silent place of fame ?
 One lowly offering of exceeding love.

XIII—THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS

LIKE those pale stars of tempest hours, whose gleam
 Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast,
 Such by the cross doth your bright lingering seem,
 Daughters of Zion ! faithful to the last !
 Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth cast
 By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,
 E'en till away the heavenly spirit pass'd,
 Stood in the shadow of His agony.

O blessed faith ! a guiding lamp, that hour
 Was lit for woman's heart ; to her, whose dower
 Is all of love and suffering from her birth ;
 Still hath your act a voice—through fear, through strife,
 Bidding her bind each tendril of her life
 To that which her deep soul hath proved of holiest worth.

XIV—MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE

WEEPER ! to thee how bright a morn was given
 After thy long, long vigil of despair,
 When that high voice which burial rocks had riven,
 Thrill'd with immortal tones the silent air !
 Never did clarion's royal blast declare
 Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
 As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear
 Into thy heart of hearts, O woman ! bow'd
 By strong affection's anguish ! one low word—
 '*Mary !*'—and all the triumph wrung from death
 Was thus reveal'd ! and thou, that so hadst err'd,
 So wept, and been forgiven, in trembling faith
 Didst cast thee down before the all-conquering Son,
 Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won !

XV—MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE
RESURRECTION

THEN was a task of glory all thine own,
 Nobler than e'er the still small voice assign'd
 To lips, in awful music making known
 The stormy splendours of some prophet's mind.
 'Christ is arisen !'—by thee, to wake mankind,
 First from the sepulchre those words were brought !
 Thou wert to send the mighty rushing wind
 First on its way, with those high tidings fraught—
 '*Christ is arisen !*'—Thou, *thou*, the sin-enthral'd,
 Earth's outcast, Heaven's own ransom'd one, wert call'd
 In human hearts to give that rapture birth :
 Oh ! raised from shame to brightness !—*there* doth lie
 The tenderest meaning of *His* ministry,
 Whose undespairing love still own'd the spirit's worth.

THE TWO MONUMENTS¹

Oh! bless'd are they who live and die
like him,

Loved with such love, and with such
sorrow mourn'd!—WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on
high

In a dim cathedral's nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd,
As on his battle-bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd, 10
And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy
pile

With the glory of his wing,
An eagle sat;—yet seem'd the while
Panting through heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
There by the sculptor bound; 18
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was *that* which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues; but *one* rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose
name

Was a trumpet note in war, 30
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown,
From the colour'd light, one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisel'd
there,

Mourning for parted worth;
But the very heart of love and prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had
been 41

As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain-source:

Whose young pure memory, lying
deep

'Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the homes where poor men
sleep,²

A soft light meek and still:

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd
Unto Music's land away, 50

Had won for God the earth's en-
thrall'd,
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet en-
roll'd

In no high song of fame,
The pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to heaven his name.

To heaven and to the peasant's
hearth,

A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found! 60

Bright and more bright before me
gleam'd

That sainted image still;
Till one sweet moonlight memory
seem'd

The regal fane to fill.

Oh! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies nigh!
How my full heart within me burn'd
Like *Him* to live and die!

¹ Suggested by a passage in Captain SHERER's *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany*.

² Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.—WORDSWORTH.

THE COTTAGE GIRL

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at play,
Her fair face laughing at the sunny day;
A gush of waters tremulously bright,
Kindling the air to gladness with their light;
And a soft gloom beyond, of summer trees,
Darkening the turf, and shadow'd o'er by these,
A low, dim, woodland cottage—this was all!
What had the scene for memory to recall
With a fond look of love! What secret spell
With the heart's pictures made its image dwell?

10

What but the spirit of the joyous child,
That freshly forth o'er stream and verdure smiled,
Casting upon the common things of earth
A brightness, born and gone with infant mirth!

THE BATTLE-FIELD

I LOOK'D on the field where the battle was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their glancing array;
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
Through the dun-rolling clouds that o'ershadow'd the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,
As the ears of the harvest unnumber'd they stood,
I heard the stern shout as the foemen drew near,
Like the storm that lays low the proud pines of the wood.

Afar, the harsh notes of the war-drum were roll'd,
Uprousing the wolf from the depth of his lair;
On high to the gust stream'd the banner's red fold,
O'er the death-close of hate, and the scowl of despair.

10

I look'd on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheath'd and the tempest had past;
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sigh'd in the low wailing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of repose,
And bright shone the stars through the sky's deepen'd blue;
And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose,
Where the foxglove lay gemm'd with its pearl-drops of dew.

20

But where swept the ranks of that dark frowning host,
As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed!
Where now were the thunders of victory's boast—
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed?

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering stone,
To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride ;
One grass-cover'd mound told the traveller alone
Where thousands lay down in their anguish, and died !

Oh, glory ! behold thy famed guerdon's extent :
For this, toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot ; 30
A name like the mist, when the night-beams are spent—
A grave with its tenants unwept and forgot !

A PENITENT'S RETURN

Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?
Ah ! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
Though calm and gentle as the brooding
 dove,
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
Guards, powerful as the sword of
 cherubim,
The hallow'd porch. She hath a
 heavenly smile,
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
And wins him o'er to virtue.

WILSON.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet
 around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm
 profound,
Broods, never mark'd before !

Is it the brooding night,
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil
 and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight ?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd, and darken'd in each
 time-worn hue, 10
Since the rich clustering roses met
 my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my
 sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not
 that it cast
So far and dark a shade !

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree ! My father's
 place was there
At evening hours, while soft winds
 waved his hair ! 19
Now those grey locks are gone !

My soul grows faint with fear !
Even as if angel steps had mark'd
 the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice
 of God
Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful ?
 Faithless hearted !
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath
 departed
The inborn gladd'ning light !

No outward thing is changed ;
Only the joy of purity is fled, 30
And, long from nature's melodies
 estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with
 dread.

Therefore the calm abode,
By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with
 shade ;
And therefore, in the leaves, the
 voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid !

A PENITENT'S RETURN

The night-flowers round that door
Still breathe pure fragrance on the
untainted air ;

Thou, thou alone art worthy now no
more

To pass, and rest thee there. 40

And must I turn away ?—

Hark, hark !—it is my mother's
voice I hear—

Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft
and clear—

Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the sound !
Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep,
the mild—

Mother, my mother ! Now receive
thy child,

Take back the lost and found !

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live ;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her
shroud ;

And, would we aught behold of higher
worth

Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,

Enveloping the earth ;
And from the soul itself must there be
sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its own
birth,

Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

GREEN spot of holy ground !

If thou couldst yet be found,
Far in deep woods, with all thy
starry flowers ;

If not one sullied breath
Of time, or change, or death,
Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy
bowers ;

Might our tired pilgrim-feet,
Worn by the desert's heat,
On the bright freshness of thy turf
repose ?

Might our eyes wander there 10
Through heaven's transparent air,
And rest on colours of the immortal
rose ?

Say, would thy balmy skies
And fountain-melodies
Our heritage of lost delight restore ?
Could thy soft honey-dews
Through all our veins diffuse
The early, child-like, trustful sleep
once more ?

And might we, in the shade
By the tall cedars made, 20
With angel voices high communion
hold ?

Would their sweet solemn tone
Give back the music gone,
Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of old ?

Oh ! no—thy sunny hours
Might come with blossom showers,
All thy young leaves to spirit lyres
might thrill ;

But *we*—should we not bring
Into thy realms of spring
The shadows of our souls to haunt us
still ? 30

What could *thy* flowers and airs
Do for our earth-born cares ?
Would the world's chain melt off and
leave us free ?

No !—past each living stream,
Still would some fever dream
Track the lorn wand'ers, meet no
more for thee !

Should we not shrink with fear,
If angel steps were near,
Feeling our burden'd souls within us
die ? 39

How might our passions brook
The still and searching look,
The starlike glance of seraph purity ?
Thy golden-fruited grove
Was not for pining love ;
Vain sadness would but dim thy
crystal skies !

Oh ! *Thou* wert but a part
Of what man's exiled heart
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn*
Paradise

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE

LET US DEPART

[It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, 'Let us depart hence.']

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around,

The tents that rose by thousands,
In the moonlight glimmering pale ;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still, 10
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watch'd his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
'Let us depart !'

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the
comet sword 20
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing
high,
Though every sign was full which
told

Of the bloody vintage nigh ;
Though the wild red spears and
arrows

Of many a meteor host
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost ;

And that fearful sound was heard 30
In the Temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
'Let us depart !'

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night ;
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer 41
Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace gates
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard
At the Temple's thrilling heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
'Let us depart !' 51

ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ

By the dark stillness brooding in the
sky,
Holiest of sufferers ! round thy
path of woe,
And by the weight of mortal agony
Laid on thy drooping form and
pale meek brow,
My heart was awed : the burden of
thy pain
Sank on me with a mystery and a
chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue
shed
Forth from thy robe of old, so fell
a ray
Of victory from thy mien ! and
round thy head
The halo, melting spirit-like away,
Seem'd of the very soul's bright
rising born, 11
To glorify all sorrow, shame, and
scorn.

And upwards, through transparent
darkness gleaming,
Gazed in mute reverence, woman's
earnest eye,

Lit, as a vase whence inward light is
streaming,
With quenchless faith, and deep
love's fervency ;
Gathering, like incense, round some
dim-veil'd shrine,
About the form so mournfully
divine !
Oh ! let Thine image, as e'en then
it rose,
Live in my soul for ever, calm and
clear, 20
Making itself a temple of repose,
Beyond the breath of human hope
or fear !
A holy place, where through all
storms may lie
One living beam of dayspring from
on high

COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT

Could we but keep our spirits to that
height,
We might be happy ; but this clay will
sink
Its spark immortal.—BYRON.

RETURN, my thoughts, come home !
Ye wild and wing'd ! what do ye
o'er the deep ?
And wherefore thus the abyss of time
o'ersweep,
As birds the ocean foam ?
Swifter than shooting star,
Swifter than lances of the northern
light,
Upspringing through the purple
heaven of night,
Hath been your course afar !
Through the bright battle-clime,
Where laurel boughs make dim the
Grecian streams, 20
And reeds are whispering of heroic
themes,
By temples of old time :
Through the north's ancient halls,
Where banners thrill'd of yore—
where harp-strings rung ;
But grass waves now o'er those that
fought and sung—
Hearth-light hath left their walls !

Through forests old and dim,
Where o'er the leaves dread magic
seems to brood ;
And sometimes on the haunted
solitude
Rises the pilgrim's hymn : 20
Or where some fountain lies,
With lotus-cups through orient spice-
woods gleaming !
There have ye been, ye wanderers !
idly dreaming
Of man's lost paradise !

Return, my thoughts, return !
Cares wait your presence in life's
daily track,
And voices, not of music, call you
back—
Harsh voices, cold and stern !

Oh ! no, return ye not !
Still farther, loftier, let your soarings
be ! 30
Go, bring me strength from journey-
ings bright and free,
O'er many a haunted spot.

Go, seek the martyr's grave,
'Midst the old mountains, and the
deserts vast ;
Or, through the ruin'd cities of the
past,
Follow the wise and brave !

Go, visit cell and shrine !
Where woman hath endured !—
through wrong, through scorn,
Uncheer'd by fame, yet silently up-
borne
By promptings more divine ! 40

Go, shoot the gulf of death !
Track the pure spirit where no chain
can bind,
Where the heart's boundless love its
rest may find,
Where the storm sends no breath !

Higher, and yet more high !
Shake off the cumbering chain which
earth would lay
On your victorious wings—mount,
mount !—Your way
Is through eternity !

SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL

I—THE SACRED HARP

How shall the harp of poesy regain
 That old victorious tone of prophet-years,
 A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,
 And all the hovering shadows of the brain ?
 Dark evil wings took flight before the strain,
 And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,
 Sank on the soul. Oh ! who may now recall
 The mighty music's consecrated reign ?
 Spirit of God ! whose glory once o'erhung
 A throne, the ark's dread cherubim between,
 So let thy presence brood, though now unseen,
 O'er those two powers by whom the harp is strung,
 Feeling and Thought ! till the rekindled chords
 Give the long-buried tone back to immortal words.

II—TO A FAMILY BIBLE

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
 Cling reverently ?—of anxious looks beguiled
 My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
 Each day were bent—her accents, gravely mild,
 Breathed out thy lore : whilst I, a dreamy child,
 Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,
 To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
 Some fresh discover'd nook for woodland play,
 Some secret nest : yet would the solemn Word,
 At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
 Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
 A seed not lost ;—for which, in darker years,
 O Book of Heaven ! I pour, with grateful tears,
 Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee !

III—REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY

FROM AN OLD ITALIAN PICTURE

UNDER a palm-tree, by the green old Nile,
 Lull'd on his mother's breast, the fair child lies,
 With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile,
 Brooding above the slumber of his eyes.
 While, through the stillness of the burning skies,
 Lo ! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
 Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
 Regal and still as everlasting things !—
 Vain pomps ! from him, with that pure flowery cheek,
 Soft shadow'd by his mother's drooping head,
 A new-born spirit, mighty, and yet meek,
 O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread !
 And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown,
 Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

IV—PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS

ALL the bright hues from eastern garlands glowing,
 Round the young child luxuriantly are spread ;
 Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings, bestowing
 In adoration, o'er his cradle shed.
 Roses, deep-filled with rich midsummer's red,
 Circle his hands ; but, in his grave sweet eye,
 Thought seems e'en now to wake, and prophecy
 Of ruder coronals for that meek head.
 And thus it was ! a diadem of thorn
 Earth gave to Him who mantled her with flowers, 10
 To Him who pour'd forth blessings in soft showers
 O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn !
 And *we* repine, for whom that cup He took,
 O'er blooms that mock'd our hope, o'er idols that forsook !

V—ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST

AN ECCE HOMO, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

I MET that image on a mirthful day
 Of youth ; and, sinking with a still'd surprise,
 The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
 In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
 Abash'd to mute confession of a sway,
 Awful, though meek ; and now, that from the strings
 Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty wings
 Have struck forth tones which then awaken'd lay ;
 Now, that around the deep life of my mind,
 Affections, deathless as itself, have twined, 10
 Oft does the pale bright vision still float by ;
 But more divinely sweet, and speaking *now*
 Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
 Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, humanity !

VI—THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLESSED

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose sight
 Ye grew, fair children ! hallow'd from that hour
 By your Lord's blessing ! surely thence a shower
 Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
 Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,
 Through all the after years, which saw ye move
 Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
 The conscious glory of the Saviour's love !
 And honour'd be all childhood, for the sake
 Of that high love ! Let reverential care 10
 Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
 And shield its first bloom from unholy air ;
 Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the sign
 Of claims upon a heritage divine.

SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL

VII—MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES

He went up to a mountain apart to pray.
A CHILD 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest
On high. The spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
Though then I pray'd not ; but deep thoughts have press'd
Into my being since it breathed that air,
Nor could I *now* one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of prayer
O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise
Like them in pure communion with the skies, 10
Vast, silent, open unto night and day ;
So might the o'erburden'd Son of Man have felt,
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

VIII—THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

'Consider the lilies of the field.'
FLOWERS ! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky—
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd, 10
And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies ! chosen thus and graced !

IX—THE BIRDS OF THE AIR

'And behold the birds of the air.'
YE too, the free and fearless Birds of air,
Were charged that hour, on missionary wing,
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,
Heaven-guided wanderers, with the winds of spring.
Sing on, before the storm and after, sing !
And call us to your echoing woods away
From worldly cares ; and bid our spirits bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
So may those blessed vernal strains renew
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true 10
E'en than the first, within the awaken'd mind ;
While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,
That knows no doubts, no questionings, no strife,
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resign'd.

X—THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON

'And he that was dead sat up and began to speak.'

He that was dead rose up and spoke—He spoke !

Was it of that majestic world unknown ?
Those words, which first the bier's dread silence broke
Came they with revelation in each tone ?

Were the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For man uncurtain'd by that spirit lone,
Back from their portal summon'd o'er the deep ?

Be hush'd, my soul ! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn : thy Lord call'd back the voice departed, 10
To spread his truth, to comfort his weak-hearted,
Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.

Oh ! take that lesson home in silent faith,
Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question*, death !

XI—THE OLIVE-TREE

THE Palm—the Vine—the Cedar—each hath power
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the Laurel bower
Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.

But thou, pale Olive !—in *thy* branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet grove of old
Might e'er enshrine :—I could not hear the sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene 10
When, in the garden, the Redeemer pray'd—
When pale stars look'd upon his fainting head,
And angels, minist'ring in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within *thy* trembling shade.

XII—THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION

On Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung,
Felt shudderingly at noon :—the land had driven
A Guest divine back to the gates of heaven,
A life, whence all pure founts of healing sprung,
All grace, all truth :—and, when to anguish wrung,
From the sharp cross the enlightening spirit fled,
O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread
By the great shadow of that death was flung.

O Saviour ! O Atoner ! thou that fain
Wouldst make thy temple in each human heart, 10
Leave not such darkness in my soul to reign,
Ne'er may thy presence from its depths depart,
Chased thence by guilt ! Oh ! turn not *thou* away,
The bright and morning star, my guide to perfect day !

XIII—PLACES OF WORSHIP

'God is a spirit.'

SPIRIT ! whose life-sustaining presence fills
Air, ocean, central depths by man untried,
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time ! The silence of the hills
Breathes veneration :—founts and choral rills
Of thee are murmuring :—to its inmost glade
The living forest with thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness on every shade.
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,
Hear naught but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heavenward.—Ne'er may rock or cave possess
Their claim on human hearts to solemn tenderness.

XIV—OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK ¹

CROWNING a flowery slope it stood alone
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,
Caressingly, about the holy ground ;
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seem'd, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam
Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the stream,
O'er all the ancestral woodlands to be thrown,
And something yet more deep. The air was fraught
With noble memories, whispering many a thought
Of England's fathers ; loftily serene,
They that had toil'd, watch'd, struggled, to secure,
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
Reign'd there, the o'ershadowing spirits of the scene.

XV—A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES ²

BLESSINGS be round it still ! that gleaming fane,
Low in its mountain-glen ! old mossy trees
Mellow the sunshine through the untinted pane,
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,
There meets the voice of psalms !—yet not alone,
For memories lulling to the heart as these,
I bless thee, 'midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer !
But for *their* sakes who unto thee repair
From the hill-cabins and the ocean-shore.
Oh ! may the fisher and the mountaineer,
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,
Within thy lowly walls for evermore !

Fawsley Park, near Daventry.

² That of Aber, near Bangor.

XVI—LOUISE SCHEPLER

[Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter addressed by him to his children for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.]

A FEARLESS journeyer o'er the mountain snow
Wert thou, Louise ! the sun's decaying light,
Oft, with its latest melancholy glow,
Redden'd thy steep wild way : the starry night
Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,
Piercing some dark ravine : and many a dell
Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses well,
Thy gentle presence, which hath made them bright
Oft in mid-storms ; oh ! not with beauty's eye,
Nor the proud glance of genius keenly burning ;
No ! pilgrim of unwearying charity !
Thy spell was *love*—the mountain deserts turning
To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice
When the glad human soul lifts a thanksgiving voice !

XVII—TO THE SAME

FOR thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,
Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,
Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,
A wild neglected flock ! to seek, and find,
And meekly win ! there feeding each young mind
With balms of heavenly eloquence : not *thine*,
Daughter of Christ ! but His, whose love divine
Its own clear spirit in thy breast had shrined,
A burning light ! Oh ! beautiful, in truth,
Upon the mountains are the feet of those
Who bear his tidings ! From thy morn of youth,
For this were all thy journeyings, and the close
Of that long path, Heaven's own bright sabbath-rest,
Must wait thee, wanderer ! on thy Saviour's breast.

THE WATER-LILY

'The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.'—
Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately
river-queen!

Crowning the depths, as with the
light serene

Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!

Rising in fearless grace with every
swell,

Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly
brave

Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head

Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure

spread
The waters be. 11

What is like thee, fair flower,

The gentle and the firm? thus
bearing up

To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! love is most like thee,
The love of woman! quivering to
the blast

Through every nerve, yet rooted
deep and fast

'Midst life's dark sea. 20

And faith—O, is not faith

Like thee, too, lily, springing into
light,

Still buoyantly, above the billows'
might,

Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high
thought

Flower, let thine image in my
bosom lie!

Till something there of its own
purity

And peace be wrought:

Something yet more divine

Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre
shed 30

Forth from thy breast upon the
river's bed,

As from a shrine.

RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF 1834

[These Sonnets, written in the months of April, May, and June, were intended, together with the Records of the Autumn of 1834, to form a continuation of the series, entitled 'Sonnets, Devotional and Memorial'.]

I—A VERNAL THOUGHT

O FESTAL Spring! 'midst thy victorious glow,
Far-spreading o'er the kindled woods and plains,
And streams, that bound to meet thee from their chains,
Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe
For human hearts, and in the exulting flow
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,
Were we of mould all earthly; *we* alone,
Sever'd from thy great spell, and doom'd to go
Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,
Never to feel the breathings of our prime,
Never to flower again!—But we, O Spring!
Cheer'd by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,
As here thy flowers and birds press on to bloom and sing.

II—TO THE SKY

FAR from the rustlings of the poplar bough,
 Which o'er my opening life wild music made,
 Far from the green hills with their heathery glow
 And flashing streams whereby my childhood play'd ;
 In the dim city, 'midst the sounding flow
 Of restless life, to thee in love I turn
 O thou rich sky ! and from thy splendours learn
 How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.
 With thee all shapes of glory find their home,
 And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome !
 By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove
 Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
 That Nature's God hath left no spot unblest'd
 With founts of beauty for the eye of love

10

III—ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS

Written after reading *Memorials of the late Mrs. Tighe*.

Oh ! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those,
 Who, richly dower'd for life, are called to die,
 Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won repose
 In truth's divinest ether, still and high !
 Let their mind's riches claim a trustful sigh !
 Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,
 First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
 By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
 Of many inspirations met, and held
 From its true sphere :—Oh ! soon it might have swell'd
 Majestically forth !—Nor doubt, that He,
 Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve
 Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
 Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free !

10

IV—ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKYLARK

UPWARD and upward still !—in pearly light
 The clouds are steep'd ; the vernal spirit sighs
 With bliss in every wind, and crystal skies
 Woo thee, O bird ! to thy celestial height ;
 Bird piercing Heaven with music ! thy free flight
 Hath meaning for all bosoms ; most of all
 For those wherein the rapture and the might
 Of poesy lie deep, and strive, and burn,
 For their high place : O heirs of genius ! learn
 From the sky's bird your way !—No joy may fill
 Your hearts, no gift of holy strength be won
 To bless your songs, ye children of the sun !
 Save by the unswerving flight—upward and upward still !

10

V—A THOUGHT OF THE SEA

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound,
 Thy solemn shores, thou ever-chanting main !
 The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound
 In my lone being, made thy restless plain
 As the vast shining floor of some dread fane,
 All paved with glass and fire. Yet, O blue deep !
 Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,
 Never to thee did love with silvery chain
 Draw my soul's dream, which through all nature sought
 What waves deny ;—some bower of *steadfast* bliss, 10
 A *home* to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,
 As with sweet flowers :—but chasten'd hope for this
 Now turns from earth's green valleys, as from thee,
 To that sole changeless world, where ' there is no more sea '.

VI—DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING

YET, rolling far up some green mountain dale,
 Oft let me hear, as ofttimes I have heard,
 Thy swell, thou deep ! when evening calls the bird
 And bee to rest ; when summer tints grow pale,
 Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil,
 And peasant steps are hastening to repose,
 And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups close
 To the last whisper of the falling gale.
 Then, 'midst the dying of all other sound,
 When the soul hears thy distant voice profound, 10
 Lone-worshipping, and knows that through the night
 'Twill worship still, then most its anthem tone
 Speaks to our being of the Eternal One,
 Who girds tired nature with unslumbering might.

VII—THE RIVER CLWYD IN NORTH WALES

O CAMBRIAN river, with slow music gliding
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruin'd towers ;
 Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers ;
 Long flow'd the current of my life's clear hours
 Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
 Though time and change, and other mightier powers,
 Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream !
 Art winding still thy sunny meads along.
 Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy song,
 Low, sweet, unchanged. *My* being's tide hath pass'd 10
 Through rocks and storms ; yet will I not complain,
 If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
 Brightly its waves may reach their parent-deep at last.

VIII—ORCHARD BLOSSOMS

DOTTH thy heart stir within thee at the sight
 Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough ?
 Doth their sweet household smile waft back the glow
 Of childhood's morn ?—the wondering fresh delight
 In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright,
 A joy of fairyland ?—Doth some old nook,
 Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streak'd blossoms white,
 Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
 And the bee's dreamy chime ?—O gentle friend !
 The world's cold breath, not *Time's*, this life bereaves
 Of vernal gifts—Time hallows what he leaves,
 And will for us endear spring-memories to the end.

10

May 8th.

IX—TO A DISTANT SCENE

STILL are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
 O far-off grassy dell ?—and dost thou see,
 When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
 The star-gleam of the wood anemone ?
 Doth the shy ring-dove haunt thee yet—the bee
 Hang on thy flowers as when I breathed farewell
 To their wild blooms ? and round my beechen tree
 Still, in green softness, doth the moss-bank swell ?
 —Oh ! strange illusion by the fond heart wrought,
 Whose own warm life suffuses nature's face !
 —*My* being's tide of many-coloured thought
 Hath pass'd from thee, and now, rich, leafy place !
 I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a scene,
 Silent, forsaken, dim, shadow'd by what hath been.

10

X—A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE

O VALE and lake, within your mountain-urn
 Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep !
 Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
 Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
 With light Elysian ; for the hues that steep
 Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
 On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
 Isles of the blest ; and in our memory keep
 Their place with holiest harmonies : fair scene,
 Most loved by evening and her dewy star !
 Oh ! ne'er may man, with touch unhallow'd, jar
 The perfect music of thy charm serene !
 Still, still unchanged, may *one* sweet region wear
 Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and prayer.

10

XI—THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES

TREES, gracious trees ! how rich a gift ye are,
 Crown of the earth ! to human hearts and eyes !
 How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
 Link'd with your forms and kindly whisperings rise !
 How the whole picture of a childhood lies
 Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep !
 Till gazing through them up the summer skies
 As hush'd we stand, a breeze perchance may creep
 And old sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world
 Where meiny coils—and lo ! at once unfurld 10
 The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight,
 Spreads clear ! while gushing from their long-seal'd urn
 Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting prayers return,
 And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

XII—THE SAME

AND ye are strong to shelter !—all meek things,
 All that need home and covert, love your shade !
 Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,
 And nun-like violets, by the wind betray'd.
 Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath play'd
 With his first primrose-wealth : there love hath sought
 A veiling gloom for his unutter'd thought ;
 And silent grief, of day's keen glare afraid,
 A refuge for her tears ; and ofttimes there
 Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer, 10
 A native temple, solemn, hush'd, and dim ;
 For wheresoe'er your murm'ring tremors thrill
 The woody twilight, there man's heart hath still
 Confess'd a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless hymn.

XIII—ON READING 'PAUL AND VIRGINIA' IN CHILDHOOD

O GENTLE story of the Indian isle !
 I loved thee in my lonely childhood well
 On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile
 Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
 And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
 Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms
 And strange bright birds, my fancy joy'd to dwell,
 And watch the southern cross through midnight calms,
 And track the spicy woods. Yet more I bless'd
 Thy vision of sweet love ; kind, trustful, true, 10
 Lighting the citron groves—a heavenly guest,
 With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
 Even then my young heart wept o'er the world's power,
 To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower.

XIV—A THOUGHT AT SUNSET

STILL that last look is solemn ! though thy rays,
 O sun ! to-morrow will give back, we know,
 The joy of nature's heart. Yet through the glow
 Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze
 Tracks thee with love half fearful ; and in days
 When earth too much adored thee, what a swell
 Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,
 Told how the dying bade thy light farewell,
 O sun of Greece ! O glorious, festal sun !
 Lost, lost !—for them thy golden hours were done,
 And darkness lay before them ! Happier far
 Are we, not thus to thy bright wheels enchain'd,
 Not thus for thy last parting unsustain'd,
 Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting star.

XV—IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE

CALM scenes of patriarch life !—how long a power
 Your unworn pastoral images retain
 O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's hour
 Drank their pure freshness deep ! The camels' train
 Winding in patience o'er the desert plain—
 The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,
 The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock,
 Oh ! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
 And in the influence of its touch how bless'd,
 Are these things link'd, in many a thoughtful breast,
 To household memories, for all change endear'd !
 The matin bird, the ripple of a stream
 Beside our native porch—the hearth-light's gleam
 The voices, earliest by the soul revered !

XVI—ATTRACTION OF THE EAST

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns
 Unto the golden east with ceaseless flow ?
 Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
 The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow ;
 Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint, and slow,
 Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind
 Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
 Where pass'd the shepherd fathers of mankind.
 Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
 Still points to where our alienated home
 Lay in bright peace ? O thou true eastern star
 Saviour ! atoning Lord ! where'er we roam,
 Draw still our hearts to Thee ; else, else how vain
 Their hope, the fair lost birthright to regain !

XVII—TO AN AGED FRIEND ¹

NOT long thy voice amongst us may be heard,
 Servant of God !—thy day is almost done ;
 The charm now lingering in thy look and word
 Is that which hangs about thy setting sun,
 That which the spirit of decay hath won
 Still from revering love. Yet doth the sense
 Of life immortal—progress but begun—
 Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,
 That hope, not sadness, breathes from thy decline ;
 And the loved flowers which round thee smile farewell, 10
 Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,
 By thy pure spirit touch'd with light divine ;
 While we, to whom its parting gleams are given,
 Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of heaven.

XVIII—FOLIAGE

COME forth, and let us through our hearts receive
 The joy of verdure !—see, the honied lime
 Showers cool green light o'er banks where wild-flowers weave
 Thick tapestry ; and woodbine tendrils climb
 Up the brown oak from buds of moss and thyme.
 The rich deep masses of the sycamore
 Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime,
 And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,
 Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with each gale
 That sweeps the boughs :—the chestnut flowers are past, 10
 The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,
 But arches of sweet eglantine are cast
 From every hedge :—Oh ! never may we lose,
 Dear friend ! our fresh delight in simplest nature's hues !

June 2nd.

XIX—A PRAYER

FATHER in Heaven ! from whom the simplest flower
 On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,
 Draws not sweet odour or young life alone,
 But the deep virtue of an inborn power
 To cheer the wanderer in his fainting hour,
 With thoughts of Thee ; to strengthen, to infuse
 Faith, love, and courage, by the tender hues
 That speak Thy presence ; oh ! with such a dower
 Grace Thou my song !—the precious gift bestow
 From Thy pure Spirit's treasury divine, 10
 To wake one tear of purifying flow,
 To soften one wrung heart for Thee and thine ;
 So shall the life breathed through the lowly strain,
 Be as the meek wild-flower's—if transient, yet not vain.

¹ The late Dr. Percival of Dublin.

XX—PRAYER CONTINUED

What in me is dark
 Illumine ; what is low raise and support.—MILTON.

FAR are the wings of intellect astray,
 That strive not, Father ! to Thy heavenly seat ;
 They rove, but mount not ; and the tempests beat
 Still on their plumes :—O Source of mental day !
 Chase from before my spirit's track the array
 Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care
 In troubled hosts that cross the purer air,
 And veil the opening of the starry way,
 Which brightens on to Thee !—Oh ! guide Thou right
 My thought's weak pinion, clear mine inward sight,
 The eternal springs of beauty to discern,
 Welling beside Thy throne ; unseal mine ear,
 Nature's true oracles in joy to hear :
 Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and to learn.

10

XXI—MEMORIAL OF A CONVERSATION

YES ! all things tell us of a birthright lost,
 A brightness from our nature pass'd away !
 Wanderers we seem, that from an alien coast
 Would turn to where their Father's mansion lay,
 And but by some lone flower, that 'midst decay
 Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured stone,
 Revealing dimly, with grey moss o'ergrown,
 The faint-worn impress of its glory's day,
 Can trace their once-free heritage ; though dreams
 Fraught with its picture, oft in startling gleams
 Flash o'er their souls.—But One, oh ! *One* alone,
 For us the ruin'd fabric may rebuild,
 And bid the wilderness again be fill'd,
 With Eden-flowers—One, mighty to atone !

10

June 27th.

RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834

I—THE RETURN TO POETRY

ONCE more the eternal melodies from far,
 Woo me like songs of home : once more discerning
 Through fitful clouds the pure majestic star,
 Above the poet's world serenely burning,
 Thither my soul, fresh-wing'd by love, is turning,
 As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her nest,
 For those green heights of dewy stillness yearning,
 Whence glorious minds o'erlook this earth's unrest.
 —Now be the spirit of Heaven's truth my guide
 Through the bright land !—that no brief gladness, found 10
 In passing bloom, rich odour, or sweet sound,
 May lure my footsteps from their aim aside :
 Their true, high quest—to seek, if ne'er to gain,
 The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

September 9th.

II—TO SILVIO PELLICO, ON READING HIS 'PRIGIONE

THERE are who climb the mountain's heathery side,
 Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant, urge
 The bark's fleet rushing through the crested surge,
 Or spur the courser's fiery race of pride
 Over the green savannas, gleaming wide
 By some vast lake ; yet thus, on foaming sea,
 Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free,
 Than *thou*, in that lone dungeon, glorified
 By thy brave suffering.—Thou from its dark cell
 Pierce thought and baleful passion didst exclude, 10
 Filling the dedicated solitude
 With God ; and where *His* Spirit deigns to dwell,
 Though the worn frame in fetters withering lie,
 There throned in *peace* divine is liberty !

III—TO THE SAME, RELEASED

How flows thy being now ?—like some glad hymn,
 One strain of solemn rapture ?—doth thine eye
 Wander through tears of voiceless feeling dim,
 O'er the crown'd Alps, that, 'midst the upper sky,
 Sleep in the sunlight of thine Italy ?
 Or is thy gaze of reverent love profound,
 Unto these dear parental faces bound,
 Which, with their silvery hair, so oft glanced by,

Haunting thy prison-dreams ?—Where'er thou art,
 Blessings be shed upon thine inmost heart,
 Joy, from kind looks, blue skies, and flowery sod,
 For that pure voice of thoughtful wisdom sent
 Forth from thy cell, in sweetness eloquent,
 Of love to man, and quenchless trust in God !

10

IV—ON A SCENE IN THE DARGLE ¹

'Twas a bright moment of my life when first,
 O thou pure stream through rocky portals flowing !
 That temple-chamber of thy glory burst
 On my glad sight !—thy pebbly couch lay glowing
 With deep mosaic hues ; and, richly throwing
 O'er thy cliff-walls a tinge of autumn's vest,
 High bloom'd the heath-flowers, and the wild wood's crest
 Was touch'd with gold.—Flow ever thus, bestowing
 Gifts of delight, sweet stream ! on all who move
 Gently along thy shores ; and oh ! if love,
 —True love, in secret nursed, with sorrow fraught—
 Should sometimes bear his treasured griefs to thee,
 Then full of kindness let thy music be,
 Singing repose to every troubled thought !

10

V—ON READING COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Stop, Christian passer-by ! stop, child of God !
 And read with gentle breast ;—Beneath this sod
 A Poet lies, or that which once seem'd he ;
 Oh ! lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C. !
 That He, who once in vain, with toil of breath,
 Found death in life, may here find life in death !
 Mercy, for praise ; to be forgiven, for Fame,
 He ask'd and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same !

SPIRIT ! so oft in radiant freedom soaring,
 High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,
 And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,
 Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring ;
 And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,
 As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,
 Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
 Awhile that freshness left in Paradise ;
 Say, of those glorious wanderings what the goal ?
 What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul
 From wealth of thine bequeathed ? O strong and high,
 And sceptred intellect ! thy goal confess'd
 Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last bequest
 One lesson breathing thence profound humility !

10

¹ A beautiful valley in the county of Wicklow.

VI—ON THE DATURA ARBOREA

MAJESTIC plant ! such fairy dreams as lie
 Nursed, where the bee sucks in the cowslip's bell,
 Are not *thy* train :—those flowers of vase-like swell
 Clear, large, with dewy moonlight fill'd from high,
 And in their monumental purity
 Serenely drooping, round thee seem to draw
 Visions link'd strangely with that silent awe
 Which broods o'er Sculpture's works.—A meet ally
 For those heroic forms, the simply grand
 Art thou : and worthy, carved by plastic hand,
 Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine
 In spotless marble ; honouring one, whose strain
 Soar'd upon wings of thought that knew no stain
 Free through the starry heavens of truth divine.

10

VII—DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE

THEY float before my soul, the fair designs
 Which I would body forth to Life and Power,
 Like clouds, that with their wavering hues and lines
 Portray majestic buildings :—Dome and tower,
 Bright spire, that through the rainbow and the shower
 Points to the unchanging stars ; and high arcade
 Far-sweeping to some glorious altar, made
 For holiest rites :—meanwhile the waning hour
 Melts from me, and by fervent dreams o'erwrought,
 I sink :—O friend ! O link'd with each high thought
 Aid me, of those rich visions to detain
 All I may grasp ; until thou seest fulfill'd,
 While time and strength allow, my hope to build
 For lowly hearts devout, but *one* enduring fane !

10

October 18.

VIII—HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE

If e'er again my spirit be allow'd
 Converse with Nature in her chambers deep,
 Where lone, and mantled with the rolling cloud,
 She broods o'er new-born waters, as they leap
 In sword-like flashes down the heathery steep
 From caves of mystery ;—if I roam once more
 Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's roar,
 And voiceful oaks respond !—shall I not reap
 A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,
 Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal hour,
 From such communion ?—yes ! I then shall know,
 That not in vain have sorrow, love, and thought,
 Their long still work of preparation wrought,
 For that more perfect sense of God reveal'd below.

10

IX—DREAMS OF THE DEAD

Off in still night-dreams a departed face
 Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye,
 Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,
 But all the tender pity that may lie
 On the clear brow of Immortality,
 Calm, yet profound. Soft rays illumine that mien,
 The unshadow'd moonlight of some far-off sky
 Around it floats transparently serene
 As a pure veil of waters. O rich sleep !
 Thou hast strong spirits in thy regions deep, 10
 Which glorify with reconciling breath,
 Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine
 Beauty's high truth, and how much more divine
 Thy power when link'd in this, with thy stern brother—Death !

X—THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS

NOBLY thy song, O minstrel ! rush'd to meet
 The Eternal on the pathway of the blast,
 With darkness round him, as a mantle, cast,
 And cherubim to waft his flying seat ;
 Amidst the hills that smoked beneath his feet,
 With trumpet-voice thy spirit call'd aloud,
 And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,
 And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud.
 But far more gloriously to earth made known 10
 By that high strain than by the thunder's tone,
 The flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll,
 Jehovah spake, through the imbreathing fire,
 Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire
 With the deep worship of a living soul.

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION ¹

Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele,
 Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto.—DANTE.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born
 Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain ;
 Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,
 A cloud-like weeping train ;
 Through the long day they dimm'd the autumn gold
 On all the glistening leaves ; and wildly roll'd,
 When the last farewell flush of light was glowing,
 Across the sunset sky ;
 O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing
 One melancholy dye. 10

¹ Partly composed during the Author's last illness.

And when the solemn Night
 Came rushing with her might
 Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,
 Then with each fitful blast
 Prophetic murmurs pass'd,
 Wakening or answering some deep Sybil tone,
 Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise
 With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.

'Fold, fold thy wings,' they cried, 'and strive no more,
 Faint spirit, strive no more!—for thee too strong 20
 Are outward ill and wrong,
 And inward wasting fires!—Thou canst not soar
 Free on a starry way
 Beyond their blighting sway,
 At Heaven's high gate serenely to adore!
 How shouldst *thou* hope Earth's fetters to unbind?
 O passionate, yet weak! O trembler to the wind!

'Never shall aught but broken music flow
 From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful woe;
 Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh, 30
 From the reeds hollow shaken,
 When sudden breezes waken
 Their vague wild symphony
 No power is theirs, and no abiding-place
 In human hearts; their sweetness leaves no trace—
 Born only so to die!

'Never shall aught but perfume, faint and vain,
 On the fleet pinion of the changeable hour,
 From thy bruised life again
 A moment's essence breathe; 40
 Thy life, whose trampled flower
 Into the blessed wreath
 Of household charities no longer bound,
 Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

'So fade, fade on! thy gift of love shall cling,
 A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,
 A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
 All sensitive to pain!
 And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall
 O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall. 50
 Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,
 In cold and unrepining quietude!'

Then my soul yielded; spells of numbing breath
 Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death,
 Its powers, like leaves before the night rain, closing;
 And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves toss'd
 On the chill bosom of some desert coast,
 Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seem'd
 As if a soft mist gleam'd 60
 Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,
 To many a shape and hue
 Of vision'd beauty grew,
 Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.
 Oh ! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye
 Unrolling then swept by,
 With dreamy motion ! Silvery seas were there
 Lit by large dazzling stars, and arch'd by skies
 Of southern midnight's most transparent dyes,
 And gemm'd with many an island, wildly fair, 70
 Which floated past me into orient day,
 Still gathering lustre on the illumin'd way,
 Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees
 Colour'd the silvery seas.
 And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,
 Height above spiry height !
 A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
 All steep'd in golden light !
 While as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,
 I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings 80
 And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,
 From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand strings :
 Or as if waters forth to music leaping,
 From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,
 On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
 Link'd in majestic anthems ! while through all
 That billowy swell and fall,
 Voices, like ringing crystal, fill'd the air
 With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd
 My being's core ; then, moulding into word 90
 Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear
 In that great choral strain my trembling part
 Of tones, by love and faith struck from a human heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night !
 A happier oracle within my soul
 Hath swell'd to power ;—a clear unwavering light
 Mounts through the battling clouds that round me roll,
 And to a new control
 Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,
 Wherein my glad sense owns 100
 The accordant rush of elemental sound
 To one consummate harmony profound ;
 One grand Creation Hymn,
 Whose notes the seraphim
 Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,
 Faithful though faint ?—Shall not my spirit's fire,

If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
 Now to its fount and end ?
 Shall not my earthly love, all purified, 110
 Shine forth a heavenward guide ?
 An angel of bright power ?—and strongly bear
 My being upward into holier air,
 Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,
 And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God ?
 The radiant hope new-born
 Expands like rising morn
 In my life's life : and as a ripening rose,
 The crimson shadow of its glory throws
 More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream ; 120
 So from that hope are spreading
 Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,
 Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.
 Let not those rays fade from me—once enjoy'd,
 Father of spirits ! let them not depart !
 Leaving the chill'd earth, without form and void,
 Darken'd by mine own heart !
 Lift, aid, sustain me ! Thou, by whom alone
 All lovely gifts and pure
 In the soul's grasp endure ; 130
 Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
 All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore
 Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
 Oh, consecrate my life ! that I may sing
 Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring,
 In a full heart of music !—Let my lays
 Through the resounding mountains waft Thy praise,
 And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
 And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
 To the rich breeze of song ! Oh ! let me wake 140
 The deep religion, which hath dwelt from yore,
 Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
 And wildest river shore !
 And let me summon all the voices dwelling
 Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
 And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
 In that one spirit gather'd to adore !
 Forgive, O Father ! if presumptuous thought
 Too daringly in aspiration rise !
 Let not Thy child all vainly have been taught 150
 By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
 Of sad confession !—lowly be my heart,
 And on its penitential altar spread
 The offerings worthless, till Thy grace impart
 The fire from Heaven, whose touch alone can shed
 Life, radiance, virtue !—let that vital spark
 Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark !

Thine are all holy things—Oh, make *me* Thine,
 So shall I, too, be pure—a living shrine
 Unto that Spirit, which goes forth from Thee,
 Strong and divinely free,
 Bearing Thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
 And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing,
 Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
 Immortally endow'd for liberty and light.

160

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS

I—INTELLECTUAL POWERS

O THOUGHT ! O Memory ! gems for ever heaping
 High in the illumined chambers of the mind,
 And thou, divine Imagination ! keeping
 Thy lamp's lone star 'mid shadowy hosts enshrined ;
 How in one moment rent and disentwined,
 At Fever's fiery touch, apart they fall,
 Your glorious combinations !—broken all,
 As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind
 Scatter'd to whirling dust !—Oh, soon uncrown'd !
 Well may your parting swift, your strange return,
 Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,
 Guiding its chasten'd vision to discern
 How by meek Faith Heaven's portals must be pass'd
 Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

10

II—SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT

THOU art like Night, O Sickness ! deeply stilling
 Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
 With low sweet voices by Life's tumult drown'd,
 Thou art like awful Night !—thou gather'st round
 The things that are unseen—though close they lie,—
 And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
 Givest their dread presence to our mental eye.
 —Thou art like starry, spiritual Night !
 High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
 And revelations, which the common light
 Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
 All outward life :—Be welcome then thy rod,
 Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God.

10

III—ON RETZSCH'S DESIGN OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH¹

WELL might thine awful image thus arise
 With that high calm upon thy regal brow,
 And the deep, solemn sweetness in those eyes,
 Unto the glorious Artist!—Who but thou
 The fleeting forms of beauty can endow
 For Him with permanency?—who make those gleams
 Of brighter life, that colour his lone dreams,
 Immortal things?—Let others *trembling* bow,
 Angel of Death! before thee.—Not to those,
 Whose spirits with Eternal Truth repose, 10
 Art thou a fearful shape!—and oh! for *me*,
 How full of welcome would thine aspect shine,
 Did not the cords of strong affection twine
 So fast around my *soul*, it *cannot* spring to thee!

IV—REMEMBRANCE OF NATURE

O NATURE! thou didst rear me for thine own,
 With thy free singing-birds and mountain brooks;
 Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks,
 With fairy fantasies and wood-dreams lone;
 And thou didst teach me every wandering tone
 Drawn from thy many-whispering trees and waves,
 And guide my steps to founts and sparry caves,
 And where bright mosses wove thee a rich throne
 'Midst the green hills:—and now, that far estranged 10
 From all sweet sounds and odours of thy breath,
 Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged,
 So glows the love of thee, that not for Death
 Seems that pure passion's fervour—but ordain'd
 To meet on brighter shores thy Majesty unstain'd.

¹ This sonnet was suggested by the following passage out of Mrs. JAMESON'S *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, in a description she gives of a visit paid to the artist Retzsch, near Dresden: 'Afterwards he placed upon his easel a wondrous face, which made me shrink back—not with terror, for it was perfectly beautiful,—but with awe, for it was unspeakably fearful: the hair streamed back from the pale brow—the orbs of sight appeared at first two dark, hollow, unfathomable spaces, like those in a skull; but when I drew nearer and looked attentively, two lovely living eyes looked at me again out of the depth of the shadow, as if from the bottom of an abyss. The mouth was divinely sweet, but sad, and the softest repose rested on every feature. This, he told me, was the ANGEL OF DEATH.'

V—FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT

WHITHER, oh ! whither wilt thou wing thy way ?
 What solemn region first upon thy sight
 Shall break, unveil'd for terror or delight ?
 What hosts, magnificent in dread array ?
 My spirit ! when thy prison-house of clay,
 After long strife is rent ?—fond, fruitless guest !
 The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest
 Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
 And through their parting leaves, by fits reveal'd,
 A glimpse of summer sky :—nor knows the field 10
 Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
 —Thou art that bird !—of what beyond thee lies
 Far in the untrack'd, immeasurable skies,
 Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy Guide !

VI—FLOWERS

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms, again
 Unto the shadowy stillness of my room !
 For not alone ye bring a joyous train
 Of summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom—
 Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
 Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
 Of stars that look down on your folded bells
 Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume
 Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
 Like sudden music ; more than this ye bring— 10
 Far more ; ye whisper of the all-fostering love
 Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
 Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fever'd breath,
 Whether the couch be that of life or death.

VII—RECOVERY ¹

BACK then, once more to breast the waves of life,
 To battle on against the unceasing spray,
 To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
 And rise to strife again ; yet on my way,
 Oh ! linger still, thou light of better day,
 Born in the hours of loneliness, and you,
 Ye childlike thoughts, the holy and the true,
 Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,
 The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn
 Back on my soul, a clear bright sense, new-born, 10
 Now leave me not ! but as, profoundly pure,
 A blue stream rushes through a darker lake
 Unchang'd, e'en thus with me your journey take,
 Wafting sweet airs of heaven through this low world obscure.

¹ Written under the false impression occasioned by a temporary improvement in strength.

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS

SABBATH SONNET

COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND
DEDICATED TO HER BROTHER

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day !
The halls from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed 10
Of sickness bound ;—yet, oh, my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

April 26, 1835.

HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD

INTRODUCTORY VERSES

Oh ! blest art thou, whose steps
may rove
Through the green paths of vale and
grove,
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy
brow ;

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee naught so
fair 9
As Nature's varied marvels there ;
And if thy pure and artless breast
Can feel their grandeur, thou art
blest !

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,

And, in deep glen and wood-walk
free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole,
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power :

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless
hand, 22
If Nature's music bid thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise ;

If heaven and earth, with beauty
fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured
thought ;
If there thou lovest *His* love to
read ;
Then, wanderer, thou art blest
indeed !

THE RAINBOW

'I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.'—*Gen. ix. 13.*

SOFT falls the mild reviving shower
From April's changeeful skies,
And rain-drops bend each trembling
flower

They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, waiting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints array'd. 12

But mark! what arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bow'd?
Haste; ere it vanish, haste to view
The Rainbow in the cloud!

How bright its glory! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays,
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze. 20

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair—
Gaze on that arch of colour'd light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by the Eternal chain'd,
No more o'er earth's domain shall
sweep,
Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fix'd by His sovereign will, 30
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the
field,
When vernal zephyrs blow;

That still the vine its fruit shall
yield,
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth! which
yet
Smiles with each charm endow'd,
Bless thou His name, whose mercy
set
The rainbow in the cloud! 40

THE SUN

THE Sun comes forth;—each moun-
tain height
Glow with a tinge of rosy light,
And flowers, that slumber'd through
the night,
Their dewy leaves unfold;
A flood of splendour bursts on high,
And ocean's breast gives back a sky
All steep'd in molten gold.

Oh! thou art glorious, orb of day;
Exulting nations hail thy ray,
Creation swells a choral lay, 10
To welcome thy return;
From thee all nature draws her hues,
Thy beams the insect's wing suffuse,
And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade;—when earth
and heaven
By fire and tempest shall be riven,
Thou, from thy sphere of radiance
driven,
Oh Sun! must fall at last;
Another heaven, another earth,
New power, new glory shall have
birth, 20
When all we see is past.

But He who gave the word of might,
'Let there be light,'—and there *was*
light,
Who bade thee chase the gloom of
night,
And beam the world to bless;—
For ever bright, for ever pure,
Alone unchanging shall endure
The Sun of Righteousness!

THE RIVERS

Go ! trace the unnumber'd streams
o'er earth

That wind their devious course,
That draw from Alpine heights their
birth,
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
Proud scenes of man's renown,
Some lead their solitary tide,
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,
Where Afric's deserts lie ; 10
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately
sail
Exulting seems to swell ;
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
Their various waves may sweep,
Through cities or through shades
they flow,
To the same boundless deep. 20

Oh ! thus, whate'er our path of life,
Through sunshine or through
gloom,
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief whose mighty deeds we
hail,
The monarch throned on high,
The peasant in his native vale—
All journey on—to die !

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God !
The pilgrim's course attend, 30
I will not fear the dark abode,
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence thine all-redeeming Son,
Who died the world to save,
In light, in triumph, rose, and won
The victory from the grave !

THE STARS

'The heavens declare the glory of God,
and the firmament sheweth his handy-
work.'—*Psalm* xix. 1.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on
high,
And, set in azure, every star
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! oh ! lift thy
glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense,
The marvels of Omnipotence ? 10
Seest thou not there the Almighty
name
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless
light,
That sparkle through the shades of
night ;
Behold them !—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze :
Each is a world, by Him sustain'd
Who from eternity hath reign'd. 20

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
Hath circling planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of
Kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know
No stain of guilt, or tear of woe ;
But, raising still the adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou* O child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ? 30
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign
hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care!

Be thou at peace! the all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance which none may
flee, 39
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

THE OCEAN

They that go down to the sea in
ships, that do business in great waters;
these see the works of the Lord, and his
wonders in the deep.—*Psalm* cvii. 23,
24.

HE that in vent'urous barks hath
been

A wanderer on the deep,
Can tell of many an awful scene,
Where storms for ever sweep.

For many a fair, majestic sight
Hath met his wandering eye,
Beneath the streaming northern
light,
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,
Whose echoing thunder peals 10
Loud, as if rush'd along the shore
An army's chariot wheels;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,
Or fix'd upon the coast,
Like glitt'ring citadel or fane,
'Mid the bright realms of frost;

Of coral rocks, from waves below
In steep ascent that tower,
And fraught with peril, daily grow,
Form'd by an insect's power; 20

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night
Shine o'er the tides afar,
And make the expanse of ocean
bright
As heaven, with many a star.

O God! thy name *they* well may
praise,
Who to the deep go down,
And trace the wonders of Thy ways,
Where rocks and billows frown!

If glorious be that awful deep
No human power can bind, 30
What then art *Thou*, who bidd'st it
keep
Within its bounds confined!

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,
Eternal praise to Thee,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's
might,
Or still the raging sea! 36

THE THUNDER-STORM

DEEP, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky,
Dead stillness reigns in air,
There is not e'en a breeze, on high
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hush'd, the waves at
rest,
The lake is dark and still,
Reflecting on its shadowy breast
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,
The rose-tree in the bower; 10
The birds have ceased their songs of
love,
Awed by the threatening hour.

'Tis noon;—yet Nature's calm pro-
found
Seems as at midnight deep;
But hark! what peal of awful sound
Breaks on creation's sleep?

The thunder bursts!—its rolling
might
Seems the firm hills to shake;
And in terrific splendour bright,
The gather'd lightnings break. 20

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my
child !

Though by the bolt's descent
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,
With all-surveying eye ?
Doth not His power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high ?

Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions free,
To track the realms of air, ³⁰
Thou couldst not reach a spot where
He
Would not be with thee there !

In the wide city's peopled towers,
On the vast ocean's plains,
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest
bowers,
Alike the Almighty reigns !

Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast ;
Why should we tremble, e'en to die,
And be with *Him* at last ? ⁴⁰

THE BIRDS

'Are not five sparrows sold for two
farthings, and not one of them is
forgotten before God ?'—*St. Luke*, xii. 6.

TRIBES of the air ! whose favour'd
race

May wander through the realms of
space,

Free guests of earth and sky ;
In form, in plumage, and in song,
What gifts of nature mark your
throng

With bright variety !

Nor differ less your forms, your
flight,

Your dwellings hid from hostile
sight,

And the wild haunts ye love ;
Birds of the gentle beak ! ¹ how dear

Your wood-note, to the wanderer's
ear, ¹¹

In shadowy vale or grove !

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,
Where swain or hunter may not
climb,

The mountain-eagle seeks ;
Alone he reigns a monarch there,
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare
Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are, that make their
home

Where the white billows roar and
foam, ²⁰

Around the o'erhanging rock ;
Fearless they skim the angry wave,
Or shelter'd in their sea-beat cave,
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,
Parch'd by the blaze of day ;

The swan, where northern rivers
glide,

Through the tall reeds that fringe
their tide,

Floats graceful on her way. ³⁰

The condor, where the Andes tower,
Spreads his broad wing of pride and
power,

And many a storm defies ;
Bright in the orient realms of morn,
All beauty's richest hues adorn
The bird of paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,
And spicy forests breathing balm,

Weave soft their pendent nest ;
Some deep in Western wilds, display
Their fairy form and plumage gay,
In rainbow colours drest. ⁴²

Others no varied song may pour,
May boast no eagle-plume to soar,

No tints of light may wear ;
Yet, know, our Heavenly Father
guides

The least of these, and well provides
For each, with tenderest care.

¹ The Italians call all singing birds, *birds of the gentle beak*.

Shall He not then *thy* guardian be ?
Will not His aid extend to *thee* ? 50

Oh ! safely mayst thou rest !—
Trust in His love, and e'en should
pain,
Should sorrow tempt thee to com-
plain,
Know what He wills is best !

THE SKYLARK

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN

THE Skylark, when the dews of
morn

Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,
And violets round his nest exhale
Their fragrance on the early gale,
To the first sunbeam spreads his
wings,
Buoyant with joy, and soars and
sings.

He rests not on the leafy spray,
To warble his exulting lay ;
But high above the morning cloud
Mounts in triumphant freedom
proud, 10
And swells, when nearest to the sky,
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

Thus, my Creator ! thus the more
My spirit's wing to Thee can soar,
The more she triumphs to behold
Thy love in all Thy works unfold,
And bids her hymns of rapture be
Most glad, when rising most to Thee !

THE NIGHTINGALE

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

WHEN twilight's grey and pensive
hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the
flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar.

When gathering shades the land-
scape veil,
And peasants seek their village-dale,

And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies,

When evening's primrose opes to
shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;
When glowworms in the wood-walk
light 11
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's
sight ;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale ;
And from a hermitage of shade
Fills with her voice the forest-glade ;

And sweeter far that melting voice,
Than all which through the day
rejoice ;

And still shall bard and wand'rer love
The twilight music of the grove. 20
Father in heaven ! oh ! thus when
day

With all its cares hath pass'd away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth ;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and
prayer

To Thee my spirit's offering bear ;
Yon star, my signal set on high,
For vesper-hymns of piety.

So may Thy mercy and Thy power
Protect me through the midnight
hour ; 30

And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on Thy servant's bed of rest.

THE NORTHERN SPRING

WHEN the soft breath of Spring goes
forth

Far o'er the mountains of the North,
How soon those wastes of dazzling
snow

With life, and bloom, and beauty
glow !

Then bursts the verdure of the plains,
Then break the streams from icy
chains ;

And the glad reindeer seeks no more
Amidst deep snows his mossy store.

Then the dark pine-wood's boughs are seen	9	For He, whose word is truth, hath said,
Fringed tenderly with living green ; And roses, in their brightest dyes, By Lapland's founts and lakes arise.		His power to life shall wake the dead, And summon those He loves on high, To ' put on immortality ' !
Thus, in a moment, from the gloom And the cold fetters of the tomb, Thus shall the blest Redeemer's voice		20 Then, all its sufferings o'er, On wings of light the soul shall soar, Exulting, to that blest abode, Where tears of sorrow never flow'd.
Call forth His servants to rejoice.		

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXLVIII

' Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens : praise him in the heights.'

PRaise ye the Lord ! on every height
Songs to His glory raise !
Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise !

Oh ! heaven of heavens ! let praise far-swelling
From all thine orbs be sent !
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling
Above the firmament !

For His the word which gave you birth,
And majesty, and might ;
Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite !

10

Oh ! fire and vapour, hail and snow !
Ye servants of His will !
Oh ! stormy winds, that only blow,
His mandates to fulfil ;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise ;
Fair cedars of the wood ;
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food ;

20

Judges of nations ! kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high !
Oh ! youths and virgins of the land,
Oh ! age and infancy !

Praise ye His name, to whom alone
All homage should be given ;
Whose glory, from the eternal throne
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven !

THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY

['THE French, who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy, and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its master-pieces from their pedestals, and, dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull sullen halls, or rather stables, of the Louvre. . . . But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory.'—EUSTACE'S *Classical Tour through Italy*, vol. ii. p. 60.]

Italia, Italia ! O tu cui diè la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che 'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte ;
Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte.—FILICAJA.

LAND of departed fame ! whose classic plains
Have proudly echo'd to immortal strains ;
Whose hallow'd soil hath given the great and brave
Daystars of life, a birth-place and a grave ;
Home of the Arts ! where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile ;
Proud wreck of vanish'd power, of splendour fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead !
Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,
Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious day ;
Though dimm'd thy brightness, riveted thy chain,
Yet, fallen Italy ! rejoice again !
Lost, lovely realm ! once more 'tis thine to gaze
On the rich relics of sublimer days.

10

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,
Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades ;
Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery gloom
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's tomb ;
Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga's lonely wave,
Swell'd the deep echoes of the fountain's cave,
Or thrill'd the soul in Tasso's numbers high,
Those magic strains of love and chivalry :
If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,
Haunting the myrtle vale, the laurel grove ;
Oh ! rouse once more the daring soul of song,
Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so long,
And hail, with wonted pride, those works revered
Hallow'd by time, by absence more endear'd.

20

And breathe to Those the strain, whose warrior-might
Each danger stemm'd, prevail'd in every fight ;

30

Souls of unyielding power, to storms inured,
 Sublimed by peril, and by toil matured.
 Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant mind
 Could rouse the slumbering spirit of mankind :
 Whose banners track'd the vanquish'd Eagle's flight
 O'er many a plain, and dark sierra's height ;
 Who bade once more the wild, heroic lay,
 Record the deeds of Roncesvalles' day ;
 Who, through each mountain-pass of rock and snow,
 An Alpine huntsman chased the fear-struck foe ; 40
 Waved his proud standard to the balmy gales,
 Rich Languedoc ! that fan thy glowing vales,
 And 'midst those scenes renew'd the achievements high,
 Bequeath'd to fame by England's ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seem'd hush'd, the conflict past,
 One strife remain'd—the mightiest and the last !
 Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour
 Untamed Ambition summon'd all his power ;
 Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy roused, were there,
 And the stern might of resolute Despair. 50
 Isle of the free ! 'twas then thy champions stood,
 Breasting unmoved the combat's wildest flood ;
 Sunbeam of battle ! then thy spirit shone,
 Glow'd in each breast, and sank with life alone.

Oh, hearts devoted ! whose illustrious doom
 Gave there at once your triumph and your tomb,
 Ye, firm and faithful, in the ordeal tried
 Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified ;
 Shrined, not entomb'd, ye rest in sacred earth,
 Hallow'd by deeds of more than mortal worth. 60
 What though to mark where sleeps heroic dust,
 No sculptured trophy rise, or breathing bust,
 Yours, on the scene where valour's race was run,
 A prouder sepulchre—the field ye won !
 There every mead, each cabin's lowly name,
 Shall live a watchword blended with your fame ;
 And well may flowers suffice those graves to crown
 That ask no urn to blazon their renown !
 There shall the bard in future ages tread,
 And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er the dead ; 70
 Reverse each tree whose sheltering branches wave
 O'er the low mounds, the altars of the brave ;
 Pause o'er each warrior's grass-grown bed, and hear
 In every breeze some name to glory dear ;
 And as the shades of twilight close around,
 With martial pageants people all the ground.
 Thither unborn descendants of the alain
 Shall throng as pilgrims to the holy fane,
 While as they trace each spot, whose records tell
 Where fought their fathers, and prevail'd, and fell, 80

Warm in their souls shall loftiest feelings glow,
 Claiming proud kindred with the dust below !
 And many an age shall see the brave repair,
 To learn the Hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia ! may that field of fame,
 From thee one song of echoing triumph claim.
 Land of the lyre ! 'twas there the avenging sword
 Won the bright treasures to thy fanes restored ;
 Those precious trophies o'er thy realms that throw
 A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,
 And bid the stranger for awhile forget
 How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious yet.

90

Yes, fair creations ! to perfection wrought,
 Embodied visions of ascending thought !
 Forms of sublimity ! by Genius traced
 In tints that vindicate adoring taste ;
 Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,
 Live in the spheres encircling glory's throne ;
 Models of art, to deathless fame consign'd,
 Stamp'd with the high-born majesty of mind ;
 Yes, matchless works ! your presence shall restore
 One beam of splendour to your native shore,
 And her sad scenes of lost renown illumine,
 As the bright sunset gilds some hero's tomb.

100

Oh ! ne'er, in other climes, though many an eye
 Dwelt on your charms, in beaming ecstasy ;
 Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand
 With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly grand,
 As in that realm, where each faint breeze's moan
 Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone ;
 Where 'midst the ruin'd shrines of many a vale,
 E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,
 And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,
 But its proud name with song eternal blends !

110

Yes ! in those scenes where every ancient stream
 Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme ;
 Where every marble deeds of fame records,
 Each ruin tells of Earth's departed lords ;
 And the deep tones of inspiration swell
 From each wild olive-wood, and Alpine dell ;
 Where heroes slumber on their battle plains,
 Midst prostrate altars and deserted fanes,
 And Fancy communes, in each lonely spot,
 With shades of those who ne'er shall be forgot ;
 There was your home, and there your power imprest,
 With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glowing breast ;
 And, as the wind's deep thrills and mystic sighs
 Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,

120

Thus at your influence, starting from repose,
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur rose. 130

Fair Florence ! queen of Arno's lovely vale !
Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,
And sternly smiled, in retribution's hour,
To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's power.
Too long the spirits of thy noble dead
Mourn'd o'er the domes they rear'd in ages fled.
Those classic scenes their pride so richly graced,
Temples of genius, palaces of taste,
Too long, with sad and desolated mien,
Reveal'd where Conquest's lawless track had been ; 140
Reft of each form with brighter light imbued,
Lonely they frown'd, a desert solitude.
Florence ! the Oppressor's noon of pride is o'er,
Rise in thy pomp again, and weep no more !

As one, who, starting at the dawn of day
From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,
With transport heighten'd by those ills of night,
Hails the rich glories of expanding light ;
E'en thus, awakening from thy dream of woe,
While heaven's own hues in radiance round thee glow, 150
With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to trace
Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace
More bright, more prized, more precious, since deplored,
As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be restored,
Thy grief as hopeless as the tear-drop shed
By fond affection bending o'er the dead.

Athens of Italy ! once more are thine
Those matchless gems of Art's exhaustless mine.
For thee bright Genius darts his living beam,
Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of Glory stream, 160
And forms august as natives of the sky,
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty,
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair Art, with eagle glance,
Burst in full splendour from her deathlike trance ;
Whose rallying call bade slumbering nations wake,
And daring Intellect his bondage break ;
Beneath whose eye the lords of song arose,
And snatch'd the Tuscan lyre from long repose, 170
And bade its pealing energies resound,
With power electric, through the realms around ;
Oh ! high in thought, magnificent in soul !
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control ;
Cosmo, Lorenzo ! view your reign once more,
The shrine where nations mingle to adore !

Again the Enthusiast there, with ardent gaze,
 Shall hail the mighty of departed days :
 Those sovereign spirits, whose commanding mind
 Seems in the marble's breathing mould enshrined ; 180
 Still with ascendant power the world to awe,
 Still the deep homage of the heart to draw .
 To breathe some spell of holiness around,
 Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,
 And from the stone, by Inspiration wrought,
 Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There thou, fair offspring of immortal Mind !
 Love's radiant goddess, idol of mankind !
 Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,
 Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship now. 190
 Oh ! who can tell what beams of heavenly light
 Flash'd o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,
 How many a glimpse, reveal'd to him alone,
 Made brighter beings, nobler worlds, his own ;
 Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,
 Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness !

Young Genius there, while dwells his kindling eye
 On forms, instinct with bright divinity,
 While new-born powers, dilating in his heart,
 Embrace the full magnificence of Art ; 200
 From scenes, by Raphael's gifted hand array'd,
 From dreams of heaven, by Angelo portray'd ;
 From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,
 Seal'd with perfection, ' sanctified by time ' ;
 Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel
 His spirit burn with emulative zeal,
 Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall rise,
 Imbued at once with nobler energies ;
 O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinions soar,
 And worlds of visionary grace explore, 210
 Till his bold hand give glory's daydream birth,
 And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Venice, exult ! and o'er thy moonlight seas,
 Swell with gay strains each Adriatic breeze !
 What though long fled those years of martial fame,
 That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name ;
 Though to the winds thy streamers idly play,
 And the wild waves another Queen obey ;
 Though quench'd the spirit of thine ancient race,
 And power and freedom scarce have left a trace ; 220
 Yet still shall Art her splendours round thee cast,
 And gild the wreck of years for ever past.
 Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,
 Whose clear soft brilliance emulates thy skies,

And scenes that glow in colouring's richest bloom,
 With life's warm flush Palladian halls illumine.
 From thy rich dome again the unrivall'd steed
 Starts to existence, rushes into speed,
 Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,
 Panting with ardour, vivified with flame. 230

Proud Racers of the Sun ! to fancy's thought
 Burning with spirit, from his essence caught,
 No mortal birth ye seem—but form'd to bear
 Heaven's car of triumph through the realms of air ;
 To range uncurb'd the pathless fields of space,
 The winds your rivals in the glorious race ;
 Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant feet,
 Free as the zephyr, as the shot-star fleet ;
 And waft through worlds unknown the vital ray,
 The flame that wakes creations into day. 240
 Creatures of fire and ether ! wing'd with light,
 To track the regions of the Infinite !
 From purer elements whose life was drawn,
 Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of the dawn.
 What years on years, in silence gliding by,
 Have spared those forms of perfect symmetry !
 Moulded by Art to dignify, alone,
 Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,
 Since first her skill their fiery grace bestow'd,
 Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode, 250
 How many a race, whose tales of glory seem
 An echo's voice—the music of a dream,
 Whose records feebly from oblivion save
 A few bright traces of the wise and brave ;
 How many a state, whose pillar'd strength sublime,
 Defied the storms of war, the waves of time,
 Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,
 Fortress of power—has flourish'd and is gone !
 And they, from clime to clime by conquest borne,
 Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn, 260
 They, that of powers and kingdoms lost and won,
 Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,
 Consummate still in every grace remain,
 As o'er *their* heads had ages roll'd in vain !
 Ages, victorious in their ceaseless flight,
 O'er countless monuments of earthly might !
 While she, from fair Byzantium's lost domain,
 Who bore those treasures to her ocean-reign,
 'Midst the blue deep, who rear'd her island-throne,
 And called the infinitude of waves her own ; 270
 Venice, the proud, the Regent of the sea,
 Welcomes in chains the trophies of the Free !

And thou, whose Eagle's towering plume unfurl'd,
 Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,

Eternal city ! round whose Curule throne,
 The lords of nations knelt in ages flown ;
 Thou, whose Augustan years have left to time
 Immortal records of their glorious prime ;
 When deathless bards, thine olive-shades among,
 Swell'd the high raptures of heroic song ;
 Fair, fallen Empress ! raise thy languid head
 From the cold altars of the illustrious dead,
 And once again, with fond delight survey
 The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

280

Lo ! where thy sons, O Rome ! a godlike train,
 In imaged majesty return again !
 Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with mien august
 O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust.
 Those forms, those features, luminous with soul,
 Still o'er thy children seem to claim control ;
 With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,
 Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,
 And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,
 From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

290

Souls of the lofty ! whose undying names
 Rouse the young bosom still to noblest aims ;
 Oh ! with your images could fate restore,
 Your own high spirit to your sons once more ;
 Patriots and Heroes ! could those flames return,
 That bade your hearts with freedom's ardours burn
 Then from the sacred ashes of the first,
 Might a new Rome in phoenix grandeur burst !
 With one bright glance dispel the horizon's gloom,
 With one loud call wake empire from the tomb ;
 Bind round her brows her own triumphal crown,
 Lift her dread aegis with majestic frown,
 Unchain her eagle's wing, and guide his flight,
 To bathe his plumage in the fount of light.

300

Vain dream ! degraded Rome ! thy noon is o'er,
 Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more.
 It sleeps with those, the sons of other days,
 Who fix'd on thee the world's adoring gaze ;
 Those, blest to live, while yet thy star was high,
 More blest, ere darkness quench'd its beam, to die !

310

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary powers
 Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy towers,
 Still, still to thee shall nations bend their way,
 Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay !
 Oh ! what can realms, in fame's full zenith, boast,
 To match the relics of thy splendour lost !
 By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill,
 Genius and Taste shall love to wander still,

320

For there has Art survived an empire's doom,
And rear'd her throne o'er Latium's trophied tomb ;
She from the dust recalls the brave and free,
Peopling each scene with beings worthy thee !

Oh ! ne'er again may War, with lightning-stroke,
Rend its last honours from the shatter'd oak !
Long be those works, revered by ages, thine,
To lend one triumph to thy dim decline.

330

Bright with stern beauty, breathing wrathful fire,
In all the grandeur of celestial ire,
Once more thine own, the immortal Archer's form
Sheds radiance round, with more than Being warm !
Oh ! who could view, nor deem that perfect frame,
A living temple of ethereal flame ?

Lord of the daystar ! how may words portray
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray ?
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could trace,
Of regal dignity, and heavenly grace ;
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight ;
Each bold idea, borrow'd from the sky,
To vest the embodied form of Deity ;
All, all in thee ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined !
Son of Elysium ! years and ages gone
Have bow'd, in speechless homage, at thy throne,
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorb'd in ecstasy, on thee !

340

350

And thou, triumphant wreck, e'en yet sublime,
Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and Time ;
Hail to that scene again, where Genius caught
From thee its fervours of diviner thought !
Where He, the inspired One, whose gigantic mind
Lived in some sphere, to him alone assign'd ;
Who from the past, the future, and the unseen,
Could call up forms of more than earthly mien :
Unrival'd Angelo on thee would gaze,
Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze !
And who but he, that Prince of Art, might dare
Thy sovereign greatness view without despair ?
Emblem of Rome ! from power's meridian hurl'd,
Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

360

What hadst thou been, ere barbarous hands defaced
The work of wonder, idolized by taste ?
Oh ! worthy still of some divine abode,
Mould of a Conqueror ! ruin of a God !

Still, like some broken gem, whose quenchless beam
 From each bright fragment pours its vital stream, 370
 'Tis thine, by fate unconquer'd, to dispense
 From every part some ray of excellence !
 E'en yet, inform'd with essence from on high,
 Thine is no trace of frail mortality !
 Within that frame a purer being glows,
 Through viewless veins a brighter current flows ;
 Fill'd with immortal life each muscle swells,
 In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

Consummate work ! the noblest and the last
 Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign was past : 380
 Nurse of the mighty, she, while lingering still,
 Her mantle flow'd o'er many a classic hill,
 Ere yet her voice its parting accents breathed,
 A hero's image to the world bequeathed ;
 Enshrined in thee the imperishable ray
 Of high-soul'd Genius, foster'd by her sway.
 And bade thee teach, to ages yet unborn,
 What lofty dreams were hers—who never shall return !

And mark yon group, transfixed with many a throe,
 Seal'd with the image of eternal woe : 390
 With fearful truth, terrific power, exprest,
 Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonize the breast,
 And the stern combat picture to mankind
 Of suffering nature, and enduring mind.
 Oh, mighty conflict ! though his pains intense
 Distend each nerve, and dart through every sense ;
 Though fix'd on him, his children's suppliant eyes
 Implore the aid avenging fate denies ;
 Though with the giant-snake in fruitless strife,
 Heaves every muscle with convulsive life, 400
 And in each limb existence writhes, enroll'd
 'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd fold ;
 Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a cry
 Shall own the might of Nature's agony !
 That furrow'd brow unconquer'd soul reveals,
 That patient eye to angry Heaven appeals,
 That struggling bosom concentrates its breath,
 Nor yields one moan to torture or to death !

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art !
 With speechless horror to congeal the heart, 410
 To freeze each pulse, and dart through every vein,
 Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of pain ;
 Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power
 May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured gaze
 On scenes where Painting all her skill displays :

THE RESTORATION OF THE

Landscapes, by colouring dress'd in richer dyes,
More mellow'd sunshine, more unclouded skies,
Or dreams of bliss, to dying martyrs given,
Descending seraphs, robed in beams of heaven.

420

Oh ! sovereign Masters of the Pencil's might,
Its depths of shadow, and its blaze of light ;
Ye, whose bold thought, disdaining every bound,
Explored the worlds above, below, around,
Children of Italy ! who stand alone
And unapproach'd, 'midst regions all your own ;
What scenes, what beings bless'd your favour'd sight,
Severely grand, unutterably bright !
Triumphant spirits ! your exulting eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontroll'd,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

430

Bright on your view such forms their splendour shed,
As burst on prophet-bards in ages fled :
Forms that to trace, no hand but yours might dare,
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair ;
These, o'er the walls your magic skill array'd,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melting shade,
Float in light grace, in awful greatness tower,
And breathe and move, the records of your power.
Inspired of Heaven ! what heighten'd pomp ye cast
O'er all the deathless trophies of the past !
Round many a marble fane and classic dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome ;
Round many a work that bids the world believe
What Grecian Art could image and achieve ;
Again, creative minds, your visions throw
Life's chasten'd warmth, and Beauty's mellowest glow,
And when the Morn's bright beams and mantling dyes,
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,
Or evening suns illumine, with purple smile,
The Parian altar, and the pillar'd aisle,
Then, as the full, or soften'd radiance falls
On angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,
Well may those Temples, where your hand has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round the dead,
Seem like some world, so perfect and so fair,
That naught of earth should find admittance there,
Some sphere, where beings, to mankind unknown
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp alone !

440

450

460

Hence, ye vain fictions ! fancy's erring theme !
Gods of illusion ! phantoms of a dream !
Frail, powerless idols of departed time,
Fables of song, delusive, though sublime !

To loftier tasks has Roman Art assign'd
 Her matchless pencil, and her mighty mind !
 From brighter streams her vast ideas flow'd
 With purer fire her ardent spirit glow'd.
 To her 'twas given in fancy to explore
 The land of miracles, the holiest shore ;
 That realm where first the light of life was sent,
 The loved, the punish'd, of the Omnipotent !
 O'er Judah's hills her thoughts inspired would stray,
 Through Jordan's valleys trace their lonely way ;
 By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's deep,
 Chain'd in dead silence, and unbroken sleep ;
 Scenes, whose cleft rocks, and blasted deserts tell,
 Where pass'd the Eternal, where His anger fell !
 Where oft His voice the words of fate reveal'd,
 Swell'd in the whirlwind, in the thunder peal'd,
 Or heard by prophets in some palmy vale,
 Breathed ' still small ' whispers on the midnight gale.
 There dwelt her spirit—there her hand portray'd,
 'Midst the lone wilderness or cedar-shade,
 Ethereal forms with awful missions fraught,
 Or patriarch-seers absorb'd in sacred thought,
 Bards, in high converse with the world of rest,
 Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest.
 But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the grave,
 Who lived to guide us, and who died to save ;
 Him, at whose glance the powers of evil fled,
 And soul return'd to animate the dead ;
 Whom the waves own'd—and sunk beneath His eye,
 Awed by one accent of Divinity ;
 To Him she gave her meditative hours,
 Hallow'd her thoughts, and sanctified her powers.
 O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she threw,
 As all around the Godhead's presence knew,
 And robed the Holy One's benignant mien
 In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh ! mark where Raphael's pure and perfect line
 Portrays that form ineffably divine !
 Where with transcendent skill his hand has shed
 Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's head ;
 Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued
 With all the fullness of beatitude,
 And traced the sainted group, whose mortal sight
 Sinks overpower'd by that excess of light !

Gaze on that scene, and own the might of Art,
 By truth inspired, to elevate the heart !
 To bid the soul exultingly possess,
 Of all her powers, a heighten'd consciousness ;

And strong in hope, anticipate the day,
The last of life, the first of freedom's ray ;
To realize, in some unclouded sphere,
Those pictured glories imaged here !
Dim, cold reflections from her native sky,
Faint effluence of ' the Day-spring from on high ' !

518

MODERN GREECE

O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.

THOMSON'S *Liberty*.

I

OH ! who hath trod thy consecrated clime,
Fair land of Phidias ! theme of lofty strains !
And traced each scene, that, 'midst the wrecks of time,
The print of Glory's parting step retains ;
Nor for awhile, in high-wrought dreams, forgot
Musing on years gone by in brightness there,
The hopes, the fears, the sorrows of his lot,
The hues his fate hath worn, or yet may wear ;
As when, from mountain-heights, his ardent eye
Of sea and heaven hath track'd the blue infinity ?

10

II

Is there who views with cold unalter'd mien,
His frozen heart with proud indifference fraught,
Each sacred haunt, each unforgotten scene,
Where Freedom triumph'd, or where Wisdom taught ?
Souls that too deeply feel, oh, envy not
The sullen calm your fate hath never known :
Through the dull twilight of that wintry lot
Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's sunbeam shone,
Nor those high thoughts, that, hailing Glory's trace,
Glow with the generous flames of every age and race,

20

III

But blest the wanderer, whose enthusiast mind
Each muse of ancient days hath deep imbued
With lofty lore ; and all his thoughts refined
In the calm school of silent solitude ;
Pour'd on his ear, 'midst groves and glens retired,
The mighty strains of each illustrious clime,
All that hath lived, while empires have expired,
To float for ever on the winds of Time ;
And on his soul indelibly portray'd
Fair visionary forms, to fill each classic shade.

30

IV

Is not his mind, to meaner thoughts unknown,
 A sanctuary of beauty and of light ?
 There he may dwell in regions all his own,
 A world of dreams, where all is pure and bright.
 For him the scenes of old renown possess
 Romantic charms, all veil'd from other eyes ;
 There every form of nature's loveliness
 Wakes in his breast a thousand sympathies ;
 As music's voice, in some lone mountain-dell,
 From rocks and caves around calls forth each echo's swell. 40

V

For him Italia's brilliant skies illume
 The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's combat-plains,
 And the wild rose yet lives to breathe and bloom
 Round Doric Paestum's solitary fanes.
 But mo-t, fair Greece ! on thy majestic shore
 He feels the fervours of his spirit rise ;
 Thou birth-place of the Muse ! whose voice of yore
 Breathed in thy groves immortal harmonies ;
 And lingers still around the well-known coast,
 Murmuring a wild farewell to fame and freedom lost. 50

VI

By seas, that flow in brightness as they lave
 Thy rocks, the enthusiast rapt in thought may stray,
 While roves his eye o'er that deserted wave,
 Once the proud scene of battle's dread array.
 —O ye blue waters ! ye, of old that bore
 The free, the conquering, hymn'd by choral strains,
 How sleep ye now around the silent shore,
 The lonely realm of ruins and of chains !
 How are the mighty vanish'd in their pride !
 E'en as their barks have left no traces on your tide. 60

VII

Hush'd are the Paecans whose exulting tone
 Swell'd o'er that tide—the sons of battle sleep—
 The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's voice alone
 Blend with the plaintive murmur of the deep.
 Yet when those waves have caught the splendid hues
 Of morn's rich firmament, serenely bright,
 Or setting suns the lovely shore suffuse
 With all their purple mellowness of light,
 Oh ! who could view the scene, so calmly fair,
 Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty, were there ? 70

VIII

Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,
 'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh ;
 Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,
 Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky ;
 —Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the dead,
 Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,
 And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery spread
 In green luxuriance o'er the ruin'd pile ;
 And mantling woodbine veil the wither'd tree,—
 And thus it is, fair land ! forsaken Greece, with thee. 80

IX

For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom,
 That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,
 Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,
 The rose's blush that masks the canker-worm :—
 And thou art desolate—thy morn hath pass'd
 So dazzling in the splendour of its way,
 That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast
 Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay,
 Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,
 Thy fate hath been unmatch'd—in glory and despair. 90

For thee, lost land ! the hero's blood hath flow'd,
 The high in soul have brightly lived and died ;
 For thee the light of soaring genius glow'd
 O'er the fair arts it form'd and glorified.
 Thine were the minds, whose energies sublime
 So distanced ages in their lightning-race,
 The task they left the sons of later time
 Was but to follow their illumined trace.
 —Now, bow'd to earth, thy children, to be free,
 Must break each link that binds their filial hearts to thee. 100

Lo ! to the scenes of fiction's wildest tales,
 Her own bright East, thy son, Morea ! flies,
 To seek repose 'midst rich, romantic vales,
 Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid skies.
 There shall he rest ?—Alas ! his hopes in vain
 Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm,
 Peace dwells not now on oriental plain,
 Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm ;
 And the sad wanderer finds but lawless foes,
 Where patriarchs reign'd of old, in pastoral repose. 110

XII

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Yemen's groves,
Or Tigris rolls his genii-haunted wave,
Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,
Wears but two forms—the tyrant and the slave !
There the fierce Arab leads his daring horde,
Where sweeps the sand-storm o'er the burning wild ;
There stern Oppression waves the wasting sword
O'er plains that smile, as ancient Eden smiled ;
And the vale's bosom, and the desert's gloom,
Yield to the injured there no shelter save the tomb.

120

XIII

But thou, fair world ! whose fresh unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave,
Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine arms,
The lost descendant of the immortal brave ?
Amidst the wild magnificence of shades
That o'er thy floods their twilight-grandeur cast,
In the green depth of thine untrodden glades
Shall he not rear his bower of peace at last ?
Yes ! thou hast many a lone, majestic scene,
Shrined in primæval woods, where despot ne'er hath been.

130

XIV

There, by some lake, whose blue expansive breast
Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely dress'd
In tints like those that float o'er poet's dreams ;
Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain pours
Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,
'Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,
The exiled Greek hath fix'd his sylvan home :
So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat
Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian huntsman's feet.

140

XV

The forests are around him in their pride,
The green savannas, and the mighty waves ;
And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide,
That images the fairy worlds it laves,
And stillness, and luxuriance—o'er his head
The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,
On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,
Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,
And from those green arcades a thousand tones
Wake with each breeze, whose voice through Nature's temple moans.

149

XVI

And there, no traces left by brighter days,
 For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,
 Some grassy mound, perchance, may meet his gaze,
 The lone memorial of an Indian chief.
 There man not yet hath mark'd the boundless plain
 With marble records of his fame and power ;
 The forest is his everlasting fane,
 The palm his monument, the rock his tower.
 The eternal torrent and the giant tree
 Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly free. 160

XVII

But doth the exile's heart serenely there
 In sunshine dwell ?—Ah ! when was exile blest ?
 When did bright scenes, clear heavens, or summer air,
 Chase from his soul the fever of unrest ?
 —There is a heart-sick weariness of mood,
 That like slow poison wastes the vital glow,
 And shrines itself in mental solitude,
 An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,
 That coldly smiles 'midst pleasure's brightest ray,
 As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush of day. 170

XVIII

Such grief is theirs, who, fix'd on foreign shore,
 Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,
 As pines the seaman, 'midst the ocean's roar,
 For the green earth, with all its woods and vales.
 Thus feels thy child, whose memory dwells with thee,
 Loved Greece ! all sunk and blighted as thou art :
 Though thought and step in western wilds be free,
 Yet thine are still the daydreams of his heart :
 The deserts spread between, the billows foam,
 Thou, distant and in chains, are yet his spirit's home. 180

XIX

In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,
 Or the green fire-fly sparkles through the brakes,
 Or summer-winds waft odours from the pine,
 As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.
 Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,
 Or breathes the freshness of Cithaeron's height,
 Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile.
 Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light ;
 On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,
 Or, at that placid hour, how calm the Aegean deep ! 190

XX

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine ?
 (The all of thine no tyrant could destroy !)
 E'en to the stranger's roving eye, they shine
 Soft as a vision of remember'd joy.
 And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,
 A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,
 Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,
 To laughing climes, where all is splendour still ;
 And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,
 As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more. 200

XXI

Realm of sad beauty ! thou art as a shrine
 That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,
 To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,
 And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel
 Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave
 Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,
 Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to save
 The land redeem'd and hallow'd by their toil ;
 And there is language in thy lightest gale, 209
 That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring yet their tale.

XXII

And he, whose heart is weary of the strife
 Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze
 Would shun the dull cold littleness of life,
 Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,
 Must turn to thee, whose every valley teems
 With proud remembrances that cannot die.
 Thy glens are peopled with inspiring dreams,
 Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by ;
 And, 'midst thy laurel shades the wanderer hears
 The sound of mighty names, the hymns of vanish'd years. 220

XXIII

Through that deep solitude be his to stray,
 By Faun and Oread loved in ages past,
 Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way
 Through the cleft heights, in antique grandeur vast.
 Romantic Tempe ! thou art yet the same—
 Wild, as when sung by bards of elder time :
 Years, that have changed thy river's classic name,
 Have left thee still in savage pomp sublime ;
 And from thine Alpine clefts, and marble caves,
 In living lustre still break forth the fountain waves. 230

XXIV

Beneath thy mountain battlements and towers,
 Where the rich arbute's coral-berries glow,
 Or, 'midst the exuberance of thy forest bowers,
 Casting deep shadows o'er the current's flow,
 Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone recess,
 As rock and stream some glancing light have caught,
 And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms impress
 His soul with deep sublimity of thought ;
 And linger oft, recalling many a tale, 239
 That breeze, and wave, and wood, seem whispering through thy dale.

XXV

He, thought-entranced, may wander where of old
 From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapour rose,
 And trembling nations heard their doom foretold
 By the dread spirit throned 'midst rocks and snows.
 Though its rich fanes be blended with the dust,
 And silence now the hallow'd haunt possess,
 Still is the scene of ancient rites august,
 Magnificent in mountain loneliness ;
 Still Inspiration hovers o'er the ground, 249
 Where Greece her councils held, her Pythian victors crown'd.

XXVI

Or let his steps the rude grey cliffs explore
 Of that wild pass, once dyed with Spartan blood,
 When by the waves that break on Oeta's shore,
 The few, the fearless, the devoted, stood !
 Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's plain,
 Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead,
 Or lone Plataea's ruins yet remain,
 To mark the battle-field of ages fled ;
 Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred power, 259
 Though Fiction's gods have fled from fountain, grot, and bower.

XXVII

Oh ! still unblamed may fancy fondly deem,
 That, lingering yet, benignant genii dwell
 Where mortal worth has hallow'd grove or stream,
 To sway the heart with some ennobling spell ;
 For mightiest minds have felt their blest control,
 In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's sigh,
 And these are dreams that lend a voice and soul,
 And a high power, to Nature's majesty !
 And who can rove o'er Grecian shores, nor feel,
 Soft, o'er his inmost heart, their secret magic steal ? 270

XXVIII.

Yet many a sad reality is there,
 That Fancy's bright illusions cannot veil.
 Pure laughs the light, and balmy breathes the air,
 But Slavery's mien will tell its bitter tale ;
 And there, not Peace, but Desolation, throws
 Delusive quiet o'er full many a scene,
 Deep as the brooding torpor of repose
 That follows where the earthquake's track hath been ;
 Or solemn calm, on Ocean's breast that lies, 279
 When sinks the storm, and death has hush'd the seaman's cries.

XXIX

Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit, hurl'd
 By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant sphere,
 Doom'd to resign the homage of a world,
 For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest tear ?
 Oh ! hast thou watch'd the awful wreck of mind,
 That weareth still a glory in decay ?
 Seen all that dazzles and delights mankind—
 Thought, science, genius, to the storm a prey,
 And o'er the blasted tree, the wither'd ground, 289
 Despair's wild nightshade spread, and darkly flourish round ?

XXX

So mayst thou gaze, in sad and awe-struck thought,
 On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime :
 Such there the ruin Time and Fate have wrought,
 So changed the bright, the splendid, the sublime ;
 There the proud monuments of Valour's name,
 The mighty works Ambition piled on high,
 The rich remains by Art bequeath'd to Fame—
 Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and symmetry,
 Blend in decay ; while all that yet is fair
 Seems only spared to tell how much hath perish'd there ! 300

XXXI

There, while around lie mingling in the dust,
 The column's graceful shaft, with weeds o'ergrown,
 The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust,
 The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone ;
 Amidst the loneliness of shatter'd fanes,
 Still matchless monuments of other years,
 O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,
 Its eastern form the minaret proudly rears ;
 As on some captive city's ruin'd wall
 The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er its fall. 310

XXXII

Still, where that column of the mosque aspires,
 Landmark of slavery, towering o'er the waste,
 There science droops, the Muses hush their lyres,
 And o'er the blooms of fancy and of taste
 Spreads the chill blight—as in that orient isle,
 Where the dark upas taints the gale around,
 Within its precincts not a flower may smile,
 Nor dew nor sunshine fertilize the ground ;
 Nor wild birds' music float on zephyr's breath,
 But all is silence round, and solitude, and death.

320

XXXIII

Far other influence pour'd the Crescent's light
 O'er conquer'd realms, in ages pass'd away ;
 Full and alone it beam'd, intensely bright,
 While distant climes in midnight darkness lay.
 Then rose the Alhambra, with its founts and shades,
 Fair marble halls, alcoves, and orange bowers :
 Its sculptured lions, richly wrought arcades,
 Aerial pillars, and enchanted towers ;
 Light, splendid, wild, as some Arabian tale
 Would picture fairy domes, that fleet before the gale.

330

XXXIV

Then foster'd genius lent each caliph's throne
 Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er attain ;
 And stars unnumber'd o'er the orient shone,
 Bright as that Pleiad, spher'd in Mecca's fane.
 From Bagdat's palaces the choral strains
 Rose and re-echoed to the desert's bound,
 And Science, woo'd on Egypt's burning plains,
 Rear'd her majestic head with glory crown'd ;
 And the wild Muses breathed romantic lore,
 From Syria's palmy groves to Andalusia's shore.

340

XXXV

Those years have passed in radiance—they have passed
 As sinks the daystar in the tropic main ;
 His parting beams no soft reflexion cast,
 They burn—are quench'd—and deepest shadows reign.
 And Fame and Science have not left a trace
 In the vast regions of the Moslem's power,—
 Regions, to intellect a desert space,
 A wild without a fountain or a flower,
 Where towers Oppression 'midst the deepening glooms,
 As dark and lone ascends the cypress 'midst the tombs.

350

XXXVI

Alas for thee, fair Greece ! when Asia pour'd
Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's wall,
When Europe sheath'd, in apathy, her sword,
And heard unmoved the fated city's call,
No bold crusaders ranged their serried line
Of spears and banners round a falling throne ;
And thou, O last and noblest Constantine !
Didst meet the storm unshrinking and alone.
Oh ! blest to die in freedom, though in vain, 359
Thine Empire's proud exchange the grave, and not the chain.

XXXVII

Hush'd is Byzantium—'tis the dead of night—
The closing night of that imperial race !
And all is vigil—but the eye of light
Shall soon unfold, a wilder scene to trace :
There is a murmuring stillness on the train,
Thronging the midnight streets, at morn to die ;
And to the cross, in fair Sophia's fane,
For the last time is raised Devotion's eye ;
And, in his heart while faith's bright visions rise, 369
There kneels the high-soul'd prince, the summon'd of the skies.

XXXVIII

Day breaks in light and glory—'tis the hour
Of conflict and of fate—the war-note calls—
Despair hath lent a stern, delirious power
To the brave few that guard the rampart walls.
Far over Marmora's waves the artillery's peal
Proclaims an empire's doom in every note ;
Tambour and trumpet swell the clash of steel,
Round spire and dome the clouds of battle float ;
From camp and wave rush on the Crescent's host,
And the Seven Towers are scaled, and all is won and lost. 380

XXXIX

Then, Greece ! the tempest rose that burst on thee,
Land of the bard, the warrior, and the sage !
Oh ! where were then thy sons, the great, the free,
Whose deeds are guiding-stars from age to age ?
Though firm thy battlements of crags and snows,
And bright the memory of thy days of pride,
In mountain might though Corinth's fortress rose,
On, unresisted, roll'd the invading tide !
Oh ! vain the rock, the rampart, and the tower, 389
If Freedom guard them not with Mind's unconquer'd power.

XL

Where were the avengers then, whose viewless might
 Preserved inviolate their awful fane,
 When through the steep defiles, to Delphi's height,
 In martial splendour pour'd the Persian's train ?
 Then did those mighty and mysterious Powers,
 Arm'd with the elements, to vengeance wake,
 Call the dread storms to darken round their towers,
 Hurl down the rocks, and bid the thunders break ;
 Till far around, with deep and fearful clang,
 Sounds of unearthly war through wild Parnassus rang. 400

XLI

Where was the spirit of the victor-throng
 Whose tombs are glorious by Scamander's tide,
 Whose names are bright in everlasting song,
 The lords of war, the praised, the deified ?
 Where he, the hero of a thousand lays,
 Who from the dead at Marathon arose
 All arm'd ; and beaming on the Athenians' gaze,
 A battle-meteor, guided to their foes ?
 Or they whose forms to Alaric's awe-struck eye,
 Hovering o'er Athens, blazed, in airy panoply ? 410

XLII

Ye slept, oh heroes ! chief ones of the earth !
 High demigods of ancient days ! ye slept.
 There lived no spark of your ascendant worth
 When o'er your land the victor Moslem swept ;
 No patriot then the sons of freedom led,
 In mountain pass devotedly to die ;
 The martyr-spirit of resolve was fled,
 And the high soul's unconquer'd buoyancy ;
 And by your graves, and on your battle-plains, 419
 Warriors ! your children knelt, to wear the stranger's chains.

XLIII

Now have your trophies vanish'd, and your homes
 Are moulder'd from the earth, while scarce remain
 E'en the faint traces of the ancient tombs
 That mark where sleep the slayers or the slain.
 Your deeds are with the days of glory flown,
 The lyres are hush'd that swell'd your fame afar,
 The halls that echoed to their sounds are gone,
 Perish'd the conquering weapons of your war ;
 And if a mossy stone your names retain,
 'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye died in vain. 430

XLIV

Yet, where some lone sepulchral relic stands,
That with those names tradition hallows yet,
Oft shall the wandering son of other lands
Linger in solemn thought and hush'd regret.
And still have legends mark'd the lonely spot
Where low the dust of Agamemnon lies ;
And shades of kings and leaders unforget,
Hovering around, to fancy's vision rise.
Souls of the heroes ! seek your rest again, 439
Now mark how changed the realms that saw your glory's reign.

XLV

Lo, where the Albanian spreads his despot sway
O'er Thessaly's rich vales and glowing plains,
Whose sons in sullen abjectness obey,
Nor lift the hand indignant at its chains :
Oh ! doth the land that gave Achilles birth,
And many a chief of old illustrious line,
Yield not one spirit of unconquer'd worth
To kindle those that now in bondage pine ?
No ! on its mountain-air is slavery's breath, 449
And terror chills the hearts whose utter'd plaints were death.

XLVI

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom, rested there,
How rich in charms were that romantic clime,
With streams, and woods, and pastoral valleys fair,
And wall'd with mountains, haughtily sublime.
Heights, that might well be deem'd the Muses' reign,
Since, claiming proud alliance with the skies,
They lose in loftier spheres their wild domain.
Meet home for those retired divinities
That love, where naught of earth may e'er intrude,
Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely sanctitude. 460

XLVII

There, in rude grandeur, daringly ascends
Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad height ;
He with the clouds his bleak dominion blends,
Frowning o'er vales, in woodland verdure bright.
Wild and august in consecrated pride,
There through the deep-blue heaven Olympus towers,
Girdled with mists, light-floating as to hide
The rock-built palace of immortal powers ;
Where far on high the sunbeam finds repose,
Amidst the eternal pomp of forests and of snows. 470

XLVIII

Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem
 The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot would roam ;
 She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-stream,
 And make the rocky fastnesses her home.
 And in the rushing of the mountain-flood,
 In the wild eagle's solitary cry,
 In sweeping winds that peal through cave and wood,
 There is a voice of stern sublimity,
 That swells her spirit to a loftier mood
 Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude. 480

XLIX

But from those hills the radiance of her smile
 Hath vanish'd long, her step hath fled afar ;
 O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused a while,
 Kindling the watch-fires of the mountain war ;
 And brightly glow'd her ardent spirit there,
 Still brightest 'midst privation : o'er distress
 It cast romantic splendour, and despair
 But fann'd that beacon of the wilderness ;
 And rude ravine, and precipice, and dell,
 Sent their deep echoes forth, her rallying voice to swell. 490

L

Dark children of the hills ! 'twas then ye wrought
 Deeds of fierce daring, rudely, sternly grand ;
 As 'midst your craggy citadels ye fought,
 And women mingled with your warrior band.
 Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood
 High o'er the river's darkly-rolling wave,
 And hurl'd, in dread delirium, to the flood
 Her free-born infant, ne'er to be a slave.
 For all was lost—all, save the power to die
 The wild indignant death of savage liberty. 500

LI

Now is that strife a tale of vanish'd days,
 With mightier things forgotten soon to lie ;
 Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty lays,
 Deeds less adventurous, energies less high.
 And the dread struggle's fearful memory still
 O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect throws ;
 Sheds darker shadows o'er the frowning hill,
 More solemn quiet o'er the glen's repose ;
 Lends to the rustling pines a deeper moan,
 And the hoarse river's voice a murmur not its own. 510

LII

For stillness now—the stillness of the dead,
 Hath wrapt that conflict's lone and awful scene,
 And man's forsaken homes, in ruin spread,
 Tell where the storming of the cliffs hath been.
 And there, o'er wastes magnificently rude,
 What race may rove, unconscious of the chain ?
 Those realms have now no desert unsubdued,
 Where Freedom's banner may be rear'd again :
 Sunk are the ancient dwellings of her fame,
 The children of her sons inherit but their name.

520

LIII

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments and fanes !
 In scatter'd fragments o'er the vale they lie ;
 Of all they were not e'en enough remains
 To lend their fall a mournful majesty.
 Birthplace of those whose names we first revered
 In song and story—temple of the free !
 O thou, the stern, the haughty, and the fear'd,
 Are such thy relics, and can this be thee ?
 Thou shouldst have left a giant-wreck behind,
 And e'en in ruin claim'd the wonder of mankind.

530

LIV

For thine were spirits cast in other mould
 Than all beside—and proved by ruder test ;
 They stood alone—the proud, the firm, the bold,
 With the same seal indelibly imprest,
 Theirs were no bright varieties of mind,
 One image stamp'd the rough, colossal race,
 In rugged grandeur frowning o'er mankind,
 Stern, and disdainful of each milder grace.
 As to the sky some mighty rock may tower,
 Whose front can brave the storm, but will not rear the flower.

539

Such were thy sons—their life a battle day !
 Their youth one lesson how for thee to die !
 Closed is that task, and they have pass'd away
 Like softer beings train'd to aims less high.
 Yet bright on earth *their* fame who proudly fell,
 True to their shields, the champions of thy cause,
 Whose funeral column bade the stranger tell
 How died the brave, obedient to thy laws !
 O lofty mother of heroic worth,
 How couldst thou live to bring a meaner offspring forth ?

550

LVI

Hadst thou but perish'd with the free, nor known
 A second race, when Glory's noon went by,
 Then had thy name in single brightness shone
 A watchword on the helm of liberty !
 Thou shouldst have pass'd with all the light of fame,
 And proudly sunk in ruins, not in chains.
 But slowly set thy star 'midst clouds of shame,
 And tyrants rose amidst thy falling fanes ;
 And thou, surrounded by thy warriors' graves,
 Hast drain'd the bitter cup once mingled for thy slaves. 560

LVII

Now all is o'er—for thee alike are flown
 Freedom's bright noon, and Slavery's twilight cloud ;
 And in thy fall, as in thy pride, alone,
 Deep solitude is round thee, as a shroud.
 Home of Leonidas ! thy halls are low,
 From their cold altars have thy Lares fled,
 O'er thee unmark'd the sunbeams fade or glow,
 And wild-flowers wave, unbent by human tread ;
 And 'midst thy silence, as the grave's profound,
 A voice, a step, would seem as some unearthly sound. 570

LVIII

Taygetus still lifts his awful brow,
 High o'er the mouldering city of the dead,
 Sternly sublime ; while o'er his robe of snow
 Heaven's floating tints their warm suffusions spread.
 And yet his rippling wave Eurotas leads
 By tombs and ruins o'er the silent plain,
 While whisp'ring there, his own wild graceful reeds
 Rise as of old, when hail'd by classic strain ;
 There the rose laurels still in beauty wave,
 And a frail shrub survives to bloom o'er Sparta's grave. 580

Oh ! thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,
 While nations perish, still renews its race,
 And o'er the fallen records of his power
 Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.
 The laurel shoots when those have pass'd away
 Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free ;
 The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,
 The myrtle blows when love hath ceased to be ;
 Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled,
 And all that round us blooms, is blooming o'er the dead. 590

LX

And still the olive spreads its foliage round
Morea's fallen sanctuaries and towers,
Once its green boughs Minerva's votaries crown'd,
Deem'd a meet offering for celestial powers.
The suppliant's hand its holy branches bore ;
They waved around the Olympic victor's head ;
And, sanctified by many a rite of yore,
Its leaves the Spartan's honour's bier o'erspread :
Those rites have vanish'd—but o'er vale and hill
Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hallow'd still.

600

LXI

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis ! where thy fane
Of fearful visions, mysteries wild and high ?
The pomp of rites, the sacrificial train,
The long procession's awful pageantry ?
Quench'd is the torch of Ceres—all around
Decay hath spread the stillness of her reign,
There never more shall choral hymns resound
O'er the hush'd earth and solitary main ;
Whose wave from Salamis deserted flows,
To bathe a silent shore of desolate repose.

610

LXII

And oh ! ye secret and terrific powers,
Dark oracles ! in depth of groves that dwelt,
How are they sunk, the altars of your bowers,
Where Superstition trembled as she knelt !
Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones ! that made
The elements your voice, the wind and wave ;
Spirits ! whose influence darken'd many a shade,
Mysterious visitants of fount and cave !
How long your power the awe-struck nations sway'd,
How long earth dreamt of you, and shudderingly obey'd !

620

LXIII

And say, what marvel, in those early days,
While yet the light of heaven-born truth was not ;
If man around him cast a fearful gaze,
Peopling with shadowy powers each dell and grot ?
Awful is nature in her savage forms,
Her solemn voice commanding in its might,
And mystery then was in the rush of storms,
The gloom of woods, the majesty of night ;
And mortals heard Fate's language in the blast,
And rear'd your forest-shrines, ye phantoms of the past !

630

LXIV

Then through the foliage not a breeze might sigh
 But with prophetic sound—a waving tree,
 A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,
 A bird's wild flight reveal'd the things to be.
 All spoke of unseen natures, and convey'd
 Their inspiration ; still they hover'd round,
 Hallow'd the temple, whisper'd through the shade,
 Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound ;
 Of them the fount, the forest, murmur'd still,
 Their voice was in the stream, their footstep on the hill. 640

LXV

Now is the train of Superstition flown,
 Unearthly Beings walk on earth no more ;
 The deep wind swells with no portentous tone,
 The rustling wood breathes no fatidic lore.
 Fled are the phantoms of Livadia's cave,
 There dwell no shadows, but of crag and steep ;
 Fount of Oblivion ! in thy gushing wave,
 That murmurs nigh, those powers of terror sleep.
 Oh ! that such dreams alone had fled that clime, 649
 But Greece is changed in all that could be changed by time !

LXVI

Her skies are those whence many a mighty bard
 Caught inspiration, glorious as their beams ;
 Her hills the same that heroes died to guard,
 Her vales, that foster'd Art's divinest dreams !
 But that bright spirit o'er the land that shone,
 And all around pervading influence pour'd,
 That lent the harp of Aeschylus its tone,
 And proudly hallow'd Lacedaemon's sword,
 And guided Phidias o'er the yielding stone,
 With them its ardours lived—with them its light is flown. 660

LXVII

Thebes, Corinth, Argos !—ye, renown'd of old,
 Where are your chiefs of high romantic name ?
 How soon the tale of ages may be told !
 A page, a verse, records the fall of fame,
 The work of centuries—we gaze on you,
 Oh, cities ! once the glorious and the free,
 The lofty tales that charm'd our youth renew,
 And wondering ask, if these their scenes could be ?
 Search for the classic fane, the regal tomb,
 And find the mosque alone—a record of their doom ! 670

LXVIII

How oft hath war his host of spoilers pour'd,
 Fair Elis ! o'er thy consecrated vales ?
 There have the sunbeams glanced on spear and sword,
 And banners floated on the balmy gales.
 Once didst thou smile, secure in sanctitude,
 As some enchanted isle 'mid stormy seas ;
 On thee no hostile footstep might intrude,
 And pastoral sounds alone were on thy breeze.
 Forsaken home of peace ! that spell is broke,
 Thou too hast heard the storm, and bow'd beneath the yoke. 679

LXIX

And through Arcadia's wild and lone retreats
 Far other sounds have echo'd than the strain
 Of faun and dryad, from their woodland seats,
 Or ancient reed of peaceful mountain-swain !
 There, though at times Alpheus yet surveys,
 On his green banks renew'd, the classic dance,
 And nymph-like forms, and wild melodious lays,
 Revive the sylvan scenes of old romance ;
 Yet brooding fear and dark suspicion dwell
 'Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by fountain, cave, and dell. 690

LXX

But thou, fair Attica ! whose rocky bound
 All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,
 Thou little sphere, whose soul-illumin'd round
 Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind ;
 Who, as the summit of some Alpine height
 Glows earliest, latest, with the blush of day,
 Didst first imbibe the splendours of the light,
 And smile the longest in its lingering ray ;
 Oh ! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem
 The past awhile restored, the present but a dream. 700

LXXI

Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—
 Wake at her call—be all thou wert once more !
 Hark—hymns of triumph swell on every gale !
 Lo—bright processions move along thy shore !
 Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,
 Lovely in chaste simplicity arise ;
 And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,
 Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent skies ;
 And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly mien,
 In their calm beauty smile, around the sun-bright scene. 710

LXXII

Again renew'd by Thought's creative spells,
 In all her pomp thy city, Theseus ! towers :
 Within, around, the light of glory dwells
 On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy bowers.
 There marble fanes in finish'd grace ascend,
 The pencil's world of life and beauty glows ;
 Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,
 Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes ;
 And groves of platane wave, in verdant pride,
 The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide.

720

LXXIII

Bright as that fairy vision of the wave,
 Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand,
 On summer seas, that undulating lave
 Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand ;
 That pictured scene of airy colonnades
 Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,
 Enchanted groves, and temples, and arcades,
 Gleaming and floating on the ocean's breast ;
 Athens ! thus fair the dream of thee appears,
 As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling cloud of years.

730

LXXIV

Still be that cloud withdrawn—oh ! mark on high,
 Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,
 That fane, august in perfect symmetry,
 The purest model of Athenian taste.
 Fair Parthenon ! thy Doric pillars rise
 In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
 Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,
 That round thee spread their deep ethereal blue ;
 And art o'er all thy light proportions throws
 The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

740

LXXV

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,
 When morn and eve in tranquil splendour reign,
 And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow
 Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.
 Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought, unfold
 Each latent grace, developing in light,
 Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold,
 Each tint that passes, tremulously bright ;
 And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems,
 While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its beams.

749

LXXVI

But oh ! what words the vision may portray,
 The form of sanctitude that guards thy shrine ?
 There stands thy goddess, robed in war's array,
 Supremely glorious, awfully divine !
 With spear and helm she stands, and flowing vest,
 And sculptured aegis, to perfection wrought,
 And on each heavenly lineament imprest,
 Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought ;
 The pure intelligence, the chaste repose,—
 All that a poet's dream around Minerva throws.

760

LXXVII

Bright age of Pericles ! let fancy still
 Through time's deep shadows all thy splendour trace,
 And in each work of art's consummate skill
 Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race.
 That spirit, roused by every proud reward
 That hope could picture, glory could bestow,
 Foster'd by all the sculptor and the bard
 Could give of immortality below.
 Thus were thy heroes form'd, and o'er their name
 Thus did thy genius shed imperishable fame.

770

LXXVIII

Mark in the throng'd Ceramicus, the train
 Of mourners weeping o'er the martyr'd brave :
 Proud be the tears devoted to the slain,
 Holy the amaranth strew'd upon their grave !
 And hark—unrivall'd eloquence proclaims
 Their deeds, their trophies, with triumphant voice !
 Hark—Pericles records their honour'd names !
 Sons of the fallen, in their lot rejoice :
 What hath life brighter than so bright a doom ?
 What power hath fate to soil the garlands of the tomb ?

780

LXXIX

Praise to the valiant dead ! for them doth art
 Exhaust her skill, their triumphs bodying forth ;
 Theirs are enshrined names, and every heart
 Shall bear the blazon'd impress of their worth.
 Bright on the dreams of youth their fame shall rise,
 Their fields of fight shall epic song record ;
 And, when the voice of battle rends the skies,
 Their name shall be their country's rallying word !
 While fane and column rise august to tell
 How Athens honours those for her who proudly fell.

790

LXXX

City of Theseus ! bursting on the mind,
 Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory fled !
 Thus guarded by the mighty of mankind,
 Thus hallow'd by the memory of the dead :
 Alone in beauty and renown—a scene
 Whose tints are drawn from freedom's loveliest ray.
 'Tis but a vision now—yet thou hast been
 More than the brightest vision might portray ;
 And every stone, with but a vestige fraught
 Of thee, hath latent power to wake some lofty thought. 800

LXXXI

Fall'n are thy fabrics, that so oft have rung
 To choral melodies, and tragic lore ;
 Now is the lyre of Sophocles unstrung,
 The song that hail'd Harmodius peals no more.
 Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,
 Thy stately shrines are mould'ring on their hill,
 Closed are the triumphs of the sculptor's hand,
 The magic voice of eloquence is still ;
 Minerva's veil is rent—her image gone,
 Silent the sage's bower—the warrior's tomb o'erthrown. 810

LXXXII

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains
 Wond'ring we view, and silently revere,
 As traces left on earth's forsaken plains
 By vanish'd beings of a nobler sphere !
 Not all the old magnificence of Rome,
 All that dominion there hath left to time ;
 Proud Coliseum, or commanding dome,
 Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,
 Can bid such reverence o'er the spirit steal,
 As aught by thee imprest with beauty's plastic seal. 820

LXXXIII

Though still the empress of the sunburnt waste,
 Palmyra rises, desolately grand—
 Though with rich gold and massy sculpture graced,
 Commanding still, Persepolis may stand
 In haughty solitude—though sacred Nile
 The first-born temples of the world surveys,
 And many an awful and stupendous pile
 Thebes of the hundred gates e'en yet displays ;
 City of Pericles ! O who, like thee,
 Can teach how fair the works of mortal hand may be ? 830

LXXXIV

Thou led'st the way to that illumined sphere
 Where sovereign beauty dwells ; and thence didst bear,
 Oh, still triumphant in that high career !
 Bright archetypes of all the grand and fair.
 And still to thee the enlighten'd mind hath flown
 As to her country ;—thou hast been to earth
 A cynosure ;—and, e'en from victory's throne,
 Imperial Rome gave homage to thy worth ;
 And nations, rising to their fame afar,
 Still to thy model turn, as seamen to their star.

840

LXXXV

Glory to those whose relics thus arrest
 The gaze of ages ! Glory to the free !
 For they, they only, could have thus imprest
 Their mighty image on the years to be !
 Empires and cities in oblivion lie,
 Grandeur may vanish, conquest be forgot :—
 To leave on earth renown that cannot die,
 Of high-soul'd genius is the unrivall'd lot.
 Honour to thee, O Athens ! thou hast shown
 What mortals may attain, and seized the palm alone.

850

LXXXVI

Oh ! live there those who view with scornful eyes
 All that attests the brightness of thy prime ?
 Yes ; they who dwell beneath thy lovely skies,
 And breathe the inspiring ether of thy clime !
 Their path is o'er the mightiest of the dead,
 Their homes are 'midst the works of noblest arts ;
 Yet all around their gaze, beneath their tread,
 Not one proud thrill of loftier thought imparts.
 Such are the conquerors of Minerva's land,
 Where Genius first reveal'd the triumphs of his hand !

860

LXXXVII

For them in vain the glowing light may smile
 O'er the pale marble, colouring's warmth to shed,
 And in chaste beauty many a sculptured pile
 Still o'er the dust of heroes lift its head.
 No patriot feeling binds them to the soil,
 Whose tombs and shrines their fathers have not rear'd,
 Their glance is cold indifference, and their toil
 But to destroy what ages have revered,
 As if exulting sternly to erase
 Whate'er might prove *that* land had nursed a nobler race.

870

LXXXVIII

And who may grieve that, rescued from their hands,
 Spoilers of excellence and foes to art,
 Thy relics, Athens ! borne to other lands,
 Claim homage still to thee from every heart ?
 Though now no more the exploring stranger's sight,
 Fix'd in deep reverence on Minerva's fane,
 Shall hail, beneath their native heaven of light,
 All that remain'd of forms adored in vain ;
 A few short years—and, vanish'd from the scene,
 To blend with classic dust their proudest lot had been. 880

LXXXIX

Fair Parthenon ! yet still must Fancy weep
 For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown.
 Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep
 In all their beauty still—and thine is gone !
 Empires have sunk since thou wert first revered,
 And varying rites have sanctified thy shrine.
 The dust is round thee of the race that rear'd
 Thy walls ; and thou—their fate must soon be thine !
 But when shall earth again exult to see
 Visions divine like theirs renew'd in aught like thee ? 890

XC

Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale
 Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moan'd
 That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale
 Of the bright synod once above them throned.
 Mourn, graceful ruin ! on thy sacred hill,
 Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared :
 Yet art thou honour'd in each fragment still
 That wasting years and barbarous hands had spared ;
 Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's fury borne,
 Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn. 900

XCI

Yes ; in those fragments, though by time defaced
 And rude insensate conquerors, yet remains
 All that may charm the enlighten'd eye of taste,
 On shores where still inspiring freedom reigns.
 As vital fragrance breathes from every part
 Of the crush'd myrtle, or the bruised rose,
 E'en thus the essential energy of art
 There in each wreck imperishably glows !
 The soul of Athens lives in every line,
 Pervading brightly still the ruins of her shrine. 910

MODERN GREECE

XCII

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful train,
The holy festival's triumphal throng,
In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
With many a sacred symbol, move along.
There every shade of bright existence trace,
The fire of youth, the dignity of age ;
The matron's calm austerity of grace,
The ardent warrior, the benignant sage ;
The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's proud mien ;
Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in the scene. 920

XCIII

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form,
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows ;
There e'en the steed, with bold expression warm,
Is clothed with majesty, with being glows.
One mighty mind hath harmonized the whole ;
Those varied groups the same bright impress bear ;
One beam and essence of exalting soul
Lives in the grand, the delicate, the fair ;
And well that pageant of the glorious dead
Blends us with nobler days, and loftier spirits fled. 930

XCIV

O, conquering Genius ! that couldst thus detain
The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,
Arrest warm life in all its energies,
And fix them on the stone—thy glorious lot
Might wake ambition's envy, and create
Powers half divine : while nations are forgot,
A thought, a dream of thine hath vanquish'd fate !
And when thy hand first gave its wonders birth, 939
The realms that hail them now scarce claim'd a name on earth.

XCV

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
But once beheld, and never to return ?
No—we may hail again thy bright career,
Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn !
Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear
A stamp of heaven, that ne'er hath been renew'd—
A light inherent—let not man despair :
Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued ;
For still is nature fair, and thought divine,
And art hath won a world in models pure as thine. 950

MODERN GREECE

XCVI

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and defaced—
Yet there the germ of future glory lies !
Their virtual grandeur could not be erased ;
It clothes them still, though veil'd from common eyes.
They once were gods and heroes—and beheld
As the blest guardians of their native scene ;
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have swell'd
With awe that own'd their sovereignty of mien.
—Ages have vanish'd since those hearts were cold,
And still those shatter'd forms retain their godlike mould. 960

XCVII

'Midst their bright kindred, from their marble throne
They have look'd down on thousand storms of time ;
Surviving power, and fame, and freedom flown,
They still remain'd, still tranquilly sublime !
Till mortal hands the heavenly conclave marr'd,
The Olympian groups have sunk, and are forgot ;
Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens guard—
But these were destined to a nobler lot !
And they have borne, to light another land,
The quenchless ray that soon shall gloriously expand. 970

XCVIII

Phidias ! supreme in thought ! what hand but thine,
In human works thus blending earth and heaven,
O'er nature's truth hath shed that grace divine,
To mortal form immortal grandeur given ?
What soul but thine, infusing all its power,
In these last monuments of matchless days,
Could, from their ruins, bid young Genius tower,
And Hope aspire to more exalted praise ?
And guide deep Thought to that secluded height
Where Excellence is throned, in purity of light. 980

XCIX

And who can tell how pure, how bright a flame,
Caught from these models, may illumine the west ?
What British Angelo may rise to fame,
On the free isle what beams of art may rest ?
Deem not, O England ! that by climes confined,
Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray ;
Deem not the eternal energies of mind
Sway'd by that sun whose doom is but decay !
Shall thought be foster'd but by skies serene ?
No ! thou hast power to be what Athens e'er hath been. 990

C

But thine are treasures oft unprized, unknown,
 And cold neglect hath blighted many a mind,
 O'er whose young ardours had thy smile but shone,
 Their soaring flight had left a world behind !
 And many a gifted hand, that might have wrought
 To Grecian excellence the breathing stone,
 Or each pure grace of Raphael's pencil caught,
 Leaving no record of its power, is gone !
 While thou hast fondly sought, on distant coast,
 Gems far less rich than those, thus precious, and thus lost. 1000

CI

Yet rise, O Land, in all but art alone,
 Bid the sole wreath that is not thine be won !
 Fame dwells around thee—Genius is thine own ;
 Call his rich blooms to life—be thou their sun !
 So, should dark ages o'er thy glory sweep,
 Should *thine* e'er be as now are Grecian plains,
 Nations unborn shall track thine own blue deep,
 To hail thy shore, to worship thy remains ;
 Thy mighty monuments with reverence trace,
 And cry, 'This ancient soil hath nursed a glorious race !' 1010

THE SCEPTIC

' Leur raison, qu'ils prennent pour guide, ne présente à leur esprit que des conjectures et des embarras ; les absurdités où ils tombent en niant la Religion deviennent plus insoutenables que les vérités dont la hauteur les étonne ; et pour ne vouloir pas croire des mystères incompréhensibles, ils suivent l'une après l'autre d'incompréhensibles erreurs.'—BOSSUET, *Oraisons Funèbres*.

WHEN the young Eagle, with exulting eye,
 Has learn'd to dare the splendour of the sky,
 And leave the Alps beneath him in his course,
 To bathe his crest in morn's empyreal source ;
 Will his free wing, from that majestic height,
 Descend to follow some wild meteor's light,
 Which, far below, with evanescent fire,
 Shines to delude, and dazzles to expire ?

No ! still through clouds he wins his upward way,
 And proudly claims his heritage of day !
 —And shall the spirit, on whose ardent gaze
 The dayspring from on high hath pour'd its blaze,
 Turn from that pure effulgence, to the beam
 Of earth-born light, that sheds a treacherous gleam,

Luring the wanderer, from the star of faith,
 To the deep valley of the shades of death ?
 What bright exchange, what treasure shall be given,
 For the high birthright of its hope in Heaven ?
 If lost the gem which empires could not buy,
 What yet remains ?—a dark eternity !

20

Is earth still Eden ?—might a Seraph guest,
 Still 'midst its chosen bowers delighted rest ?
 Is all so cloudless and so calm below,
 We seek no fairer scenes than *life* can show ?
 That the cold Sceptic, in his pride elate,
 Rejects the promise of a brighter state,
 And leaves the rock, no tempest shall displace,
 To rear his dwelling on the quicksand's base ?

Votary of doubt ! then join the festal throng,
 Bask in the sunbeam, listen to the song,
 Spread the rich board, and fill the wine-cup high,
 And bind the wreath ere yet the roses die !
 'Tis well, thine eye is yet undimm'd by time,
 And thy heart bounds, exulting in its prime ;
 Smile then unmoved at Wisdom's warning voice,
 And, in the glory of thy strength, rejoice !

30

But life hath sterner tasks ; e'en youth's brief hours
 Survive the beauty of their loveliest flowers ;
 The founts of joy, where pilgrims rest from toil,
 Are few and distant on the desert soil ;
 The soul's pure flame the breath of storms must fan,
 And pain and sorrow claim their nursling—Man !
 Earth's noblest sons the bitter cup have shared—
 Proud child of reason ! how art *thou* prepared ?
 When years, with silent might, thy frame have bow'd,
 And o'er thy spirit cast their wintry cloud,
 Will Memory soothe thee on thy bed of pain
 With the bright images of pleasure's train ?

40

Yes ! as the sight of some far-distant shore,
 Whose well-known scenes his foot shall tread no more,
 Would cheer the seaman, by the eddying wave
 Drawn, vainly struggling, to the unfathom'd grave !
 Shall Hope, the faithful cherub, hear thy call,
 She who, like heaven's own sunbeam, smiles for all ?
 Will *she* speak comfort ?—Thou hast shorn her plume,
 That might have raised thee far above the tomb,
 And hush'd the only voice whose angel tone
 Soothes when all melodies of joy are flown !

50

For she was born beyond the stars to soar,
 And kindling at the source of life, adore ;

60

Thou couldst not, mortal ! rivet to the earth
Her eye, whose beam is of celestial birth ;
She dwells with those who leave her pinion free,
And sheds the dews of heaven on all but thee.

Yet few there are so lonely, so bereft,
But some true heart, that beats to theirs, is left,
And, haply, one whose strong affection's power
Unchanged may triumph through misfortune's hour,
Still with fond care supports thy languid head,
And keeps unwearied vigils by thy bed.

70

But thou whose thoughts have no blest home above !
Captive of earth ! and canst thou dare to *love* ?
To nurse such feelings as delight to rest,
Within that hallow'd shrine—a parent's breast
To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,
On one frail idol—destined but to die ;
Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light,
Where sever'd souls, made perfect, reunite ?
Then tremble ! cling to every passing joy,
Twined with the life a moment may destroy !
If there be sorrow in a parting tear,
Still let '*for ever*' vibrate on thine ear !
If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath flown,
Find more than anguish in the thought—'*tis gone* !

80

Go ! to a voice such magic influence give,
Thou canst not lose its melody, and live ;
And make an eye the lode-star of thy soul,
And let a glance the springs of thought control ;
Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight ;
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,
Lean on the willow, idolize the dust !
Then, when thy treasure best repays thy care,
Think on that dread '*for ever*'—and despair !

90

And oh ! no strange, unwonted storm there needs
To wreck at once thy fragile ark of reeds.
Watch well its course—explore with anxious eye
Each little cloud that floats along the sky—
Is the blue canopy serenely fair ?
Yet may the thunderbolt unseen be there,
And the bark sink, when peace and sunshine sleep
On the smooth bosom of the waveless deep !
Yes ! ere a sound, a sign, announce thy fate,
May the blow fall which makes thee desolate !
Not always Heaven's destroying angel shrouds
His awful form in tempests and in clouds ;

100

He fills the summer air with latent power,
 He hides his venom in the scented flower,
 He steals upon thee in the Zephyr's breath,
 And festal garlands veil the shafts of death !

110

Where art thou *then*, who thus didst rashly cast
 Thine all upon the mercy of the blast,
 And vainly hope the tree of life to find
 Rooted in sands that flit before the wind ?
 Is not that earth thy spirit loved so well
 It wish'd not in a brighter sphere to dwell,
 Become a desert *now*, a vale of gloom,
 O'ershadow'd with the midnight of the tomb ?
 Where shalt thou turn ?—it is not thine to raise
 To yon pure heaven thy calm confiding gaze,
 No gleam reflected from that realm of rest
 Steals on the darkness of thy troubled breast ;
 Not for thine eye shall Faith divinely shed
 Her glory round the image of the dead ;
 And if, when slumber's lonely couch is prest,
 The form departed be thy spirit's guest,
 It bears no light from purer worlds to this ;
 Thy future lends not e'en a dream of bliss.

120

But who shall dare the gate of life to close,
 Or say, *thus far* the stream of mercy flows ?
 That fount unseal'd, whose boundless waves embrace
 Each distant isle, and visit every race,
 Pours from the throne of God its current free,
 Nor yet denies the immortal draught to thee.
 Oh ! while the doom impends, not yet decreed,
 While yet the Atoner hath not ceased to plead,
 While still, suspended by a single hair,
 The sharp bright sword hangs quivering in the air,
 Bow down thy heart to Him who will not break
 The bruised reed ; e'en yet, awake, awake !
 Patient, because Eternal, He may hear
 Thy prayer of agony with pitying ear,
 And send His chastening Spirit from above,
 O'er the deep chaos of thy soul to move.

130

140

But seek thou mercy through His name alone,
 To whose unequal'd sorrows none was shown.
 Through Him, who here in mortal garb abode,
 As man to suffer, and to heal as God ;
 And, born the sons of utmost time to bless,
 Endured all scorn, and aided all distress.

150

Call thou on Him—for He, in human form,
 Hath walk'd the waves of life, and still'd the storm.
 He, when her hour of lingering grace was past,
 O'er Salem wept, relenting to the last,

Wept with such tears as Judah's monarch pour'd
 O'er his lost child, ungrateful, yet deplored ;
 And, offering guiltless blood that guilt might live,
 Taught from His Cross the lesson—to forgive !

Call thou on Him—His prayer e'en then arose,
 Breathed in unpitied anguish for His foes.
 And haste !—ere bursts the lightning from on high,
 Fly to the City of thy Refuge, fly !
 So shall the Avenger turn his steps away,
 And sheath his falchion, baffled of its prey.

160

Yet must long days roll on, ere peace shall brood,
 As the soft halcyon, o'er thy heart subdued ;
 Ere yet the dove of Heaven descend, to shed
 Inspiring influence o'er thy fallen head.
 —He, who hath pined in dungeons, 'midst the shade
 Of such deep night as man for man hath made,
 Through lingering years ; if call'd at length to be,
 Once more, by nature's boundless charter, free,
 Shrinks feebly back, the blaze of noon to shun,
 Fainting at day, and blasted by the sun.

170

Thus, when the captive soul hath long remain'd
 In its own dread abyss of darkness chain'd,
 If the Deliverer, in his might, at last,
 Its fetters, born of earth, to earth should cast,
 The beam of truth o'erpowers its dazzled sight,
 Trembling it sinks, and finds no joy in light.
 But this will pass away—that spark of mind,
 Within thy frame unquenchably enshrined,
 Shall live to triumph, in its brightening ray,
 Born to be foster'd with ethereal day.
 Then wilt thou bless the hour, when o'er thee pass'd,
 On wing of flame, the purifying blast,
 And sorrow's voice, through paths before untrod,
 Like Sinai's trumpet, call'd thee to thy God !

180

But hopest thou, in thy panoply of pride,
 Heaven's messenger, affliction, to deride ?
 In thine own strength unaided to defy,
 With Stoic smile, the arrows of the sky ?
 Torn by the vulture, fetter'd to the rock,
 Still, demigod ! the tempest wilt thou mock ?
 Alas ! the tower that crests the mountain's brow
 A thousand years may awe the vale below,
 Yet not the less be shatter'd on its height,
 By one dread moment of the earthquake's might
 A thousand pangs thy bosom may have borne,
 In silent fortitude, or haughty scorn,
 Till comes the one, the master-anguish, sent
 To break the mighty heart that ne'er was bent.

190

200

Oh ! what is nature's strength ? the vacant eye,
 By mind deserted, hath a dread reply !
 The wild delirious laughter of despair,
 The mirth of frenzy—seek an answer there !
 Turn not away, though pity's cheek grow pale,
 Close not thine ear against their awful tale.
 They tell thee, Reason, wandering from the ray
 Of Faith, the blazing pillar of her way, 210
 In the mid-darkness of the stormy wave,
 Forsook the struggling soul she could not save !
 Weep not, sad moralist ! o'er desert plains,
 Strew'd with the wrecks of grandeur—mouldering fanes,
 Arches of triumph, long with weeds o'ergrown,
 And regal cities, now the serpent's own :
 Earth has more awful ruins—one lost mind,
 Whose star is quench'd, hath lessons for mankind
 Of deeper import than each prostrate dome,
 Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome. 220

But who, with eye unshrinking, shall explore
 That waste, illumed by reason's beam no more ?
 Who pierce the deep, mysterious clouds that roll
 Around the shatter'd temple of the soul,
 Curtain'd with midnight ?—low its columns lie,
 And dark the chambers of its imagery,
 Sunk are its idols now—and God alone
 May rear the fabric, by their fall o'erthrown !
 Yet, from its inmost shrine, by storms laid bare,
 Is heard an oracle that cries—' Beware ! 230
 Child of the dust ! but ransomed of the skies !
 One breath of Heaven—and thus thy glory dies !
 Haste, ere the hour of doom—draw nigh to Him
 Who dwells above between the cherubim !'

Spirit dethroned ! and check'd in mid-career,
 Son of the morning ! exiled from thy sphere,
 Tell us thy tale !—Perchance thy race was run
 With science, in the chariot of the sun ;
 Free as the winds the paths of space to sweep,
 Traverse the untrodden kingdoms of the deep, 240
 And search the laws that Nature's springs control,
 There tracing all—save Him who guides the whole !

Haply thine eye its ardent glance had cast
 Through the dim shades, the portals of the past ;
 By the bright lamp of thought thy care had fed
 From the far beacon-lights of ages fled,
 The depths of time exploring, to retrace
 The glorious march of many a vanish'd race.

Or did thy power pervade the living lyre,
 Till its deep chords became instinct with fire, 250

Silenced all meaner notes, and swell'd on high,
Full and alone, their mighty harmony,
While woke each passion from its cell profound,
And nations started at the electric sound ?

Lord of the ascendant ! what avails it now,
Though bright the laurels waved upon thy brow ?
What, though thy name, through distant empires heard,
Bade the heart bound, as doth a battle-word ?
Was it for *this* thy still-unwearied eye
Kept vigil with the watchfires of the sky, 260
To make the secrets of all ages thine,
And commune with majestic thoughts that shine
O'er Time's long shadowy pathway ?—hath thy mind
Sever'd its lone dominions from mankind,
For *this* to woo their homage ?—Thou hast sought
All, save the wisdom with salvation fraught,
Won every wreath—but that which will not die,
Nor aught neglected—save eternity !

And did all fail thee, in the hour of wrath,
When burst the o'erwhelming vials on thy path ? 270
Could not the voice of Fame inspire thee then,
O spirit ! sceptred by the sons of men,
With an immortal's courage, to sustain
The transient agonies of earthly pain ?
—One, one there was, all-powerful to have saved,
When the loud fury of the billow raved ;
But him thou knew'st not—and the light he lent
Hath vanish'd from its ruin'd tenement,
But left thee breathing, moving, lingering yet,
A thing we shrink from—vainly to forget ! 280
—Lift the dread veil no further—hide, oh ! hide
The bleeding form, the couch of suicide !
The dagger, grasp'd in death—the brow, the eye,
Lifeless, yet stamp'd with rage and agony ;
The soul's dark traces left in many a line
Graved on *his* mien, who died — and made no sign !
Approach not, gaze not—lest thy fever'd brain
Too deep that image of despair retain :
Angels of slumber ! o'er the midnight hour,
Let not such visions claim unhallow'd power, 290
Lest the mind sink with terror, and above
See but the Avenger's arm, forget the Atoner's love !

O Thou ! the unseen, the all-seeing !—Thou whose ways,
Mantled with darkness, mock all finite gaze,
Before whose eyes the creatures of Thy hand,
Seraph and man, alike in weakness stand,
And countless ages, trampling into clay
Earth's empires on their march, are but a day ;

Father of worlds unknown, unnumber'd !—Thou,
 With whom all time is one eternal *now*,
 Who know'st no past, nor future—Thou whose breath
 Goes forth, and bears to myriads, life or death !
 Look on us, guide us !—wanderers of a sea
 Wild and obscure, what are we, reft of Thee ?
 A thousand rocks, deep-hid, elude our sight,
 A star may set—and we are lost in night ;
 A breeze may waft us to the whirlpool's brink,
 A treach'rous song allure us—and we sink !

Oh ! by *His* love, who, veiling Godhead's light,
 To moments circumscribed the Infinite,
 And Heaven and Earth disdain'd not to ally
 By that dread union—Man with Deity ;
 Immortal tears o'er mortal woes who shed,
 And, ere he raised them, wept above the dead ;
 Save, or we perish !—Let Thy word control
 The earthquakes of that universe—the soul ;
 Pervade the depths of passion—speak once more
 The mighty mandate, guard of every shore,
 ' Here shall thy waves be stay'd '—in grief, in pain,
 The fearful poise of reason's sphere maintain,
 Thou, by whom suns are balanced !—thus secure
 In Thee shall Faith and Fortitude endure ;
 Conscious of Thee, unfaltering, shall the just
 Look upward still, in high and holy trust,
 And by affliction guided to Thy shrine,
 The first, last thought of suffering hearts be Thine.

And oh ! be near, when, clothed with conquering power,
 The King of Terrors claims his own dread hour :
 When, on the edge of that unknown abyss,
 Which darkly parts us from the realm of bliss,
 Awe-struck alike the timid and the brave,
 Alike subdued the monarch and the slave,
 Must drink the cup of trembling—when we see
 Naught in the universe but Death and Thee,
 Forsake us not—if still, when life was young,
 Faith to Thy bosom, as her home, hath sprung,
 If Hope's retreat hath been, through all the past,
 The shadow by the Rock of Ages cast,
 Father, forsake us not !—when tortures urge
 The shrinking soul to that mysterious verge ;
 When from Thy justice to Thy love we fly,
 On Nature's conflict look with pitying eye,
 Bid the strong wind, the fire, the earthquake cease,
 Come in the still small voice, and whisper—Peace !

For oh ! 'tis awful—He that hath beheld
 The parting spirit, by its fears repell'd,

Cling in weak terror to its earthly chain,
 And from the dizzy brink recoil, in vain ;
 He that hath seen the last convulsive throes
 Dissolve the union form'd and closed in woe, 350
 Well knows that hour is awful.—In the pride
 Of youth and health, by sufferings yet untried,
 We talk of Death, as something, which 'twere sweet
 In Glory's arms exultingly to meet,
 A closing triumph, a majestic scene,
 Where gazing nations watch the hero's mien,
 As, undismay'd amidst the tears of all,
 He folds his mantle, regally to fall !

Hush, fond enthusiast !—still, obscure and lone,
 Yet not less terrible because unknown, 360
 Is the last hour of thousands—they retire
 From life's throng'd path, unnoticed to expire ;
 As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
 Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
 Descends in silence—while around waves on
 The mighty forest, reckless what is gone !
 Such is man's doom—and, ere an hour be flown,
 —Start not, thou trifler !—such may be thine own.

But, as life's current in its ebb draws near
 The shadowy gulf, there wakes a thought of fear, 370
 A thrilling thought, which haply mock'd before,
 We fain would stifle—but it sleeps no more !
 There are who fly its murmurs 'midst the throng,
 That join the masque of revelry and song ;
 Yet still Death's image, by its power restored,
 Frowns 'midst the roses of the festal board,
 And when deep shades o'er earth and ocean brood,
 And the heart owns the might of solitude,
 Is its low whisper heard ?—a note profound,
 But wild and startling as the trumpet sound, 380
 That bursts, with sudden blast, the dead repose
 Of some proud city, storm'd by midnight foes !

Oh ! vainly Reason's scornful voice would prove
 That life hath naught to claim such lingering love,
 And ask if e'er the captive, half unchain'd,
 Clung to the links which yet his step restrain'd ?
 In vain Philosophy, with tranquil pride,
 Would mock the feelings she perchance can hide,
 Call up the countless armies of the dead,
 Point to the pathway beaten by their tread, 390
 And say—'What wouldst thou ? Shall the fix'd decree,
 Made for creation, be reversed for thee ?'
 —Poor, feeble aid !—proud Stoic ! ask not why,
 It is enough, that nature shrinks to die !

Enough, *that* horror, which thy words upbraid,
 Is her dread penalty, and must be paid !
 —Search thy deep wisdom, solve the scarce defined
 And mystic questions of the parting mind,
 Half check'd, half utter'd—tell her, what shall burst,
 In whelming grandeur, on her vision first, 400
 When freed from mortal films ?—what viewless world
 Shall first receive her wing, but half unfurl'd ?
 What awful and unbodied beings guide
 Her timid flight through regions yet untried ?
 Say, if at once, her final doom to hear,
 Before her God the trembler must appear,
 Or wait that day of terror, when the sea
 Shall yield its hidden dead, and heaven and earth shall flee ?

Hast thou no answer ?—then deride no more
 The thoughts that shrink, yet cease not to explore 410
 The unknown, the unseen, the future—though the heart,
 As at unearthly sounds, before them start ;
 Though the frame shudder, and the spirit sigh,
 They have their source in immortality !
 Whence, then, shall strength, which reason's aid denies,
 An equal to the mortal conflict rise ?
 When, on the swift pale horse, whose lightning pace,
 Where'er we fly, still wins the dreadful race,
 The mighty rider comes—O whence shall aid
 Be drawn, to meet his rushing, undismay'd ? 420
 —Whence, but from Thee, Messiah !—Thou hast drain'd
 The bitter cup, till not the dregs remain'd ;
 To Thee the struggle and the pang were known,
 The mystic horror—all became Thine own !

But did no hand celestial succour bring,
 Till scorn and anguish haply lost their sting ?
 Came not the Archangel, in the final hour,
 To arm Thee with invulnerable power ?
 No, Son of God ! upon Thy sacred head
 The shafts of wrath their tenfold fury shed, 430
 From man averted—and Thy path on high
 Pass'd through the strait of fiercest agony ;
 For thus the Eternal, with propitious eyes,
 Received the last, the almighty sacrifice !

But wake ! be glad, ye nations ! from the tomb
 Is won the victory, and is fled the gloom !
 The vale of death in conquest hath been trod,
 Break forth in joy, ye ransom'd ! saith your God
 Swell ye the raptures of the song afar,
 And hail with harps your bright and Morning Star. 440

He rose ! the everlasting gates of day
 Received the King of Glory on His way !

The Hope, the Comforter of those who wept,
 And the first-fruits of them, in Him that slept.
 He rose, He triumph'd ! He will yet sustain
 Frail nature sinking in the strife of pain.
 Aided by Him, around the martyr's frame
 When fiercely blazed a living shroud of flame,
 Hath the firm soul exulted, and the voice
 Raised the victorious hymn, and cried, Rejoice
 Aided by Him, though none the bed attend,
 Where the lone sufferer dies without a friend,
 He whom the busy world shall miss no more
 Than morn one dewdrop from her countless store,
 Earth's most neglected child, with trusting heart,
 Call'd to the hope of glory, shall depart !

450

And say, cold Sophist ! if by thee bereft
 Of that high hope, to misery what were left ?
 But for the vision of the days to be,
 But for the Comforter, despised by thee,
 Should we not wither at the Chastener's look,
 Should we not sink beneath our God's rebuke,
 When o'er our heads the desolating blast,
 Fraught with inscrutable decrees, hath pass'd,
 And the stern power who seeks the noblest prey,
 Hath call'd our fairest and our best away ?
 Should we not madden when our eyes behold
 All that we loved in marble stillness cold,
 No more responsive to our smile or sigh,
 Fix'd—frozen—silent—all mortality ?
 But for the promise, all shall yet be well,
 Would not the spirit in its pangs rebel,
 Beneath such clouds as darken'd, when the hand
 Of wrath lay heavy on our prostrate land ;
 And thou,¹ just lent thy gladden'd isles to bless,
 Then snatch'd from earth with all thy loveliness,
 With all a nation's blessings on thy head,
 O England's flower ! wert gather'd to the dead ?
 But thou didst teach us. Thou to every heart,
 Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself impart !
 When fled the hope through all thy pangs which smiled,
 When thy young bosom, o'er thy lifeless child,
 Yearn'd with vain longing—still thy patient eye,
 To its last light, beam'd holy constancy !
 Torn from a lot in cloudless sunshine cast,
 Amidst those agonies—thy first and last,
 Thy pale lip, quivering with convulsive throes,
 Breathed not a plaint—and settled in repose ;
 While bow'd thy royal head to Him, whose power
 Spoke in the fiat of that midnight hour,

460

470

480

490

Who from the brightest vision of a throne,
Love, glory, empire, claim'd thee for His own,
And spread such terror o'er the sea-girt coast,
As blasted Israel, when her Ark was lost !

'It is the will of God !'—yet, yet we hear
The words which closed thy beautiful career ;
Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,
But for that thought—'It is the will of God !'
Who shall arraign the Eternal's dark decree,
If not one murmur then escaped from thee ?
Oh ! still, though vanishing without a trace,
Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,
Still may thy memory bloom our vales among,
Hallow'd by freedom, and enshrined in song !
Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell
Bright on the isles which loved thy name so well,
E'en as an angel, with presiding care,
To wake and guard thine own high virtues there.

500

For lo ! the hour when storm-presaging skies
Call on the watchers of the land to rise,
To set the sign of fire on every height,
And o'er the mountains rear, with patriot might,
Prepared, if summon'd, in its cause to die,
The banner of our faith, the Cross of victory !

510

By this hath England conquer'd—field and flood
Have own'd her sovereignty—alone she stood,
When chains o'er all the sceptred earth were thrown,
In high and holy singleness, alone,
But mighty in her God—and shall she now
Forget before the Omnipotent to bow ?
From the bright fountain of her glory turn,
Or bid strange fire upon his altars burn ?
No ! sever'd land, 'midst rocks and billows rude,
Throned in thy majesty of solitude,
Still in the deep asylum of thy breast
Shall the pure elements of greatness rest,
Virtue and faith, the tutelary powers,
Thy hearths that hallow, and defend thy towers !

520

Still, where thy hamlet-vales, O chosen isle !
In the soft beauty of their verdure smile,
Where yew and elm o'ershade the lowly fanes,
That guard the peasant's records and remains,
May the blest echoes of the Sabbath-bell
Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands swell,
And from each cottage-dwelling of thy glades,
When starlight glimmers through the deep'ning shades,
Devotion's voice in choral hymns arise,
And bear the land's warm incense to the skies.

530

There may the mother, as with anxious joy
 To Heaven her lessons consecrate her boy,
 Teach his young accent still the immortal lays 540
 Of Zion's bards, in inspiration's days,
 When angels, whispering through the cedar shade,
 Prophetic tones to Judah's harp convey'd ;
 And as, her soul all glistening in her eyes,
 She bids the prayer of infancy arise,
 Tell of His name, who left His Throne on high,
 Earth's lowliest lot to bear and sanctify,
 His love divine, by keenest anguish tried,
 And fondly say—' My child for thee He died ! ' 550

SUPERSTITION AND REVELATION

AN UNFINISHED POEM

I

BEINGS of brighter worlds ! that rise at times
 As phantoms, with ideal beauty fraught,
 In those brief visions of celestial climes,
 Which pass, like sunbeams, o'er the realms of thought,
 Dwell ye around us ?—are ye hovering nigh,
 Throned on the cloud, or buoyant in the air ?
 And in deep solitudes, where human eye
 Can trace no step, Immortals ! are ye there ?
 Oh ! who can tell ?—what power, but Death alone
 Can lift the mystic veil that shades the world unknown ? 10

II

But Earth hath seen the days, ere yet the flowers
 Of Eden wither'd, when reveal'd ye shone,
 In all your brightness, 'midst those holy bowers—
 Holy, but not unfading, as your own !
 While he, the child of that primeval soil,
 With you its paths in high communion trod,
 His glory yet undimm'd by guilt or toil,
 And beaming in the image of his God.
 And his pure spirit glowing from the sky,
 Exulting in its light, a spark of Deity. 20

III

Then, haply, mortal and celestial lays,
 Mingling their tones, from Nature's temple rose,
 When naught but that majestic song of praise
 Broke on the sanctity of night's repose,
 With music since unheard : and man might trace,
 By stream and vale, in deep embow'ring shade,
 Devotion's first and loveliest dwelling-place,
 The footsteps of the Omnipotent, who made
 That spot a shrine, where youthful nature cast
 Her consecrated wealth, rejoicing as He pass'd. 30

IV

Short were those days, and soon, O sons of Heaven !
 Your aspect changed for man ; in that dread hour,
 When from his paradise the alien driven,
 Beheld your forms in angry splendour tower,
 Guarding the clime where he no more might dwell,
 With meteor-swords : he saw the living flame,
 And his first cry of misery was—' Farewell !'
 His heart's first anguish, exile : he became
 A pilgrim on the earth, whose children's lot
 Is still for happier lands to pine—and reach them not.

40

V

Where now the chosen bowers that once beheld
 Delight and Love their first bright Sabbath keep ?
 From all its founts the world of waters swell'd,
 And wrapt them in the mantle of the deep !
 For He, to whom the elements are slaves,
 In wrath unchain'd the oceans of the cloud,
 And heaved the abyss beneath ; till waves on waves
 Folded creation in their mighty shroud,
 Then left the earth a solitude, o'erspread
 With its own awful wreck—a desert of the dead.

50

VI

But onward flow'd life's busy course again,
 And rolling ages with them bore away—
 As to be lost amidst the boundless main,
 Rich orient streams their golden sands convey—
 The hallow'd lore of old—the guiding light
 Left by tradition to the sons of earth,
 And the blest memory of each sacred rite,
 Known in the region of their father's birth,
 When in each breeze around his fair abode
 Whisper'd a seraph's voice, or lived the breath of God.

60

VII

Who hath not seen, what time the orb of day,
 Cinctured with glory, seeks the ocean's breast,
 A thousand clouds, all glowing in his ray,
 Catching brief splendour from the purple west ?
 So round thy parting steps, fair Truth ! awhile
 With borrow'd hues unnumber'd phantoms shone ;
 And Superstition, from thy lingering smile,
 Caught a faint glow of beauty not her own,
 Blending her rites with thine—while yet afar
 Thine eye's last radiance beam'd, a slow-receding star.

70

VIII

Yet still one stream was pure—one sever'd shrine
 Was fed with holier fire, by chosen hands,
 And sounds, and dreams, and impulses divine,
 Were in the dwellings of the patriarch bands.
 There still the father to his child bequeath'd
 The sacred torch of never-dying flame ;
 There still Devotion's suppliant accents breathed
 The One adored and everlasting Name,
 And angel guests would linger and repose
 Where those primeval tents amid their palm-trees rose.

80

IX

But far o'er earth the apostate wanderers bore
 Their alien rites :—for them, by fount or shade,
 Nor voice, nor vision, holy as of yore,
 In thrilling whispers to the soul convey'd
 High inspiration : yet in every clime,
 Those sons of doubt and error fondly sought
 With beings, in their essence more sublime,
 To hold communion of mysterious thought ;
 On some dread power in trembling hope to lean,
 And hear in every wind the accents of the Unseen.

90

X

Yes ! we have need to bid our hopes repose
 On some protecting influence ; here confined,
 Life hath no healing balm for mortal woes,
 Earth is too narrow for the immortal mind.
 Our spirits burn to mingle with the day,
 As exiles panting for their native coast,
 Yet lured by every wild-flower from their way,
 And shrinking from the gulf that must be cross'd,
 Death hovers round us—in the zephyr's sigh,
 As in the storm, he comes—and lo ! Eternity !

100

XI

As one left lonely on the desert sands
 Of burning Afric, where, without a guide,
 He gazes as the pathless waste expands—
 Around, beyond, interminably wide ;
 While the red haze, presaging the simoom
 Obscures the fierce resplendence of the sky,
 Or suns of blasting light perchance illumine
 The glistening serab¹ which illudes his eye ;
 Such was the wanderer Man, in ages flown,
 Kneeling in doubt and fear before the dread Unknown.

110

¹ *Scrab*, mirage.

XII

His thoughts explored the past—and where were they,
 The chiefs of men, the mighty ones gone by ?
 He turn'd—a boundless void before him lay,
 Wrapp'd in the shadows of futurity.
 How knew the child of Nature that the flame
 He felt within him, struggling to ascend,
 Should perish not with that terrestrial frame
 Doom'd with the earth on which it moved, to blend ?
 How, when affliction bade his spirit bleed,
 If 'twere a Father's love or Tyrant's wrath decreed ?

120

XIII

Oh ! marvel not, if then he sought to trace
 In all sublimities of sight and sound,
 In rushing winds that wander through all space,
 Or 'midst deep woods, with holy gloom embrown'd,
 The oracles of Fate ! or if the train
 Of floating forms, that throng the world of sleep,
 And sounds that vibrate on the slumberer's brain,
 When mortal voices rest in stillness deep,
 Were deem'd mysterious revelations, sent
 From viewless powers, the lords of each dread element.

130

XIV

Was not wild Nature, in that elder-time,
 Clothed with a deeper power ?—earth's wandering race,
 Exploring realms of solitude sublime,
 Not as *we* see, beheld her awful face !
 Art had not tamed the mighty scenes which met
 Their searching eyes ; unpeopled kingdoms lay
 In savage pomp before them—all was yet
 Silent and vast, but not as in decay,
 And the bright daystar, from his burning throne,
 Look'd o'er a thousand shores, untrodden, voiceless, lone.

140

XV

The forests in their dark luxuriance waved,
 With all their swell of strange Aeolian sound ;
 The fearful deep, sole region ne'er enslaved,
 Heaved, in its pomp of terror, darkly round ;
 Then, brooding o'er the images, imprest
 By forms of grandeur thronging on his eye,
 And faint traditions, guarded in his breast,
 'Midst dim remembrances of infancy,
 Man shaped unearthly presences, in dreams,
 Peopling each wilder haunt of mountains, groves, and streams.

149

XVI

Then bled the victim—then in every shade
Of rock or turf arose the votive shrine ;
Fear bow'd before the phantoms she portray'd,
And Nature teem'd with many a mystic sign.
Meteors, and storms, and thunders ! ye whose course
E'en yet is awful to the enlighten'd eye,
As, wildly rushing from your secret source,
Your sounding chariot sweeps the realms on high,
Then o'er the earth prophetic gloom ye cast,
And the wide nations quaked, and trembled as ye pass'd. 160

XVII

But you, ye stars ! in distant glory burning,
Nurtured with flame, bright altars of the sky !
To whose far climes the spirit, vainly turning,
Would pierce the secrets of infinity—
To you the heart, bereft of other light,
Its first deep homage paid, on Eastern plains,
Where Day hath terrors, but majestic Night,
Calm in her pomp, magnificently reigns,
Cloudless and silent, circled with the race
Of some unnumber'd orbs, that light the depths of space. 170

XVIII

Shine on ! and brightly plead for erring thought,
Whose wing, unaided in its course, explored
The wide creation, and beholding naught
Like your eternal beauty, then adored
Its living splendours ; deeming them inform'd
By natures temper'd with a holier fire—
Pure beings, with ethereal effluence warm'd,
Who to the source of spirit might aspire,
And mortal prayers benignantly convey
To some presiding Power, more awful far than they. 180

XIX

Guides o'er the desert and the deep ! to you
The seaman turn'd, rejoicing at the helm,
When from the regions of empyreal blue
Ye pour'd soft radiance o'er the ocean-realm ;
To you the dweller of the plains address'd
Vain prayers, that called the clouds and dews your own ;
To you the shepherd, on the mountain's crest,
Kindled the fires that far through midnight shone,
As earth would light up all her hills ; to vie
With your immortal host, and image back the sky. 190

XX

Hail to the queen of heaven ! her silvery crown
 Serenely wearing, o'er her high domain
 She walks in brightness, looking cloudless down,
 As if to smile on her terrestrial reign.
 Earth should be hush'd in slumber—but the night
 Calls forth her worshippers ; the feast is spread,
 On hoary Lebanon's umbrageous height
 The shrine is raised, the rich libation shed
 To her, whose beams illumine those cedar-shades
 Faintly as Nature's light the 'wilder'd soul pervades.

200

XXI

But when *thine* orb, all earth's rich hues restoring,
 Came forth, O Sun ! in majesty supreme,
 Still from thy pure exhaustless fountain, pouring
 Beauty and life in each triumphant beam,
 Through thine own east what joyous rites prevail'd !
 What choral songs re-echo'd ! while thy fire
 Shone o'er its thousand altars, and exhaled
 The precious incense of each odorous pyre,
 Heap'd with the richest balms of spicy vales,
 And aromatic woods that scent the Arabian gales.

210

XXII

Yet not with Saba's fragrant wealth alone,
 Balsam and myrrh, the votive pile was strew'd ;
 For the dark children of the burning zone
 Drew frenzy from thy fervours, and bedew'd
 With their own blood thy shrine ; while that wild scene,
 Haply with pitying eye, thine angel view'd,
 And, though with glory mantled, and serene
 In his own fullness of beatitude,
 Yet mourn'd for those whose spirits from thy ray
 Caught not one transient spark of intellectual day.

220

XXIII

But earth had deeper stains : ethereal powers !
 Benignant seraphs ! wont to leave the skies,
 And hold high converse, 'midst his native bowers,
 With the once glorious son of Paradise,
 Look'd ye from heaven in sadness ? were your strains
 Of choral praise suspended in dismay,
 When the polluted shrine of Syria's plains,
 With clouds of incense dimm'd the blaze of day ?
 Or did ye veil indignantly your eyes,
 While demons hail'd the pomp of human sacrifice ?

230

XXIV

And well the powers of evil might rejoice,
 When rose from Tophet's vale the exulting cry,
 And, deaf to Nature's supplicating voice,
 The frantic mother bore her child to die !
 Around her vainly clung his feeble hands
 With sacred instinct : love hath lost its sway,
 While ruthless zeal the sacrifice demands,
 And the fires blaze, impatient for their prey.
 Let not his shrieks reveal the dreadful tale !
 Well may the drum's loud peal o'erpower an infant's wail ! 240

XXV

A voice of sorrow ! not from thence it rose ;
 'Twas not the childless mother—Syrian maids,
 Where with red wave the mountain streamlet flows,
 Keep tearful vigil in their native shades.
 With dirge and plaint the cedar-groves resound,
 Each rock's deep echo for Adonis mourns :
 Weep for the dead !—away ! the lost is found,
 To life and love the buried god returns !
 Then wakes the timbrel—then the forests ring,
 And shouts of frenzied joy are on each breeze's wing ! 250

XXVI

But fill'd with holier joy the Persian stood,
 In silent reverence, on the mountain's brow,
 At early dayspring, while the expanding flood
 Of radiance burst around, above, below—
 Bright, boundless as eternity : he gazed
 Till his full soul, inbibing heaven, o'erflow'd
 In worship of the Invisible, and praised
 In thee, O Sun ! the symbol and abode
 Of life, and power, and excellence ; the throne
 Where dwelt the Unapproach'd, resplendently alone.¹ 260

¹ At an earlier stage in the composition of this poem, the following stanza was here inserted :

Nor rose the Magian's hymn, sublimely swelling
 In full-toned homage to the source of flame,
 From fabric rear'd by man—the gorgeous dwelling
 Of such bright idol-forms as art could frame ;
 He rear'd no temple, bade no walls contain
 The breath of incense, or the voice of prayer ;
 But made the boundless universe his fane,
 The rocks his altar-stone, adoring there
 The Being whose Omnipotence pervades
 All deserts and all depths, and hallows loneliest shades.

XXVII

What if his thoughts, with erring fondness, gave
 Mysterious sanctity to things which wear
 The Eternal's impress ?—if the living wave,
 The circling heavens, the free and boundless air—
 If the pure founts of everlasting flame,
 Deep in his country's hallow'd vales enshrined,
 And the bright stars maintain'd a silent claim
 To love and homage from his awestruck mind ?
 Still with his spirit dwelt a lofty dream
 Of uncreated Power, far, far o'er these supreme.

270

XXVIII

And with that faith was conquest. He whose name
 To Judah's harp of prophecy had rung ;
 He, of whose yet unborn and distant fame
 The mighty voice of Inspiration sung,
 He came, the victor Cyrus !—as he pass'd,
 Thrones to his footsteps rock'd, and monarchs lay
 Suppliant and clothed with dust ; while nations cast
 Their ancient idols down before *his* way,
 Who, in majestic march, from shore to shore,
 The quenchless flame revered by Persia's children bore.

280

WALLACE'S INVOCATION TO BRUCE

A PRIZE POEM, 1819

Great patriot hero ! Ill requited chief !

THE morn rose bright on scenes renown'd, Wild Caledonia's classic ground, Where the bold sons of other days Won their high fame in Ossian's lays, And fell—but not till Carron's tide With Roman blood was darkly dyed. The morn rose bright—and heard the cry Sent by exulting hosts on high, And saw the white-cross banner float (While rung each clansman's gather- ing note) O'er the dark plumes and serried spears Of Scotland's daring mountaineers ; As, all elate with hope, they stood, To buy their freedom with their blood.	The sunset shone—to guide the flying, And beam a farewell to the dying ! The summer moon, on Falkirk's field, Streams upon eyes in slumber seal'd ; Deep slumber—not to pass away When breaks another morning's ray, Nor vanish, when the trumpet's voice Bids ardent hearts again rejoice : What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's breath, May chase the still cold sleep of death ? Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stain'd plaid, Low are her mountain-warriors laid ; They fell, on that proud soil whose mould Was blent with heroes' dust of old,
--	--

And, guarded by the free and brave,
Yielded the Roman—but a grave !
Nobly they fell ; yet with them died
The warrior's hope, the leader's
pride. 32

Vainly they fell—that martyr host—
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.
Blest are the slain ! *they* calmly sleep,
Nor hear their bleeding country
weep !

The shouts of England's triumph
telling,

Reach not their dark and silent
dwelling ;

And those surviving to bequeath
Their sons the choice of chains or
death, 40

May give the slumberer's lowly bier
An envying glance—but not a tear.

But thou, the fearless and the free,
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie !
No vassal-spirit, form'd to bow
When storms are gathering, clouds
thy brow ;

No shade of fear, or weak despair,
Blends with indignant sorrow there !
The ray which streams on yon red
field,

O'er Scotland's cloven helm and
shield, 50

Glitters not *there* alone, to shed
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead ;
But, where smooth Carron's rippling
wave

Flows near that deathbed of the
brave,

Illuming all the midnight scene,
Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.

But other beams, O Patriot ! shine
In each commanding glance of thine,
And other light hath fill'd thine eye
With inspiration's majesty, 60

Caught from the immortal flame
divine,

Which makes thine inmost heart
a shrine !

Thy voice a prophet's tone hath
won,

The grandeur Freedom lends her
son ;

Thy bearing a resistless power,
The ruling genius of the hour !
And he, yon Chief, with mien of
pride,

Whom Carron's waves from thee
divide,

Whose haughty gesture fain would
seek

To veil the thoughts that blanch his
cheek, 70

Feels his reluctant mind controll'd
By thine of more heroic mould ;

Though, struggling all in vain to war
With that high soul's ascendant star,
He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,
Would mock the name of Liberty.

Heard ye the Patriot's awful
voice ?—

'Proud Victor ! in thy fame rejoice !
Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,
The harvest of thy battle plain,
And bathed thy sword in blood,
whose spot 80

Eternity shall cancel not ?
Rejoice !—with sounds of wild la-
ment,

O'er her dark heaths and mountains
sent,

With dying moan, and dirge's wail,
Thy ravaged country bids thee hail !
Rejoice !—while yet exulting cries
From England's conquering host
arise,

And strains of choral triumph tell,
Her Royal Slave hath fought too
well ! 90

Oh ! dark the clouds of woe that rest,
Brooding, o'er Scotland's mountain-
crest ;

Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,
O'er martyr'd chiefs her daughters
mourn,

And not a breeze, but wafts the
sound

Of wailing through the land around.
Yet deem not thou, till life depart,
High hope shall leave the patriot's
heart ;

Or courage to the storm inured, 99
Or stern resolve by woes matured,

Oppose, to Fate's severest hour,
Less than unconquerable power!
No! though the orbs of heaven
expire,

Thine, Freedom! is a quenchless fire;
And woe to him whose might would
dare

The energies of *thy* despair!
No!—when thy chain, O Bruce! is
cast

O'er thy land's charter'd mountain-
blast,

Then in my yielding soul shall die
The glorious faith of Liberty!'

'Wild hopes! o'er dreamer's
mind that rise!'

With haughty laugh the Conqueror
cries,

(Yet his dark cheek is flush'd with
shame,

And his eye fill'd with troubled
flame;)

'Vain, brief illusions! doom'd to fly
England's red path of victory!

Is not her sword unmatch'd in
might?

Her course, a torrent in the fight?

The terror of her name gone forth
Wide o'er the regions of the north?

Far hence, 'midst other heaths and
snows,

Must freedom's footstep now repose.
And thou—in lofty dreams elate,

Enthusiast! strive no more with
Fate!

'Tis vain—the land is lost and won—
Sheathed be the sword—its task is
done.

Where are the chiefs that stood with
thee,

First in the battles of the free?

The firm in heart, in spirit high?—
They sought yon fatal field to die.

Each step of Edward's conquering
host

Hath left a grave on Scotland's
coast.'

'Vassal of England, yes! a grave
Where sleep the faithful and the
brave;

And who the glory would resign,
Of death like theirs, for life like
thine?

They slumber—and the stranger's
tread

May spurn thy country's noble dead;
Yet, on the land they loved so well

Still shall their burning spirit dwell,
Their deeds shall hallow minstrel's
theme,

Their image rise on warrior's dream,
Their names be inspiration's breath,

Kindling high hope and scorn of
death,

Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,
The flame that shall avenge their
doom!

This is no land for chains—away!
O'er softer climes let tyrants sway;

Think'st thou the mountain and the
storm

Their hardy sons for bondage form?
Doth our stern wintry blast instil

Submission to a despot's will?
No! *we* were cast in other mould

Than theirs by lawless power con-
troll'd;

The nurture of our bitter sky
Calls forth resisting energy,

And the wild fastnesses are ours,
The rocks with their eternal towers;

The soul to struggle and to dare
Is mingled with our northern air,

And dust beneath our soil is lying
Of those who died for fame undying.

Tread'st thou that soil! and can it
be,

No loftier thought is roused in thee?
Doth no high feeling proudly start

From slumber in thine inmost heart?
No secret voice thy bosom thrill,

For thine own Scotland pleading
still?

Oh! wake thee yet—indignant,
claim

A nobler fate, a purer fame,
And cast to earth thy fetters riven,

And take thine offer'd crown from
Heaven.

Wake! in that high majestic lot
May the dark past be all forgot;

And Scotland shall forgive the field
Where, with her blood, thy shame
was seal'd.

E'en I—though on that fatal plain
Lies my heart's brother with the slain;
Though reft of his heroic worth,
My spirit dwells alone on earth;
And when all other grief is past,
Must *this* be cherish'd to the last—
Will lead thy battles, guard thy
throne, 183

With faith unspotted as his own,
Nor in thy noon of fame recall
Whose was the guilt that wrought
his fall.'

Still dost thou hear in stern dis-
dain?
Are Freedom's warning accents vain?
No! royal Bruce! within thy
breast

Wakes each high thought, too long
suppress'd. 190
And thy heart's noblest feelings live,
Blent in that suppliant word—' For-
give!'

'Forgive the wrongs to Scotland
done!

Wallace! thy fairest palm is won;
And, kindling at my country's
shrine,

My soul hath caught a spark from
thine.

Oh! deem not, in the proudest hour
Of triumph and exulting power—
Deem not the light of peace could
find 199

A home within my troubled mind.
Conflicts by mortal eye unseen,
Dark, silent, secret, there have been,
Known but to Him whose glance can
trace

Thought to its deepest dwelling-
place!

—'Tis past—and on my native shore
I tread, a rebel son no more.
Too blest, if yet my lot may be,
In glory's path to follow thee;
If tears, by late repentance pour'd,
May lave the blood-stains from my
sword! 210

Far other tears, O Wallace! rise
From the heart's fountain to thine
eyes;

Bright, holy, and uncheck'd they
spring,

While thy voice falters, 'Hail! my
King!

Be every wrong, by memory traced,
In this full tide of joy effaced:
Hail! and rejoice—thy race shall
claim

A heritage of deathless fame,
And Scotland shall arise, at length,
Majestic in triumphant strength,
An eagle of the rock, that won
A way through tempests to the
sun! 222

Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,
The prophet-spirit of thy land:
By torrent wave, in desert vast,
Those visions o'er my thought have
pass'd;

Where mountain vapours darkly roll,
That spirit hath possess'd my soul;
And shadowy forms have met mine
eye,

The beings of futurity; 230
And a deep voice of years to be,
Hath told that Scotland shall be
free!

He comes! exult, thou Sire of Kings!
From thee the chief, the avenger
springs!

Far o'er the land he comes to save,
His banners in their glory wave,
And Albyn's thousand harps awake
On hill and heath, by stream and
lake,

To swell the strains, that far around
Bid the proud name of Bruce re-
sound! 240

And I—but wherefore now recall
The whisper'd omens of my fall?
They come not in mysterious
gloom—

There is no bondage in the tomb!
O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,
And earth alone for man hath chains!
What though I perish ere the hour
When Scotland's vengeance wakes
in power? 248

If shed for her, my blood shall stain
The field or scaffold not in vain :
Its voice to efforts more sublime
Shall rouse the spirit of her clime ;
And in the noontide of her lot,
My country shall forget me not !'

Art thou forgot ? and hath thy
worth
Without its glory pass'd from earth ?
Rest with the brave, whose names
belong
To the high sanctity of song,
Charter'd our reverence to control,
And traced in sunbeams on the soul,
Thine, Wallace ! while the heart
hath still 261
One pulse & generous thought can
thrill—
While youth's warm tears are yet
the meed
Of martyr's death, or hero's deed,
Shall brightly live from age to age,
Thy country's proudest heritage !
'Midst her green vales thy fame is
dwelling,
Thy deeds her mountain winds are
telling,
Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,
Thy stephath hallow'd rock and cave,
And cold the wanderer's heart must
be, 271

That holds no converse there with
thee !

Yet, Scotland ! to thy champion's
shade

Still are thy grateful rites delay'd ;
From lands of old renown, o'erspread
With proud memorials of the dead,
The trophied urn, the breathing bust,
The pillar guarding noble dust,
The shrine where art and genius high
Have laboured for eternity— 280
The stranger comes—his eye explores
The wilds of thy majestic shores,
Yet vainly seeks one votive stone,
Raised to the hero all thine own.

Land of bright deeds and minstrel-
lore !

Withhold that guerdon now no more.
On some bold height of awful form,
Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,
Sublimely mingling with the skies,
Bid the proud Cenotaph arise ;
Not to record the name that thrills
Thy soul, the watchword of thy
hills ; 292

Not to assert, with needless claim,
The bright *for ever* of its fame ;
But, in the ages yet untold,
When *ours* shall be the days of old,
To rouse high hearts and speak thy
pride

In him, for thee who lived and died.

DARTMOOR

A PRIZE POEM

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime !
Thy handmaid Art shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.—CAMPBELL.

May ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
That can perceive, not less than heretofore,
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
the charm
Of pious sentiment, diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.—WORDSWORTH.

AMIDST the peopled and the regal Isle,
Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty, smile ;
Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,
And send on every breeze a voice of power ;

Hath Desolation reared herself a throne,
 And marked a pathless region for her own ?—
 Yes ! though thy turf no stain of carnage wore
 When bled the noble hearts of many a shore,
 Though not a hostile step thy heath-flowers bent,
 When empires tottered, and the earth was rent ;
 Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind
 Had still'd life's busy murmurs on the wind,
 And, flush'd with power in daring pride's excess
 Stamp'd on thy soil the curse of barrenness ;
 For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,
 In vain the sunbeam and the shower are given ;
 Wild Dartmoor ! thou that, 'midst thy mountains rude,
 Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
 As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky,
 A mourner, circled with festivity !
 For all beyond is life !—the rolling sea,
 The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.
 Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare,
 But man has left his lingering traces there ?
 E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,
 Where noon with attributes of midnight reigns,
 In gloom and silence, fearfully profound,
 As of a world unwaked to soul or sound.
 Though the sad wanderer of the burning zone
 Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
 And nought of life be near ; his camel's tread
 Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead !
 Some column, rear'd by long-forgotten hands,
 Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—
 Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene,
 And tells that glory's footstep there hath been.
 There hath the spirit of the mighty pass'd,
 Not without record ; though the desert blast,
 Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away
 The proud creations rear'd to brave decay.
 But *thou*, lone region ! whose unnoticed name
 No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,
 Who shall unfold thine annals ?—who shall tell
 If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
 In those far ages, which have left no trace,
 No sunbeam, on the pathway of their race ?
 Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
 Of kings and chiefs, who pass'd without their praise,
 Thou might'st have rear'd the valiant and the free ;
 In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
 Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled,
 But hallow'd by that instinct which reveres
 Things fraught with characters of elder years.

And such are these. Long centuries are flown,
 Bow'd many a crest, and shatter'd many a throne,
 Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,
 With what they hide—their shrined and treasured dust ;
 Men traverse Alps and oceans, to behold
 Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould ; 60
 But still these nameless chronicles of death,
 'Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
 Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
 The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
 The eternity of nature, with the forms
 Of the crown'd hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms.

Yet, what avails it, if each moss-grown heap
 Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,
 Guarding the dust which slumbers well beneath
 (Nor needs such care) from each cold season's breath ? 70
 Where is the voice to tell *their* tale who rest,
 Thus rudely pillow'd, on the desert's breast ?
 Doth the sword sleep beside them ? Hath there been
 A sound of battle 'midst the silent scene
 Where now the flocks repose ?—did the scythed car
 Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war ?
 And rise these piles in memory of the slain,
 And the red combat of the mountain-plain ?

It may be thus :—the vestiges of strife,
 Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life, 80
 And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell
 How by its stroke, perchance, the mighty fell
 To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,
 The chieftain's power—they had no bard, and died.
 But other scenes, from their untroubled sphere,
 The eternal stars of night have witness'd here.
 There stands an altar of unsculptured stone,
 Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone,
 Propp'd on its granite pillars, whence the rains,
 And pure bright dews, have laved the crimson stains 90
 Left by dark rites of blood : for here, of yore,
 When the bleak waste a robe of forest wore,
 And many a crested oak, which now lies low,
 Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe ;
 Here, at dead midnight, through the haunted shade,
 On Druid-harps the quivering moonbeam play'd,
 And spells were breath'd, that fill'd the deepening gloom
 With the pale, shadowy people of the tomb.
 Or, haply, torches waving through the night,
 Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every height, 100
 Like battle-signals, whose unearthly gleams
 Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills and streams
 A savage grandeur ; while the starry skies
 Rung with the peal of mystic harmonies,

As the loud harp its deep-toned hymns sent forth
To the storm-ruling powers, the war-gods of the North.

But wilder sounds were there ; the imploring cry
That woke the forest's echo in reply,
But not the heart's !—Unmoved, the wizard train
Stood round their human victim, and in vain
His prayer for mercy rose ; in vain his glance
Look'd up, appealing to the blue expanse,
Where, in their calm, immortal beauty, shone
Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and fainter moan,
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,
Till, drop by drop, life's current ebb'd away ;
Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,
And the pale moon gleam'd paler on the dead.
Have such things been, and here ?—where stillness dwells
'Midst the rude barrows and the moorland swells,
Thus undisturb'd ?—Oh ! long the gulf of time
Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of crime,
And earth no vestige of their path retains,
Save such as these, which strew her loneliest plains
With records of man's conflicts and his doom,
His spirit and his dust—the altar and the tomb.

But ages roll'd away : and England stood,
With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood ;
And with a lofty calmness in her eye,
And regal in collected majesty,
To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas
And other lands, redeem'd and joyous, drank
The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank
On the red fields they won ; whose wild flowers wave
Now in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.

'Twas then the captives of Britannia's war,
Here for their lovely southern climes afar
In bondage pined : the spell-deluded throng
Dragg'd at ambition's chariot-wheels so long
To die—because a despot could not clasp
A sceptre, fitted to his boundless grasp !

Yes ! they whose march had rock'd the ancient thrones
And temples of the world ; the deepening tones
Of whose advancing trumpet, from repose
Had startled nations, wakening to their woes ;
Were prisoners here.—And there were some whose dreams
Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain-streams,
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain,
And festal melody of Loire or Seine,
And of those mothers who had watch'd and wept,
When on the field the unshelter'd conscript slept,

Bathed with the midnight dew. And some were there
 Of sterner spirits, harden'd by despair ;
 Who, in their dark imaginings, again
 Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,
 Drank in the victim's shriek, as music's breath,
 And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death !

And there was mirth, too !—strange and savage mirth,
 More fearful far than all the woes of earth !
 The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that spring
 From minds for which there is no sacred thing,
 And transient bursts of fierce, exulting glee—
 The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree !

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were worn,
 If, from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,
 Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,
 Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—woe.

Yet, was this all ?—amidst the dungeon-gloom,
 The void, the stillness, of the captive's doom,
 Were there no deeper thoughts ?—And that dark power,
 To whom guilt owes one late but dreadful hour,
 The mighty debt through years of crime delay'd,
 But, as the grave's, inevitably paid ;
 Came he not thither, in his burning force,
 The lord, the tamer of dark souls—remorse ?

Yes ! as the night calls forth from sea and sky,
 From breeze and wood, a solemn harmony,
 Lost, when the swift, triumphant wheels of day,
 In light and sound, are hurrying on their way :
 Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,
 The voice which sleeps, but never dies, might start,
 Call'd up by solitude, each nerve to thrill
 With accents heard not, save when all is still !

The voice, inaudible when havoc's train
 Crush'd the red vintage of devoted Spain ;
 Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop rung,
 And the broad light of conflagration sprung
 From the south's marble cities ;—hush'd 'midst cries
 That told the heavens of mortal agonies ;
 But gathering silent strength, to wake at last
 In concentrated thunders of the past !

And there, perchance, some long-bewilder'd mind,
 Torn from its lowly sphere, its path confined
 Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,
 Where nature cast its lot, 'midst peasant-men ;
 Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce ruler blent
 The earthquake power of each wild element,
 To lend the tide, which bore his throne on high,
 One impulse more of desperate energy ;

Might—when the billow's awful rush was o'er,
Which toss'd its wreck upon the storm-beat shore,
Won from its wanderings past, by suffering tried,
Search'd by remorse, by anguish purified—
Have fix'd, at length, its troubled hopes and fears,
On the far world, seen brightest through our tears,
And, in that hour of triumph or despair,
Whose secrets all must learn—but none declare,
When, of the things to come, a deeper sense
Fills the dim eye of trembling penitence,
Have turn'd to Him whose bow is in the cloud,
Around life's limits gathering, as a shroud ;—
The fearful mysteries of the heart who knows,
And, by the tempest, calls it to repose !

210

Who visited that deathbed ?—Who can tell
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul might dwell
And learn immortal lessons ?—who beheld
The struggling hope, by shame, by doubt repell'd—
The agony of prayer—the bursting tears—
The dark remembrances of guilty years,
Crowding upon the spirit in their might ?
He, through the storm who look'd, and there was light !

220

That scene is closed !—that wild, tumultuous breast,
With all its pangs and passions, is at rest !
He too, is fallen, the master-power of strife,
Who woke those passions to delirious life ;
And days, prepared a brighter course to run
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the sun !

It is a glorious hour when Spring goes forth
O'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy north,
And with one radiant glance, one magic breath,
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep of death ;
While the glad voices of a thousand streams,
Bursting their bondage, triumph in her beams !

230

But *Peace* hath nobler changes ! O'er the mind,
The warm and living spirit of mankind,
Her influence breathes, and bids the blighted heart,
To life and hope from desolation start !
She, with a look, dissolves the captive's chain,
Peopling with beauty widow'd homes again ;
Around the mother, in her closing years,
Gathering her sons once more, and from the tears
Of the dim past, but winning purer light,
To make the present more serenely bright.

240

Nor rests that influence here. From clime to clime,
In silence gliding with the stream of time,
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a breeze
With healing on its wings, o'er isles and seas :

And, as Heaven's breath call'd forth, with genial power,
 From the dry wand, the almond's living flower ; 250
 So doth its deep-felt charm in secret move
 The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love ;
 While round its pathway nature softly glows,
 And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

Yes ! let the waste lift up the exulting voice !
 Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice !
 And thou, lone moor ! where no blithe reaper's song
 E'er lightly sped the Summer-hours along,
 Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain-source,
 Rushing in joy, make music on their course ! 260
 Thou, whose sole records of existence mark
 The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark,
 And of some nameless combat ; hope's bright eye
 Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy !
 Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
 And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast !
 Yet shall thy cottage-smoke, at dewy morn,
 Rise, in blue wreaths, above the flowering thorn,
 And, 'midst thy hamlet shades, the embosom'd spire
 Catch from deep-kindling heavens their earliest fire. 270

Thee too that hour shall bless, the balmy close
 Of labour's day, the herald of repose,
 Which gathers hearts in peace ; while social mirth
 Basks in the blaze of each free village hearth ;
 While peasant-songs are on the joyous gales,
 And merry England's voice floats up from all her vales.
 Yet are there sweeter sounds ; and thou shalt hear
 Such as to Heaven's immortal host are dear.
 Oh ! if there still be melody on earth,
 Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew birth, 280
 When angel-steps their paths rejoicing trod,
 And the air trembled with the breath of God ;
 It lives in those soft accents, to the sky
 Borne from the lips of stainless infancy,
 When holy strains, from life's pure fount which sprung,
 Breathed with deep reverence, falter on its tongue.

And such shall be *thy* music, when the cells,
 Where Guilt, the child of hopeless Misery, dwells,
 (And, to wild strength by desperation wrought,
 In silence broods o'er many a fearful thought,) 290
 Resound to pity's voice ; and childhood thence,
 Ere the cold blight hath reach'd its innocence,
 Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be fled,
 Which vice but breathes on and its hues are dead,
 Shall at the call press forward, to be made
 A glorious offering, meet for Him who said,

' Mercy, not sacrifice ! ' and when, of old,
Clouds of rich incense from His altars roll'd,
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes, and laid bare
The heart's deep folds, to read its homage there !

300

When some crown'd conqueror, o'er a trampled world
His banner, shadowing nations, hath unfurl'd
And, like those visitations which deform
Nature for centuries, hath made the storm
His pathway to dominion's lonely sphere,
Silence behind—before him, flight and fear ;
When kingdoms rock beneath his rushing wheels,
Till each fair isle the mighty impulse feels,
And earth is moulded but by one proud will,
And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are still ;
Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay
The earthquake homage on its baleful way ?
Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains
O'er burning cities and forsaken plains ?
And shall no harmony of softer close
Attend the stream of mercy as it flows,
And, mingling with the murmur of its wave,
Bless the green shores its gentle currents lave ?

310

Oh ! there are loftier themes, for him whose eyes
Have search'd the depths of life's realities,
Than the red battle, or the trophied car,
Wheeling the monarch-victor fast and far ;
There are more noble strains than those which swell
The triumphs, ruin may suffice to tell !

320

Ye prophet-bards, who sat in elder days
Beneath the palms of Judah ! Ye whose lays
With torrent rapture, from their source on high,
Burst in the strength of immortality !
Oh ! not alone, those haunted groves among,
Of conquering hosts, of empires crush'd, ye sung,
But of that spirit, destined to explore
With the bright day-spring every distant shore,
To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,
To make the home of peace in hearts that bleed ;
With beams of hope to pierce the dungeon's gloom,
And pour eternal star-light o'er the tomb.

330

And bless'd and hallow'd be its haunts ! for there
Hath man's high soul been rescued from despair !
There hath the immortal spark for Heaven been nursed ;
There from the rock the springs of life have burst,
Quenchless and pure ! and holy thoughts, that rise,
Warm from the source of human sympathies—
Where'er its path of radiance may be traced,
Shall find their temple in the silent waste.

340

JUVENILE POEMS

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHT

CLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen ;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to
charm ;

The flowers revive, this charming
May,

Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen ;¹⁰
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

A PRAYER

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF NINE

O God, my Father and my Friend,
Ever Thy blessings to me send ;
Let me have Virtue for my guide,
And Wisdom always at my side ;
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe ;
Contented with the humblest lot,
Happy, though in the meanest cot.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN

THE infant muse, Jehovah ! would
aspire

To swell the adoration of the lyre :
Source of all good, oh ! teach my
voice to sing

Thee, from whom Nature's genuine
beauties spring ;

Thee, God of truth, omnipotent and
wise,

Who saidst to Chaos, 'Let the earth
arise.'

Oh ! author of the rich luxuriant
year,

Love, Truth, and Mercy, in Thy
works appear :

Within their orbs the planets dost
Thou keep,

And e'en hast limited the mighty
deep.¹⁰

Oh ! could I number Thy inspiring
ways,

And wake the voice of animated
praise !

Ah, no ! the theme shall swell a
cherub's note ;

To Thee celestial hymns of rapture
float.

'Tis not for me, in lowly strains to
sing

Thee, God of mercy,—heaven's im-
mortal King.

Yet to that happiness I'd fain
aspire ;

Oh ! fill my heart with elevated
fire :

With angel-songs an artless voice
shall blend,

The grateful offering shall to Thee
ascend.²⁰

Yes ! Thou wilt breathe o'er my
lyre,

And 'fill my beating heart with
sacred fire !'

And when to Thee my youth, my
life, I've given,

Raise me, to join Eliza,¹ blest in
Heaven.

¹ A sister whom the Author had lost.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,
 I pour the genuine numbers free from art ;
 The lays inspired by gratitude and truth,
 For thou wilt prize the effusion of the heart.
 Oh ! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
 To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief ;
 With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
 With fond endearments to impart relief.
 Be mine thy warm affection to repay
 With dutious love in thy declining hours ;
 My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,
 Perennial roses to adorn thy way ;
 Still may thy grateful children round thee smile,
 Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest
 May hover round the virtuous man's repose ;
 And oft in visions animate his breast,
 And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.
 The ministers of Heaven with pure control,
 May bid his sorrow and emotion cease,
 Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
 And whisper to his bosom hallow'd peace.

Ah ! tender thought, that oft with sweet relief
 May charm the bosom of a weeping friend,
 Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
 And pensive pleasure with devotion blend ;
 While oft he fancies music, sweetly faint,
 The airy lay of some departed saint.

RURAL WALKS

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

Oh ! may I ever pass my happy hours
 In Cambrian valleys and romantic bowers ;
 For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
 And every landscape charms my youthful breast.
 And much I love to hail the vernal morn,
 When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn ;
 And sometimes through the lonely wood I stray,
 To cull the tender rosebuds in my way ;
 And seek in every wild secluded dell,
 The weeping cowslip and the azure bell ;
 With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,
 To form the gay festoon of varied hue.
 And oft I seek the cultivated green,
 The fertile meadow, and the village scene ;
 Where rosy children sport around the cot,
 Or gather woodbine from the garden spot,
 And there I wander by the cheerful rill
 That murmurs near the osiers and the mill ;

To view the smiling peasants turn
 the hay,
 And listen to their pleasing festive
 lay. 20
 I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
 Or in the mountain scenery to rove;
 Where summits rise in awful grace
 around,
 With hoary moss and tufted verdure
 crown'd;
 Where cliffs in solemn majesty are
 piled,
 'And frown upon the vale' with
 grandeur wild:
 And there I view the mouldering
 tower sublime,
 Array'd in all the blending shades
 of Time.

The airy upland and the woodland
 green,
 The valley, and romantic mountain
 scene; 30
 The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
 The dell retired, or willow-shaded
 lane;
 'And every spot in sylvan beauty
 drest,
 And every landscape, charms my
 youthful breast.'

SONNET

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

I LOVE to hail the mild and balmy
 hour,
 When evening spreads around her
 twilight veil;
 When dews descend on every languid
 flower,
 And sweet and tranquil is the
 summer gale.
 Then let me wander by the peaceful
 tide,
 While o'er the wave the breezes
 lightly play;
 To hear the waters murmur as they
 glide,
 To mark the fading smile of closing
 day.

There let me linger, blest in visions
 dear,
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble
 on the seas; 10
 While melting sounds decay on
 fancy's ear,
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.
 For still when evening sheds the
 genial dews.
 That pensive hour is sacred to the
 muse

From *The Domestic Affections and
 Other Poems*, by FELICIA DORO-
 THEA BROWNE. Published in
 1812.

TO MY MOTHER

If e'er for human bliss or woe
 I feel the sympathetic glow;
 If e'er my heart has learn'd to know
 The generous wish or prayer;
 Who sow'd the germ with tender
 hand?
 Who mark'd its infant leaves
 expand?
 My mother's fostering care.

And if one flower of charms refined
 May grace the garden of my mind;
 'Twas she who nursed it there:
 She loved to cherish and adorn 11
 Each blossom of the soil;
 To banish every weed and thorn,
 That oft opposed her toil!

And oh! if e'er I sigh'd to claim,
 The palm, the living palm of Fame,
 The glowing wreath of praise;
 If e'er I wish'd the glittering stores,
 That Fortune on her fav'rite pours;
 'Twas but that wealth and fame, if
 mine, 20
 Round *Thee*, with streaming rays
 might shine,
 And gild thy sun-bright days!

Yet not that splendour, pomp, and
power,
Might then irradiate every hour;
For these, my mother! well I know,
On thee no raptures could bestow;
But could thy bounty, warm and
kind,

Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined*;
And fall, as manna from the skies,
And bid a train of blessings rise, 30
Diffusing joy and peace:

The tear-drop, grateful, pure, and
bright,

For thee would beam with softer
light,

Than all the diamond's crystal rays,
Than all the emerald's lucid blaze;
And joys of heaven would thrill thy
heart,

To bid one bosom-grief depart,
One tear, one sorrow cease!

Then, oh! may Heaven, that loves
to bless,

Bestow the power to cheer distress;
Make *Thee* its minister below, 41
To light the cloudy path of woe;
To visit the deserted cell,

Where indigence is doom'd to dwell;
To raise, when drooping to the earth,
The blossoms of neglected worth;
And round, with liberal hand, dis-
pense

The sunshine of beneficence!

But ah! if Fate should still deny
Delights like these, too rich and
high; 50

If grief and pain thy steps assail,
In life's remote and wintry vale;

Then, as the wild Aeolian lyre
Complains with soft entrancing
number,

When the lone storm awakes the
wire,

And bids enchantment cease to
slumber;

So filial love, with soothing voice,
E'en then, shall teach thee to rejoice
E'en *then*, shall sweeter, milder
sound,

When sorrow's tempest raves around;

While dark misfortune's gales
destroy, 61
The frail mimosa-buds of hope and
joy!

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER

*On his return from Spain, after the
fatal retreat under Sir John
Moore, and the battle of Corunna.*

THOUGH dark are the prospects and
heavy the hours,

Though life is a desert, and cheer-
less the way;

Yet still shall affection adorn it with
flowers,

Whose fragrance shall never decay!

And lo! to embrace thee, my
Brother! she flies,

With artless delight, that no words
can bespeak;

With a sunbeam of transport illuming
her eyes,

With a smile and a glow on her
cheek!

From the trophies of war, from the
spear and the shield,

From scenes of destruction, from
perils unblest; 10

Oh! welcome again, to the grove
and the field,

To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse! with the
lyre and the voice,

Oh! gay be the measure and
sportive the strain;

For light is my heart, and my spirits
rejoice,

To meet thee, my Brother! again.

When the heroes of Albion, still
valiant and true,

Were bleeding, were falling, with
victory crown'd

How often would fancy present to
my view

The horrors that waited thee
round! 20

How constant, how fervent, how
 pure was my prayer,
 That Heaven would protect thee
 from danger and harm ;
 That angels of mercy would shield
 thee with care,
 In the heat of the combat's alarm !
 How sad and how often descended
 the tear,
 (Ah ! long shall remembrance the
 image retain)
 How mournful the sigh, when I
 trembled with fear
 I might never behold thee again !
 But the prayer was accepted, the
 sorrow is o'er,
 And the tear-drop is fled, like the
 dew on the rose : 30
 Thy dangers, our tears, have en-
 deared thee the more,
 And my bosom with tenderness
 glows !
 And oh ! when the dreams, the
 enchantments of youth,
 Bright and transient, have fled,
 like the rainbow, away ;
 My affection for thee, still unfading
 in truth,
 Shall never, oh ! never decay !
 No time can impair it, no change can
 destroy,
 Whate'er be the lot I am destined
 to share ;
 It will smile in the sunshine of hope
 and of joy,
 And beam through the cloud of
 despair ! 40

TO MY ELDEST BROTHER

(*With the British Army in Portugal*)

How many a day, in various hues
 array'd,
 Bright with gay sunshine, or eclipsed
 with shade,
 How many an hour, on silent wing is
 past,
 O my loved Brother ! since we saw
 thee last !

Since *then* has childhood ripen'd into
 youth,
 And fancy's dreams have fled from
 sober truth ;
 Her splendid fabrics melting into
 air,
 As sage experience waved the wand
 of care !
 Yet *still* thine absence wakes the
 tender sigh,
 And the tear trembles in affection's
 eye ! 10
 When shall we meet again ?—with
 glowing ray,
 Heart-soothing hope illumines some
 future day ;
 Checks the sad thought, beguiles the
 starting tear,
 And sings benignly still—*that* day is
 near !
 She, with bright eye, and soul-
 bewitching voice,
 Wins us to smile, inspires us to
 rejoice ;
 Tells, that the hour approaches, to
 restore
 Our cherish'd wanderer to his home
 once more ;
 Where sacred ties his manly worth
 endear,
 To faith still true, affection still
 sincere ! 20
 Then the past woes, the future's
 dubious lot,
 In that blest meeting shall be *all*
 forgot !
 And joy's full radiance gild that sun-
 bright hour,
 Though all around the impending
 storm should lower.

Now distant far, amidst the intrep-
 id host,
 Albion's firm sons, on Lusitania's
 coast,
 (That gallant band, in countless
 dangers tried,
 Where glory's pole-star beams their
 constant guide,)
 Say, do *thy* thoughts, my Brother,
 fondly stray

To Cambria's vales and mountains
far away ? 30
Does fancy oft in busy day-dreams
room,
And paint the greeting that awaits
at home ?

Does memory's pencil oft, in mellow-
ing hue,
Dear social scenes, departed joys
renew ;

In softer tints delighting to retrace,
Each tender image and each well-
known face ?

Yes ! wanderer, yes ! thy spirit flies
to those,

Whose love, unalter'd, warm and
faithful gloses.

Oh ! could that love, through
life's eventful hours
illumine thy scenes and strew thy
path with flowers ! 40

Perennial joy should harmonize thy
breast,

No struggle rend thee, and no cares
molest !

But though our tenderness can but
bestow

The wish, the hope, the prayer,
averting woe ;

Still shall it live, with pure, un-
clouded flame,

In storms, in sunshine, far and near
—the same !

Still dwell enthroned within the
unvarying heart,

And firm and *vital*—but with life
depart ! 48

Bronwylla, February 8, 1811

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF
ELIZABETH SMITH

O THOU ! whose pure, exalted mind,
Lives in this record, fair and
bright ;

O thou ! whose blameless life
combined,

Soft female charms and grace refined,
With science and with light !

Celestial maid ! whose spirit soar'd
Beyond this vale of tears ;
Whose clear, enlighten'd eye
explored
The lore of years !

Daughter of Heaven ! if *here*, e'en
here, 10
The wing of towering thought was
thine :

If, on *this* dim and mundane sphere,
Fair truth illumed thy bright career,
With morning-star divine ;
How must thy bless'd ethereal
soul,

Now kindle in her noon-tide ray ;
And hail, unfetter'd by control,
The Fount of Day !

E'en *now*, perhaps, thy seraph eyes,
Undimm'd by doubt, nor veil'd by
fear, 20

Behold a chain of wonders rise ;
Gaze on the noon-beam of the skies,
Transcendent, pure, and
clear !

E'en *now*, the fair, the good, the
true,

From mortal sight conceal'd,
Bless in one blaze thy raptured
view,
In light reveal'd !

If *here*, the lore of distant time,
And learning's flowers were all
thine own ; 29

How must thy mind ascend sublime,
Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,
To light's unclouded throne !

Perhaps, e'en *now*, thy kindling
glance,

Each orb of living fire explores ;
Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,
Admires—adores !

Oh ! if that lightning-eye surveys
This dark and sublunary plain ;
How must the wreath of human
praise, 39

Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,
So dim, so pale, so vain !

How, like a faint and shadowy
 dream,
 Must quiver learning's brightest
 ray;
 While on thine eyes, with lucid
 stream,
 The sun of glory pours his beam,
 Perfection's day! 46

THE SILVER LOCKS

ADDRESSED TO AN AGED FRIEND

THOUGH youth may boast the curls
 that flow
 In sunny waves of auburn glow;
 As graceful on thy hoary head,
 Has time the robe of honour
 spread,
 And there, oh! softly, *softly* shed,
 His wreath of snow!

As frost-work on the trees display'd,
 When weeping Flora leaves the
 shade,
 E'en more than Flora, charms the
 sight; 9
 E'en so thy locks of purest white,
 Survive, in age's frost-work bright,
 Youth's vernal rose de-
 cay'd!

To grace the nymph whose tresses
 play
 Light on the sportive breeze of May,
 Let other bards the garland twine,
 Where sweets of every hue com-
 bine;
 Those locks revered, that silvery
 shine,
 Invite my lay!

Less white the summer-cloud sub-
 lime,
 Less white the winter's fringing
 rime; 20
 Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem,
 (A Poet's blest immortal theme,)
 Than thine, which wear the moon-
 light beam
 Of reverend Time!

Long may the graceful honours smile
 Like moss on some declining pile;
 Oh! much revered! may filial
 care,
 Around thee, duteous, long repair,
 Thy joys with tender bliss to share,
 Thy pains beguile! 30

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave,
 Long, long, your much-loved beauty
 save!
 May bliss your latest evening
 crown,
 Disarm life's winter of its frown,
 And soft ye hoary hairs go down
 In gladness to the grave!

And as the parting beams of day
 On mountain-snows reflected play,
 And tints of roseate lustre shed;
 Thus, on the snow that crowns thy
 head, 40
 May joy, with evening planet, shed
 His mildest ray!
 August 18, 1809.

THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS

SWEETS of the wild! that breathe
 and bloom,
 On this lone tower, this ivied wall;
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
 And grace the ruin in its fall;
 Though doom'd, remote from care-
 less eye,
 To smile, to flourish, and to die,
 In solitude sublime,
 Oh! ever may the spring renew,
 Your balmyscent and glowing hue,
 To deck the robe of time!

Breathe, fragrance! breathe, enrich
 the air, 11
 Though wasted on its wing un-
 known!
 Blow, flowerets! blow, though vainly
 fair,
 Neglected and alone!
 These flowers that long withstood
 the blast,

These mossy towers are mouldering
fast,

While Flora's children stay—
To mantle o'er the lonely pile,
To gild Destruction with a smile,
And beautify Decay! 20

Sweets of the wild! uncultured
blowing,

Neglected in luxuriance glowing;
From the dark ruins frowning near,
Your charms in brighter tints appear,
And richer blush assume;

You smile with *softer* beauty
crown'd,

Whilst all is desolate around,
Like sunshine on a tomb!

Thou hoary pile, majestic still,
Memento of departed fame! 30
While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,
I ponder on thine ancient name!

Here Grandeur, Beauty, Valour sleep,
That here, so oft, have shone
supreme;

While Glory, Honour, Fancy, weep,
That vanish'd is the golden dream!

Where are the banners, waving
proud,

To kiss the summer-gale of even—
All purple as the morning-cloud,
All streaming to the winds of
Heaven? 40

Where is the harp, by rapture strung,
To melting song, or martial story?
Where are the lays the minstrel sung,
To loveliness, or glory?

Lorn echo of these mouldering walls,
To thee no festal measure calls;
No music through the desert halls,
Awakes thee to rejoice!

How still thy sleep! as death pro-
found,

As if, within this lonely round, 50
A step—a note—a *whisper'd sound*,
Had ne'er aroused thy voice!

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring,
dying,

Thou hear'st the foliage waving,
sighing;

But ne'er again shall harp or song,
These dark deserted courts along,

Disturb thy calm repose;
The harp is broke, the song is fled,
The voice is hush'd, the bard is dead;
And never shall thy tones repeat,
Or lofty strain, or carol sweet, 61
With plaintive close!

Proud Castle! though the days are
flown,

When once thy towers in glory shone;
When music through thy turrets
rung,

When banners o'er thy ramparts
hung,

Though 'midst thine arches, frowning
lone,

Stern Desolation rear his throne;
And Silence, deep and awful, reign,
Where echo'd once the choral strain;
Yet oft, dark ruin! lingering here,
The Muse will hail thee with a
tear; 72

Here when the moonlight, quivering,
beams,

And through the fringing ivy streams,
And softens every shade sublime,

And mellows every tint of Time—
Oh! here shall Contemplation love,

Unseen and undisturb'd, to rove;
And bending o'er some mossy tomb,

Where Valour sleeps, or Beauties
bloom, 80

Shall weep for Glory's transient
day,

And Grandeur's evanescent ray
And listening to the swelling blast,

Shall wake the Spirit of the Past,
Call up the forms of ages fled,

Of warriors and of minstrels dead;
Who sought the field, who struck the
lyre,

With all Ambition's kindling fire!

Nor wilt thou, Spring! refuse to
breathe 89

Soft odours on this desert air;
Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath

And fringe these towers with gar-
lands fair!

Sweets of the wild, oh ! ever bloom,
Unheeded on this ivied wall !
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
And grace the ruin in its fall !

Thus, round Misfortune's holy
head

Would Pity wreaths of honour
spread ;
Like you, thus blooming on this
lonely pile,
She seeks Despair, with heart-
reviving smile ! 100

CHRISTMAS CAROL

FAIR Gratitude ! in strain sublime,
Swell high to Heaven thy tuneful
zeal ;
And, hailing this auspicious time,
Kneel, Adoration ! kneel !

CHORUS

For lo ! the day, the immortal day,
When Mercy's full, benignant ray,
Chased every gathering cloud away,
And pour'd the noon of light !
Rapture ! be kindling, mounting,
glowing,
While from thine eye the tear is
flowing, 10
Pure, warm, and bright !

'Twas on this day, oh, Love Divine !
The Orient Star's effulgence rose ;
Then waked the Morn, whose eye
benign,
Shall never, never close !

CHORUS

Messiah ! be Thy name adored,
Eternal, high, redeeming Lord !
By grateful worlds be anthems
pour'd
Emanuel ! Prince of Peace !
This day, from Heaven's empyreal
dwelling, 20
Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert
swelling,
Bade discord cease !

Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,
Children of heaven and sons of
earth !
Seraphs and men ! exult, rejoice,
To bless the Saviour's birth !

CHORUS

Devotion ! light thy purest fire !
Transport ! on cherub-wing aspire !
Praise ! wake to Him thy golden
lyre, 29
Strike every thrilling chord !
While at the Ark of Mercy kneeling
We own thy grace, reviving, healing,
Redeemer ! Lord !

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS

WHENCE are those tranquil joys in mercy given,
To light the wilderness with beams of heaven ?
To soothe our cares, and through the cloud diffuse
Their temper'd sunshine, and celestial hues ?
Those pure delights, ordain'd on life to throw
Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures know ?
Say, do they grace Ambition's regal throne,
When kneeling myriads call the world his own ?
Or dwell with Luxury, in the enchanted bowers,
Where taste and wealth exert creative powers ? 10

Favour'd of Heaven ! O Genius ! are they thine,
When round thy brow the wreaths of glory shine ;

While rapture gazes on thy radiant way,
 'Midst the bright realms of clear and mental day ?
 No ! sacred joys ! 'tis yours to dwell enshrined,
 Most fondly cherish'd, in the purest mind ;
 To twine with flowers, those loved, endearing ties,
 On earth so sweet—so perfect in the skies !

Nursed on the lap of solitude and shade,
 The violet smiles, embosom'd in the glade ; 20
 There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale,
 Gem of seclusion ! treasure of the vale !
 Thus, far retired from life's tumultuous road,
 Domestic Bliss has fix'd her calm abode,
 Where hallow'd Innocence and sweet Repose
 May strew her shadowy path with many a rose.
 As, when dread thunder shakes the troubled sky,
 The cherub, Infancy, can close its eye,
 And sweetly smile, unconscious of a tear,
 While viewless angels wave their pinions near ; 30
 Thus, while around the storms of Discord roll,
 Borne on resistless wing, from pole to pole ;
 While War's red lightnings desolate the ball,
 And thrones and empires in destruction fall ;
 Then calm as evening on the silvery wave,
 When the wind slumbers in the ocean cave,
 She dwells unruffled, in her bower of rest,
 Her empire Home !—her throne, Affection's breast !

For her, sweet Nature wears her loveliest blooms,
 And softer sunshine every scene illumines, 40
 When Spring awakes the spirit of the breeze,
 Whose light wing undulates the sleeping seas ;
 When Summer, waving her creative wand,
 Bids verdure smile, and glowing life expand ;
 Or Autumn's pencil sheds, with magic trace,
 O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight grace ;
 Oh ! still for her, through Nature's boundless reign,
 No charm is lost, no beauty blooms in vain ;
 While mental peace, o'er every prospect bright
 Throws mellowing tints, and harmonizing light ! 50
 Lo ! borne on clouds, in rushing might sublime,
 Stern Winter bursting from the polar clime,
 Triumphant waves his signal-torch on high,
 The blood-red meteor of the northern sky !
 And high through darkness rears his giant-form,
 His throne the billow, and his flag the storm !
 Yet then, when bloom and sunshine are no more,
 And the wild surges foam along the shore ;
 Domestic Bliss, *thy* heaven is still serene,
 Thy star unclouded, and thy myrtle green ! 60
 Thy fane of rest no raging storms invade,
 Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the shade !

Clear through the day, her light around thee glows,
 And gilds the midnight of thy deep repose !
 —Hail, sacred Home ! where soft Affection's hand,
 With flowers of Eden twines her magic band !
 Where pure and bright, the social ardours rise,
 Concentring all their holiest energies !
 When wasting toil has dimm'd the vital flame,
 And every power deserts the sinking frame ;
 Exhausted nature still from sleep implores
 The charm that lulls, the manna that restores .
 Thus, when oppress'd with rude, tumultuous cares,
 To thee, sweet Home ! the fainting mind repairs ;
 Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim, flies,
 Her ark of refuge from uncertain skies !

70

Bower of repose ! when torn from all we love,
 Through toil we struggle, or through distance rove ;
 To *thee* we turn, still faithful, from afar,
 Thee, our bright vista ! thee, our magnet-star !
 And from the martial field, the troubled sea,
 Unfetter'd thought still roves to bliss and thee !

80

When ocean-sounds in awful slumber die,
 No wave to murmur, and no gale to sigh ;
 Wide o'er the world, when Peace and Midnight reign,
 And the moon trembles on the sleeping main ;
 At that still hour, the sailor wakes to keep,
 'Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the deep !
 No gleaming shores his dim horizon bound,
 All heaven—and sea—and solitude—around !
 Then, from the lonely deck, the silent helm,
 From the wide grandeur of the shadowy realm ;
 Still homeward borne, his fancy unconfined,
 Leaving the worlds of ocean far behind,
 Wings like a meteor-flash her swift career,
 To the loved scene, so distant, and so dear !

90

Lo ! the rude whirlwind rushes from its cave,
 And Danger frowns—the monarch of the wave !
 Lo ! rocks and storms the striving bark repel,
 And Death and Shipwreck ride the foaming swell !

100

Child of the ocean ! is thy bier the surge,
 Thy grave the billow, and the wind thy dirge ?
 Yes ! thy long toils, thy weary conflicts o'er,
 No storm shall wake, no perils rouse thee more !
 Yet, in *that* solemn hour, that awful strife,
 The struggling agony for death or life ;
 E'en *then* thy mind, embittering every pain,
 Retraced the image so beloved—in vain !
 Still to sweet Home, thy *last* regrets were true,
 Life's parting sigh—the murmur of adieu !

110

Can war's dread scenes the hallowed ties efface,
Each tender thought, each fond remembrance chase ?
Can fields of carriage, days of toil, destroy
The loved impression of domestic joy ?

Ye daylight dreams ! that cheer the soldier's breast,
In hostile climes with spells benign and blest ;
Soothe his brave heart, and shed your glowing ray,
O'er the long march, through Desolation's way ;
Oh ! still ye bear him from the ensanguin'd plain,
Armour's bright flash, and Victory's choral strain ; 120
To that loved Home, where pure affection glows,
That shrine of bliss ! asylum of repose !
When all is hush'd—the rage of combat past,
And no dread war-note swells the moaning blast ;
When the warm throb of many a heart is o'er,
And many an eye is closed to wake no more ;
Lull'd by the night-wind, pillow'd on the ground,
(The dewy deathbed of his comrades round !)
While o'er the slain the tears of midnight weep,
Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slumbers deep ! 130
E'en then, soft visions, hovering round, portray,
The cherish'd forms that o'er his bosom sway ;
He sees fond transport light each beaming face,
Meets the warm tear-drop, and the long embrace !
While the sweet welcome vibrates through his heart,
' Hail, weary soldier !—never more to part !'

And lo ! at last, released from every toil,
He comes !—the wanderer views his native soil !
Then the bright raptures words can *never* speak,
Flash in his eye, and mantle o'er his cheek ! 140
Then Love and Friendship, whose unceasing prayer,
Implored for him, each guardian-spirit's care ;
Who, for his fate, through sorrow's lingering year,
Had proved each thrilling pulse of hope and fear ;
In that blest moment, all the past forget—
Hours of suspense, and vigils of regret !

And, oh ! for him, the child of rude alarms,
Rear'd by stern danger in the school of arms ;
How sweet to change the war-song's pealing note,
For woodland-sounds, in summer-air that float ! 150
Through vales of peace, o'er mountain wilds to roam,
And breathe his native gales, that whisper—' Home !'

Hail ! sweet endearments of domestic ties,
Charms of existence ! angel sympathies !
Though Pleasure smile, a soft Circassian queen !
And guide her votaries through a fairy scene,
Where sylphid forms beguile their vernal hours,
With mirth and music, in Arcadian bowers ;

Though gazing nations hail the fiery car
 That bears the Son of Conquest from afar ; 160
 While Fame's loud paean bids his heart rejoice,
 And every life-pulse vibrates to her voice ;—
 Yet from your source, *alone*, in mazes bright,
 Flows the full current of serene delight !

On Freedom's wing, that every wild explores,
 Through realms of space, the aspiring eagle soars !
 Darts o'er the clouds, exulting to admire,
 Meridian glory—on her throne of fire !
 Bird of the Sun ! his keen unwearied gaze, 170
 Hails the full moon, and triumphs in the blaze ;
 But soon, descending from his height sublime,
 Day's burning fount, and light's empyreal clime ;
 Once more he speeds to joys more calmly blest,
 'Midst the dear inmates of his lonely nest !

Thus Genius, mounting on his bright career,
 Through the wide regions of the mental sphere ;
 And proudly waving, in his gifted hand,
 O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's plastic wand ;
 Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye surveys 180
 The clearest heaven of intellectual rays !
 Yet, on his course though loftiest hopes attend,
 And kindling raptures aid him to ascend ;
 (While in his mind, with high-born grandeur fraught,
 Dilate the noblest energies of thought ;) 190
 Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refined,
 Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind,
 At length he flies, to that serene retreat,
 Where calm and pure, the mild affections meet ;
 Embosom'd there, to feel and to impart
 The softer pleasures of the social heart !

Ah ! weep for those, deserted and forlorn,
 From every tie, by Fate relentless torn ;
 See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,
 Mark'd with no step, uncheer'd by human smile,
 Heart-sick and faint the shipwreck'd wanderer stand,
 Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand !
 Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main,
 And weep—and pray—and linger—but in vain !

Thence, roving wild through many a depth of shade
 Where voice ne'er echo'd, footstep never stray'd ; 200
 He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,
 Haunts of mankind, 'midst realms of solitude !
 And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone,
 The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan !

All else is hush'd ! so silent, so profound,
 As if some viewless power, presiding round,
 With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,
 Had spread for ages the repose of death !
 Ah ! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep,
 Lives but to watch—and watches but to weep ! 210
 He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,
 His the dread loneliness of sea and skies !
 Far from his cherish'd friends, his native shore,
 Banish'd from being—to return no more ;
 There must he die !—within that circling wave,
 That lonely isle—his prison and his grave !

Lo ! through the waste, the wilderness of snows,
 With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes !
 Homeless and sad, o'er many a polar wild,
 Where beam, or flower, or verdure never smiled ; 220
 Where frost and silence hold their despot-reign,
 And bind existence in eternal chain !
 Child of the desert ! pilgrim of the gloom !
 Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb !
 While on thy faded cheek, the arctic air
 Congeals the bitter tear-drop of despair !
 Yet not that fate condemns thy closing day,
 In that stern clime, to shed its parting ray ;
 Not that fair nature's loveliness and light
 No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight ; 230
 Ah ! not for *this*, far, far beyond relief,
 Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief ;
 But that no friend of kindred heart is there,
 Thy woes to mitigate, thy toils to share ;
 That no mild soother fondly shall assuage
 The stormy trials of thy ling'ring age ;
 No smile of tenderness, with angel power,
 Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour ;
 For this alone, despair, a withering guest
 Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast ! 240
 Yes ! there, e'en there, in that tremendous clime,
 Where desert grandeur frowns, in pomp sublime ;
 Where winter triumphs, through the polar night,
 In all its wild magnificence of might ;
 E'en *there*, affection's hallow'd spell might pour
 The light of heaven around the inclement shore !
 And, like the vales with gloom and sunshine *graced*,
 That smile, by circling Pyrenees embraced,
 Teach the pure heart, with vital fires to glow,
 E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow ! 250
 The halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions feign,
 With mystic power, could tranquillize the main ;
 Bid the loud wind, the mountain billow sleep,
 And peace and silence brood upon the deep !

And thus, Affection, can *thy* voice compose
 The stormy tide of passions and of woes ;
 Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,
 And lull misfortune in the arms of peace !

Oh ! mark yon drooping form, of aged mien,
 Wan, yet resign'd, and hopeless, yet serene ! 260
 Long ere victorious time had sought to chase
 The bloom, the smile, that once illumed his face ;
 That faded eye was dimm'd with many a care,
 Those waving locks were silver'd by despair !
 Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,
 Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm !
 He, a sad emigrant ! condemn'd to roam,
 In life's pale autumn from his ruin'd home ;
 Has borne the shock of Peril's darkest wave,
 Where joy—and hope—and fortune—found a grave ! 270
 'Twas his, to see Destruction's fiercest band
 Rush, like a Typhon, on his native land,
 And roll, triumphant, on their blasted way,
 In fire and blood—the deluge of dismay !
 Unequal combat raged on many a plain,
 And patriot-valour waved the sword in vain !
 Ah ! gallant exile ! nobly, long, he bled,
 Long braved the tempest gath'ring o'er his head !
 Till all was lost ! and horror's darken'd eye,
 Roused the stern spirit of despair to die ! 280

Ah ! gallant exile ! in the storm that roll'd
 Far o'er his country, rushing uncontroll'd ;
 The flowers that graced his path with loveliest bloom,
 Torn by the blast—were scatter'd on the tomb !
 When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,
 The bosom ties that bound his soul to life ;
 Yet one was spared ! and she, whose filial smile
 Can sooth his wanderings, and his tears beguile ;
 E'en *then*, could temper, with divine relief,
 The wild delirium of unbounded grief ; 290
 And whisp'ring peace, conceal, with duteous art,
 Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart !
 And now, though time, subduing every trace,
 Has mellow'd all, he *never* can erase ;
 Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow,
 Still sadly faithful to remember'd woe !
 Then she, who feels a father's pang alone,
 (Still fondly struggling to suppress *her own*,)
 With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,
 To chase the image that awakes the sigh ! 300
 Her angel-voice his fainting soul can raise,
 To brighter visions of celestial days !

And speak of realms, where Virtue's wing shall soar
On eagle-plume—to wonder and adore ;
And Friends, divided here, shall meet at last,
Unite their kindred souls—and smile on all the past !

Yes ! we may hope, that nature's deathless ties,
Renew'd, refined—shall triumph in the skies !
Heart-soothing thought ! whose loved, consoling powers
With seraph-dreams can gild reflection's hours, 310
Oh ! still be near, and bright'ning through the gloom,
Beam and ascend ! the day-star of the tomb !
And smile for those, in sternest ordeals proved,
Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they loved.

Lo ! by the couch where pain and chill disease,
In every vein, the ebbing life-blood freeze ;
Where youth is taught, by stealing, slow decay,
Life's closing lesson—in its dawning day ;
Where beauty's rose is with'ring ere its prime,
Unchanged by sorrow—and unsoil'd by time ; 320
There, bending still, with fix'd and sleepless eye,
There, from her child, the mother learns to die ;
Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful trace
Of ling'ring sickness in the faded face ;
Through the sad night, when every hope is fled,
Keeps her lone vigil by the sufferer's bed ;
And starts each morn, as deeper marks declare
The spoiler's hand—the blight of death, is there !
He comes ! now feebly in the exhausted frame,
Slow, languid, quivering, burns the vital flame ; 330
From the glazed eye-ball sheds its parting ray,
Dim, transient spark, that fluttering, fades away !
Faint beats the hov'ring pulse, the trembling heart ;
Yet fond existence lingers ere she part !

'Tis past, the struggle and the pang are o'er,
And life shall throb with agony no more ;
While o'er the wasted form, the features pale,
Death's awful shadows throw their silvery veil :
Departed spirit ! on this earthly sphere,
Though poignant suffering mark'd thy short career ; 340
Still could maternal love beguile thy woes
And hush thy sighs—an angel of repose !

But who may charm *her* sleepless pang to rest,
Or draw the thorn that rankles in her breast ?
And, while she bends in silence o'er thy bier,
Assuage the grief, too heart-sick for a tear ?
Visions of hope, in loveliest hues array'd,
Fair scenes of bliss ! by fancy's hand portray'd ;
And were ye doom'd with false, illusive smile,
With flatt'ring promise, to enchant awhile ? 350

And are ye vanish'd, never to return,
 Set in the darkness of the mould'ring urn ?
 Will no bright hour departed joys restore ?
 Shall the sad parent meet her child no more ?
 Behold no more the soul-illumin'd face,
 The expressive smile, the animated grace ?
 Must the fair blossom, wither'd in the tomb,
 Revive no more in loveliness and bloom ?
 Descend, blest faith ! dispel the hopeless care,
 And chase the gath'ring phantoms of despair ; 360
 Tell, that the flower, transplanted in its morn,
 Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn ;
 Expands to milder suns, and softer dews,
 The full perfection of immortal hues ;
 Tell, that when mounting to her native skies,
 By death released, the parent spirit flies ;
 There shall the child, in anguish mourn'd so long,
 With rapture hail her, 'midst the cherub throng ;
 And guide her pinion, on exulting flight,
 Through glory's boundless realms, and worlds of living light. 370

Ye gentle spirits of departed friends !
 If e'er on earth your buoyant wing descends ;
 If, with benignant care, ye linger near,
 To guard the objects in existence dear ;
 If hov'ring o'er, ethereal band ! ye view
 The tender sorrows, to *your* memory true ;
 Oh ! in the musing hour, at midnight deep,
 While for your loss affection wakes to weep ;
 While every sound in hallow'd stillness lies,
 But the low murmur of her plaintive sighs ; 380
 Oh ! then, amidst that holy calm be near,
 Breathe your light whisper softly in her ear ;
 With secret spells, her wounded mind compose,
 And chase the faithful tear—for you that flows ;
 Be near ; when moonlight spreads the charm you loved,
 O'er scenes where once your *earthly* footstep roved ;
 Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling dew,
 Through glens and wood-paths, once endear'd by you,
 And fondly lingers in your fav'rite bowers,
 And pauses oft, recalling former hours ; 390
 Then wave your pinion o'er each well-known vale,
 Float in the moonbeam, sigh upon the gale ;
 Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell,
 Borne by the summer-wind from grot and dell :
 And touch your viewless harps, and soothe her soul
 With soft enchantments and divine control !
 Be near, sweet guardians ; watch her sacred rest,
 When Slumber folds her in his magic vest ;
 Around her, smiling, let your forms arise,
 Return'd in dreams, to bless her mental eyes 400

Efface the mem'ry of your last farewell,
Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects tell ;
The sweet communion of the past renew,
Reviving former scenes, array'd in softer hue.

Be near when Death, in virtue's brightest hour,
Calls up each pang, and summons all his power ;
Oh ! then, transcending Fancy's loveliest dream,
Then let your forms unveil'd, around her beam ;
Then waft the vision of unclouded light,
A burst of glory, on her closing sight ; 410
Wake from the harp of heaven the immortal strain,
To hush the final agonies of pain ;
With rapture's flame the parting soul illumine,
And smile triumphantly through the shadowy gloom !
Oh ! still be near, when, darting into day,
The exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay ;
Be yours to guide her flutt'ring wings on high,
O'er many a world, ascending to the sky ;
There let your presence, once her earthly joy,
Though dimm'd with tears, and clouded with alloy, 420
Now form her bliss on that celestial shore,
Where death shall sever kindred hearts no more.

Yes ! in the noon of that Elysian clime
Beyond the sphere of anguish, death, or time ;
Where mind's bright eye, with renovated fire,
Shall beam on glories—never to expire ;
Oh ! there the illumined soul may fondly trust,
More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust,
Those mild affections, whose consoling light
Sheds the soft moonbeam on terrestrial night, 430
Sublimed, ennobled, shall for ever glow,
Exalting rapture—not assuaging woe !

ENGLAND AND SPAIN ; OR, VALOUR AND PATRIOTISM ¹

His sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.—POPE.

Too long have Tyranny and Power combined,
To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind ;
Long has Oppression worn the imperial robe,
And Rapine's sword has wasted half the globe !
O'er Europe's cultured realms, and climes afar,
Triumphant Gaul has pour'd the tide of war :
To her fair Austria veil'd the standard bright ;
Ausonia's lovely plains have own'd her might ;
While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,
Forsook her tow'ring height on Jena's field ! 10

¹ Written at the age of fourteen.

Oh ! gallant Frederic ! could thy parted shade
 Have seen thy country vanquish'd and betray'd ;
 How had thy soul indignant mourn'd her shame,
 Her sullied trophies, and her tarnish'd fame !
 When Valour wept lamented BRUNSWICK'S doom,
 And nursed with tears the laurels on his tomb ;
 When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's grave,
 Invoked his spirit to descend and save ;
 Then set her glories—then expir'd her sun,
 And fraud achieved e'en more than conquest won !

20

O'er peaceful realms, that smiled with plenty gay,
 Has desolation spread her ample sway ;
 Thy blast, O Ruin ! on tremendous wings,
 Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings !
 Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force,
 With dark destruction marks its whelming course,
 Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain,
 Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train !

Rise, Freedom, rise ! and, breaking from thy trance,
 Wave the dread banner, seize the glitt'ring lance !
 With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,
 And call thy champions to defend thy laws !
 How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain ?
 How long shall despots and usurpers reign ?
 Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled ?
 Is virtue lost ? is martial ardour dead ?
 Is there no heart where worth and valour dwell,
 No patriot WALLACE, no undaunted TELL ?
 Yes, Freedom, yes ! thy sons, a noble band,
 Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand ;
 Once more, 'tis thine, invincible, to wield
 The beamy spear and adamantine shield !
 Again thy cheek with proud resentment glows,
 Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes ;
 Thy kindling eye-beam darts unconquer'd fires,
 Thy look sublime the warrior's heart inspires ;
 And, while to guard thy standard and thy right,
 Castilians rush, intrepid, to the fight,
 Lo ! Britain's gen'rous host their aid supply,
 Resolved for thee to triumph or to die !
 And Glory smiles to see Iberia's name
 Enroll'd with Albion's in the book of fame !

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Illustrious names ! still, still united beam,
 Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme :
 So, when two radiant gems together shine,
 And in one wreath their lucid light combine ;
 Each, as it sparkles with transcendent rays,
 Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze.

Descend, O Genius ! from thy orb descend !
 Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit lend ! 60
 As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say)
 With sweet vibration meets the morning ray,
 So let the chords thy heavenly presence own,
 And swell a louder note, a nobler tone ;
 Call from the sun, her burning throne on high,
 The seraph Ecstasy, with lightning eye ;
 Steal from the source of day empyreal fire,
 And breathe the soul of rapture o'er the lyre !

Hail, Albion ! hail, thou land of freedom's birth !
 Pride of the main, and Phoenix of the earth ! 70
 Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice, dwell,
 Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel !
 Thine are the dauntless bands, like Spartans brave,
 Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave ;
 In classic elegance, and arts divine,
 To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine ;
 For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly,
 And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky,
 Where Science mounts in radiant car sublime,
 To other worlds beyond the sphere of time ! 80
 Hail, Albion, hail ! to thee has fate denied
 Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's pride ;
 The gems that Ormuz and Golconda boast,
 And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast :
 For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine ;
 No glowing suns mature the blushing vine ;
 No light Arabian gales their wings expand,
 To waft Sabaean incense o'er the land ;
 No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills,
 No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils ; 90
 Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows,
 And far from thee the scented cassia blows :
 Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throne,
 Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy own ;
 From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid reign,
 She bids thy ensigns float above the main ;
 Unfurls her streamers to the fav'ring gale,
 And shows to other worlds her daring sail :
 Then wafts their gold, their varied stores to thee,
 Queen of the trident ! empress of the sea ! 100

For this thy noble sons have spread alarms,
 And bade the zones resound with Britain's arms !
 Calpè's proud rock, and Syria's palmy shore,
 Have heard and trembled at their battle's roar ;
 The sacred waves of fertilizing Nile
 Have seen the triumphs of the conquering isle ;
 For this, for this, the Samiel-blast of war
 Has roll'd o'er Vincent's cape and Trafalgar !

Victorious **RODNEY** spread thy thunder's sound,
 And **NELSON** fell, with fame immortal crown'd ; 110
 Blest if their perils and their blood could gain,
 To grace thy hand—the sceptre of the main !
 The milder emblems of the virtues calm,
 The poet's verdant bay, the sage's palm ;
 These in thy laurel's blooming foliage twine,
 And round thy brows a deathless wreath combine
 Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic tide,
 Are hallow'd more than Avon's haunted side ;
 Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring theme,
 Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's stream. 120

Bright in the annals of the impartial page,
 Britannia's heroes live from age to age !
 From ancient days, when dwelt her savage race,
 Her painted natives, foremost in the chase,
 Free from all cares for luxury or gain,
 Lords of the wood and monarchs of the plain ;
 To these Augustan days, when social arts
 Refine and meliorate her manly hearts ;
 From doubtful Arthur, hero of romance,
 King of the circled board, the spear, the lance ; 130
 To those whose recent trophies grace her shield,
 The gallant victors of Vimiera's field ;
 Still have her warriors borne the unfading crown,
 And made the British flag the ensign of renown.

Spirit of **ALFRED** ! patriot soul sublime !
 Thou morning-star of error's darkest time !
 Prince of the lion-heart ! whose arm in fight,
 On Syria's plains repell'd Saladin's might !
EDWARD ! for bright heroic deeds revered,
 By Cressy's fame to Britain still endear'd ! 140
 Triumphant **HENRY** ! thou, whose valour proud,
 The lofty plume of crested Gallia bow'd !
 Look down, look down, exalted shades ! and view
 Your Albion still to freedom's banner true !
 Behold the land, ennobled by your fame,
 Supreme in glory, and of spotless name ;
 And, as the pyramid indignant rears
 Its awful head, and mocks the waste of years ;
 See her secure in pride of virtue tower,
 While prostrate nations kiss the rod of power ! 150

Lo ! where her pennons, waving high, aspire,
 Bold victory hovers near, ' with eyes of fire ' !
 While Lusitania hails, with just applause,
 The brave defenders of her injured cause ;
 Bids the full song, the note of triumph rise,
 And swells the exulting paean to the skies !

And they, who late with anguish, hard to tell,
 Breathed to their cherish'd realms a sad farewell !
 Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,
 Still fondly linger'd on its deck, and sigh'd ; 160
 Gazed on the shore, till tears obscured their sight,
 And the blue distance melted into light ;
 The Royal exiles, forced by Gallia's hate
 To fly for refuge in a foreign state :
 They, soon returning o'er the western main,
 Ere long may view their clime beloved again ;
 And, as the blazing pillar led the host
 Of faithful Israel, o'er the desert coast,
 So may Britannia guide the noble band,
 O'er the wild ocean, to their native land. 170
 Oh, glorious isle !—oh, sov'reign of the waves !
 Thine are the sons who ' never will be slaves ' !
 See them once more, with ardent hearts advance,
 And rend the laurels of insulting France ;
 To brave Castile their potent aid supply,
 And wave, O Freedom ! wave thy sword on high !

Is there no bard of heavenly power possess'd,
 To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast ?
 Like Shakespeare o'er the secret mind to sway,
 And call each wayward passion to obey ? 180
 Is there no bard, imbued with hallow'd fire,
 To wake the chords of Ossian's magic lyre ;
 Whose numbers breathing all his flame divine,
 The patriot's name to ages might consign ?
 Rise ! Inspiration ! rise, be this thy theme,
 And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam !

Oh, could my muse on seraph pinion spring,
 And sweep with rapture's hand the trembling string !
 Could she the bosom energies control,
 And pour impassion'd fervour o'er the soul ! 190
 Oh, could she strike the harp to Milton given,
 Brought by a cherub from the empyrean heaven !
 Ah, fruitless wish ! ah, prayer preferr'd in vain,
 For her—the humblest of the woodland train ;
 Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise
 The hymn of liberty, the song of praise !

Iberian bands ! whose noble ardour glows,
 To pour confusion on oppressive foes ;
 Intrepid spirits, hail ! 'tis yours to feel
 The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal ! 200
 Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,
 Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain ;
 No cruel rapine leads you to the war,
 Nor mad ambition, whirl'd in crimson car ;

No, brave Castilians ! yours a nobler end,
 Your land, your laws, your monarch to defend !
 For these, for these, your valiant legions rear
 The floating standard, and the lofty spear !
 The fearless lover wields the conquering sword,
 Fired by the image of the maid adored ! 210
 His best beloved, his fondest ties, to aid,
 The father's hand unsheaths the glitt'ring blade !
 For each, for all, for ev'ry sacred right,
 The daring patriot mingles in the fight !
 And e'en if love or friendship fail to warm,
 His country's name alone can nerve his dauntless arm !

He bleeds ! he falls ! his death-bed is the field !
 His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the shield !
 His closing eyes the beam of valour speak,
 The flush of ardour lingers on his cheek ; 220
 Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes,
 Then for his country breathes a prayer—and dies !
 Oh ! ever hallow'd be his verdant grave,
 There let the laurel spread, the cypress wave !
 Thou, lovely Spring ! bestow, to grace his tomb,
 Thy sweetest fragrance, and thy earliest bloom ;
 There let the tears of heaven descend in balm,
 There let the poet consecrate his palm !
 Let honour, pity, bless the holy ground,
 And shades of sainted heroes watch around ! 230
 'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling knell,
 Thy chief, O Thebes ! at Mantinea fell ;
 Smiled undismay'd within the arms of death,
 While Victory, weeping nigh, received his breath !

Oh ! thou, the sovereign of the noble soul !
 Thou source of energies beyond control !
 Queen of the lofty thought, the gen'rous deed,
 Whose sons unconquer'd fight, undaunted bleed,—
 Inspiring Liberty ! thy worshipp'd name
 The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame ; 240
 Thy charms inspire him to achievements high,
 Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony ;
 More blest, with thee to tread perennial snows,
 Where ne'er a flower expands, a zephyr blows ;
 Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,
 In frost-work palace holds perpetual reign ;
 Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove
 The green savannas and the spicy grove ;
 Scent the rich balm of India's perfumed gales,
 In citron-woods and aromatic vales : 250
 For, oh ! fair Liberty, when thou art near,
 Elysium blossoms in the desert drear !

Where'er thy smile its magic power bestows,
 There arts and taste expand, there fancy glows ;

The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,
And every chord to swelling transport lives ;
There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace
The soul of beauty, and the lines of grace ;
With bold, Promethean hand, the canvas warms,
And calls from stone expression's breathing forms, 260
Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its bound,
Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,
Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile sands,
And rich profusion clothe deserted lands.

Immortal Freedom ! daughter of the skies !
To thee shall Britain's grateful incense rise.
Ne'er, goddess ! ne'er forsake thy fav'rite isle,
Still be thy Albion brighten'd with thy smile !
Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose,
While proudly triumph'd thine insulting foes ; 270
Yet, though a cloud may veil Apollo's light,
Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to sight :
Once more we see thy kindling soul return,
Thy vestal-flame with added radiance burn ;
Lo ! in Iberian hearts thine ardour lives,
Lo ! in Iberian hearts thy spark revives !

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted band !
Still sure to conquer, if combined ye stand :
Though myriads flashing in the eye of day,
Stream'd o'er the smiling land in long array ; 280
Though tyrant Asia pour'd unnumber'd foes,
Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose :
For ev'ry state in sacred union stood,
Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood ;
Each heart was glowing in the gen'ral cause,
Each hand prepared to guard their hallow'd laws ;
Athenian valour join'd Laconia's might,
And but contended to be first in fight ;
From rank to rank the warm contagion ran,
And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van : 290
Then Persia's monarch mourn'd his glories lost,
As wild confusion wing'd his flying host ;
Then Attic bards the hymn of victory sung,
The Grecian harp to notes exulting rung !
Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone record
The high achievements of the conquering sword.
Thus, brave Castilians ! thus, may bright renown
And fair success your valiant efforts crown !

Genius of chivalry ! whose early days
Tradition still recounts in artless lays ; 300
Whose faded splendours fancy oft recalls,
The floating banners, and the lofty halls ;

The gallant feats thy festivals display'd,
 The tilt, the tournament, the long crusade ;
 Whose ancient pride Romance delights to hail,
 In fabling numbers, or heroic tale :
 Those times are fled, when stern thy castles frown'd,
 Their stately towers with feudal grandeur crown'd ;
 Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's clime
 Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp sublime ; 370
 And all thy glories, all thy deeds of yore,
 Live but in legends wild, and poet's lore.
 Lo ! where thy silent harp neglected lies,
 Light o'er its chords the murm'ring zephyr sighs ;
 Thy solemn courts, where once the minstrel sung,
 The choral voice of mirth and music rung ;
 Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone,
 Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan :
 Thy lonely tow'rs deserted fall away,
 Thy broken shield is mould'ring in decay. 320
 Yet, though thy transient pageantries are gone,
 Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown ;
 Genius of chivalry ! thy noble train,
 Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain !
 Fair truth, array'd in robes of spotless white,
 Her eye a sunbeam, and her zone of light ;
 Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,
 Still darting forward to the wreath of fame ;
 And purest love, that waves his torch divine,
 At awful honour's consecrated shrine ; 330
 Ardour, with eagle-wing and fiery glance ;
 And gen'rous courage, resting on his lance ;
 And loyalty, by perils unsubdued ;
 Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude ;
 And patriot energy, with heart of flame—
 These, in Iberia's sons are yet the same !
 These from remotest days their souls have fired,
 ' Nerv'd ev'ry arm,' and ev'ry breast inspired !
 When Moorish bands their suffering land possess'd,
 And fierce oppression rear'd her giant crest ; 340
 The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,
 In eastern gems and purple splendour shone ;
 Theirs was the proud magnificence that vied
 With stately Bagdat's oriental pride ;
 Theirs were the courts in regal pomp array'd,
 Where arts and luxury their charms display'd ;
 'Twas theirs to rear the Zehrar's costly towers,
 Its fairy-palace and enchanted bowers ;
 There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell
 Of potent genii or of wizard spell ; 350
 All that a poet's dream could picture bright,
 One sweet Elysium, charm'd the wond'ring sight !
 Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,
 It seem'd an Eden from Armida's wand !

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and radiant state,
When freedom waved on high the sword of fate !
When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear
Stern retribution frowning on his spear ;
And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, confess'd the Christian's might. 360

In later times the gallant Cid arose,
Burning with zeal against his country's foes ;
His victor-arm Alphonso's throne maintain'd,
His laureate brows the wreath of conquest gain'd ;
And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,
Inspiring theme of patriotic verse !
High in the temple of recording fame,
Iberia points to great Gonsalvo's name ;
Victorious chief ! whose valour still defied
The arms of Gaul, and bow'd her crested pride ; 370
With splendid trophies graced his sov'reign's throne,
And bade Granada's realms his prowess own.
Nor were his deeds thy only boast, O Spain !
In mighty FERDINAND's illustrious reign ;
'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail,
Unfurld his flag before the eastern gale ;
Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventured to explore
Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown before.
Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,
Sweet hope, exulting, steer'd the daring helm ; 380
While on the mast, with ardour-flashing eye,
Courageous enterprise still hover'd nigh :
The hoary genius of the Atlantic main,
Saw man invade his wide majestic reign ;
His empire, yet by mortal unsubdued,
The throne, the world of awful solitude !
And e'en when shipwreck seem'd to rear his form,
And dark destruction menaced in the storm ;
In ev'ry shape, when giant-peril rose,
To daunt his spirit and his course oppose ; 390
O'er ev'ry heart when terror sway'd alone,
And hope forsook each bosom, but his own :
Moved by no dangers, by no fears repell'd,
His glorious track the gallant sailor held ;
Attentive still to mark the sea-birds lave,
Or high in air their snowy pinions wave.
Thus princely Jason, launching from the steep,
With dauntless prow explored the untravell'd deep ;
Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful sight
View'd ev'ry star and planetary light. 400
Sublime COLUMBUS ! when, at length, descried,
The long-sought land arose above the tide ;
How ev'ry heart with exultation glow'd,
How from each eye the tear of transport flow'd !

Not wilder joy the sons of Israel knew,
 When Canaan's fertile plains appear'd in view.
 Then rose the choral anthem on the breeze,
 Then martial music floated o'er the seas ;
 Their waving streamers to the sun display'd,
 In all the pride of warlike pomp array'd ; 410
 Advancing nearer still, the ardent band
 Hail'd the glad shore, and bless'd the stranger land ;
 Admired its palmy groves and prospects fair,
 With rapture breathed its pure ambrosial air :
 Then crowded round its free and simple race,
 Amazement pictured wild on ev'ry face ;
 Who deem'd that beings of celestial birth,
 Sprung from the sun, descended to the earth—
 Then first another world, another sky,
 Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high ! 420

Still prouder glories beam on history's page,
 Imperial CHARLES ! to mark thy prosperous age :
 Those golden days of arts and fancy bright,
 When Science pour'd her mild, refulgent light ;
 When Painting bade the glowing canvas breathe,
 Creative Sculpture claim'd the living wreath ;
 When roved the Muses in Ausonian bowers,
 Weaving immortal crowns of fairest flowers ;
 When angel-truth dispersed, with beam divine,
 The clouds that veil'd religion's hallow'd shrine ; 430
 Those golden days beheld Iberia tower
 High on the pyramid of fame and power ;
 Vain all the efforts of her numerous foes,
 Her might, superior still, triumphant rose.
 Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted brow,
 The cedar, frowning o'er the plains below,
 Though storms assail, its regal pomp to rend,
 Majestic, still aspires, disdaining e'er to bend !

When Gallia pour'd, to Pavia's trophied plain,
 Her youthful knights, a bold, impetuous train ; 440
 When, after many a toil and danger past,
 The fatal morn of conflict rose at last ;
 That morning saw her glittering host combine,
 And form in close array the threat'ning line ;
 Fire in each eye, and force in ev'ry arm,
 With hope exulting, and with ardour warm ;
 Saw to the gale their streaming ensigns play,
 Their armour flashing to the beam of day ;
 Their gen'rous chargers panting, spurn the ground,
 Roused by the trumpet's animating sound ; 450
 And heard in air their warlike music float,
 The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring note !

Pale set the sun—the shades of evening fell,
 The mournful night-wind rang their funeral knell ;
 And the same day beheld their warriors dead,
 Their sovereign captive, and their glories fled !
 Fled, like the lightning's evanescent fire,
 Bright, blazing, dreadful—only to expire !
 Then, then, while prostrate Gaul confess'd her might,
 Iberia's planet shed meridian light ! 460
 Nor less, on famed St. Quintin's deathful day,
 Castilian spirit bore the prize away ;
 Laurels that still their verdure shall retain,
 And trophies beaming high in glory's fane !
 And lo ! her heroes, warm with kindred flame,
 Still proudly emulate their fathers' fame ;
 Still with the soul of patriot-valour glow,
 Still rush impetuous to repel the foe ;
 Wave the bright falchion, lift the beamy spear,
 And bid oppressive Gallia learn to fear ! 470
 Be theirs, be theirs, unfading honour's crown,
 The living amaranths of bright renown !
 Be theirs the inspiring tribute of applause,
 Due to the champions of their country's cause !
 Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue loves,
 The joy when conscience whispers and approves !
 When ev'ry heart is fired, each pulse beats high,
 To fight, to bleed, to fall, for liberty ;
 When ev'ry hand is dauntless and prepared
 The sacred charter of mankind to guard ; 480
 When Britain's valiant sons their aid unite,
 Fervent and glowing still for freedom's right,
 Bid ancient enmities for ever cease,
 And ancient wrongs forgotten sleep in peace ;
 When, firmly leagued, they join the patriot band,
 Can venal slaves their conquering arms withstand ?
 Can fame refuse their gallant deeds to bless ?
 Can victory fail to crown them with success ?
 Look down, oh, Heaven ! the righteous cause maintain,
 Defend the injured, and avenge the slain ! 490
 Despot of France ! destroyer of mankind !
 What spectre-cares must haunt thy sleepless mind !
 Oh ! if at midnight round thy regal bed,
 When soothing visions fly thine aching head ;
 When sleep denies thy anxious cares to calm,
 And lull thy senses in his opiate balm ;
 Invoked by guilt, if airy phantoms rise,
 And murder'd victims bleed before thine eyes ;
 Loud let them thunder in thy troubled ear,
 ' Tyrant ! the hour, the avenging hour is near ! ' 500
 It is, it is ! thy star withdraws its ray,
 Soon will its parting lustre fade away ;
 Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its light,

And veil thy splendours in eternal night !
 Oh ! when accusing conscience wakes thy soul
 With awful terrors, and with dread control,
 Bids threat'ning forms, appalling, round thee stand,
 And summons all her visionary band ;
 Calls up the parted shadows of the dead,
 And whispers, peace and happiness are fled ; 510
 E'en at the time of silence and of rest,
 Paints the dire poniard menacing thy breast ;
 Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror pale ?
 Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail ?
 And wouldst thou yet by added crimes provoke
 The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal stroke ?
 Bereave a nation of its rights revered,
 Of all to mortals sacred and endear'd ?
 And shall they tamely liberty resign,
 The soul of life, the source of bliss divine ? 520
 Canst thou, supreme destroyer ! hope to bind,
 In chains of adamant, the noble mind ?
 Go, bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear,
 Go, stay the lightning in its wing'd career !
 No, tyrant ! no, thy utmost force is vain,
 The patriot-arm of freedom to restrain :
 Then bid thy subject-bands in armour shine,
 Then bid thy legions all their power combine !
 Yet couldst thou summon myriads at command,
 Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred hand, 530
 E'en then her soul thy lawless might would spurn,
 E'en then, with kindling fire, with indignation burn !

Ye sons of Albion ! first in danger's field,
 The sword of Britain and of truth to wield !
 Still prompt the injured to defend and save,
 Appal the despot, and assist the brave ;
 Who now intrepid lift the gen'rous blade,
 The cause of Justice and Castile to aid !
 Ye sons of Albion ! by your country's name,
 Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame ; 540
 Oh ! by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,
 By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who bled ;
 By honours gain'd on Blenheim's fatal plain,
 By those in Victory's arms at Minden slain ;
 By the bright laurels WOLFE immortal won,
 Undaunted spirit ! valour's fav'rite son !
 By Albion's thousand, thousand deeds sublime,
 Renown'd from zone to zone, from clime to clime ;
 Ye British heroes ! may your trophies raise
 A deathless monument to future days ! 550
 Oh ! may your courage still triumphant rise,
 Exalt the 'lion banner' to the skies !
 Transcend the fairest names in hist'ry's page,

The brightest actions of a former age ;
 The reign of Freedom let your arms restore,
 And bid oppression fall—to rise no more !
 Then soon returning to your native isle,
 May love and beauty hail you with their smile ;
 For you may conquest weave the undying wreath,
 And fame and glory's voice the song of rapture breathe ! 560

Ah ! when shall mad ambition cease to rage ?
 Ah ! when shall war his demon-wrath assuage ?
 When, when, supplanting discord's iron reign,
 Shall mercy wave her olive-wand again ?
 Not till the despot's dread career is closed,
 And might restrain'd and tyranny deposed !

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form benign !
 Fair blue-eyed seraph ! balmy power divine !
 Descend once more ! thy hallow'd blessings bring,
 Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy downy wing ! 570
 Luxuriant plenty laughing in thy train,
 Shall crown with glowing stores the desert-plain ;
 Young smiling Hope, attendant on thy way,
 Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray.
 Descend once more, thou daughter of the sky !
 Cheer ev'ry heart, and brighten ev'ry eye ;
 Justice, thy harbinger, before thee send,
 Thy myrtle-sceptre o'er the globe extend :
 Thy cherub-look again shall soothe mankind ;
 Thy cherub-hand the wounds of discord bind, 580
 Thy smile of heaven shall ev'ry muse inspire,
 To thee the bard shall strike the silver lyre.
 Descend once more ! to bid the world rejoice—
 Let nations hail thee with exulting voice ;
 Around thy shrine with purest incense throng,
 Weave the fresh palm, and swell the choral song !
 Then shall the shepherd's flute, the woodland reed,
 The martial clarion and the drum succeed ;
 Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers,
 And music warble in Idalian bowers. 590
 Where war and carnage blew the blast of death,
 The gale shall whisper with Favonian breath ;
 And golden Ceres bless the festive swain,
 Where the wild combat reddened o'er the plain.
 These are thy blessings, fair benignant maid !
 Return, return, in vest of light array'd !
 Let angel-forms and floating sylphs bear
 Thy car of sapphire through the realms of air,
 With accents milder than Æolian lays,
 When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr plays ; 600
 Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,
 Diffusing round the heaven—that glows within thy breast !

Oh, Thou ! whose fiat lulls the storm asleep !
Thou, at whose nod subsides the rolling deep !
Whose awful word restrains the whirlwind's force,
And stays the thunder in its vengeful course ;
Fountain of life ! Omnipotent Supreme !
Robed in perfection ! crown'd with glory's beam !
Oh ! send on earth thy consecrated dove,
To bear the sacred olive from above ; 610
Restore again the blest, the halcyon time,
The festal harmony of nature's prime !
Bid truth and justice once again appear,
And spread their sunshine o'er this mundane sphere ;
Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading bloom,
Transcendent light their hallow'd fane illumine ;
Bid war and anarchy for ever cease,
And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of peace ;
Brothers once more, let men her empire own,
And realms and monarchs bend before the throne ; 620
While circling rays of angel-mercy shed
Eternal haloes round her sainted head !

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